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18-92

THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1835.

ART. I.—1. *Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-west Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the Years* 1829-30-31-32-33. By Sir John Ross, C.B., K.S.A., K.C.S., &c. &c., Captain in the Royal Navy. London. 1835. 4to. pp. 740.

2. *The Late Voyage of Captain Sir John Ross, R.N. to the Arctic Regions, for the Discovery of a North-west Passage; performed in the Years* 1829-30-31-32-33. From authentic Information and original Documents, transmitted by William Light, Purser's Steward to the Expedition. By Robert Huish, author of the 'Memoirs of the Princess Charlotte,' 'Treatise on Bees,' &c. &c. London. 1835. 8vo. pp. 760.

3. *Report from a Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the Expedition to the Arctic Seas, commanded by Captain John Ross, R.N.* 1834.

WE should most willingly, and for many reasons, have dispensed with the task of noticing Captain Ross's work, had we not felt ourselves called upon to confute assertions which have no foundation in fact, and to expose misrepresentations which are adhered to, in spite of long by-gone correction, with a pertinacity that not only surprises, but almost confounds us. We now take up the volume with every disposition to deal with it as leniently as possible, but, at the same time, with a determination to defend the accuracy of those statements and opinions which we have so frequently had occasion to maintain, on the great question before us, from every attack, however artful, weak, or worthless. There are no circumstances, that we are aware of, which should induce us to be silent; indeed, we feel ourselves specially called upon, and for this reason—it was the *Quarterly Review** that took the initiative in reviving and discussing

* *Quarterly Review.*—On Lieutenant Chappel's Voyage. No. 35, Art. ii. Published in October, 1817. And here we may observe that, at the very threshold—in his silly 'Introduction,'—Sir J. Ross starts with a misrepresentation: 'It is not generally known,' he says, 'that the question of a North-West Passage, which had been lying dormant since the voyage of Captain Phipps, was, in 1817, revived by Mr. William Scoresby,' &c.—that 'he wrote to Sir Joseph Banks, and that on Sir Joseph's recommendation his proposal was attended to,' &c. Now this statement



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cussing the question of a north-west passage—of examining the grounds of probability for its existence—and recommending that expeditions should be sent forth to decide, if possible, a question in itself highly interesting and important, and which had excited an ardent and devoted zeal in the naval worthies of Great Britain, under the fostering protection of Government, many centuries ago. Captain Ross having thought fit to throw down the gauntlet, he will find us prepared for the combat, but anticipating, as we do, an easy conquest over such an antagonist, we shall reserve the exposure of the faults and failings of his narrative, until we have briefly gone over the proceedings therein stated.

We wish it, in the outset, to be clearly understood, that we mean not to give the least countenance to the work which stands second at the head of this article. We consider it as having been put together for the mere purpose of obtaining a few pounds, by one of those industrious but unscrupulous scribblers known as booksellers' hacks—by one who calls himself *Huish;* but whether this be a real name, or a mere *nom de guerre*, is of little importance—and we take leave to say the same thing as to the existence or non-existence of *Huish*'s 'Memoirs of the Princess Charlotte'—*Huish*'s 'Treatise on Bees,'—and the other *opera Huishiana*, modestly indicated by the '&c. &c.' of this great entity's title-page. The book itself, however, bears internal evidence of the narrative part being generally correct in its details; but it is interlarded throughout with very serious and heavy charges against Captain Ross, most of which we cannot believe to be true. The gentleman might have contented himself with the abundance of authentic materials with which he had been furnished by the journals of some of the crew, (for most of them, Ross says, kept journals,) without travelling out of the record to introduce his own crude opinions and unqualified abuse. The person who avowedly supplied him with the most material part of the documents was the steward of the ship, a man of the name of Light, who had previously been on two of the northern voyages with Parry. He was one of those useful people in a ship who know how 'to read, write, and cast accounts'—a sort of *factotum*, whose business was to manage the general concerns of the people—to issue the provisions—to bake bread and make puddings and pies for the cabin—to wash,

is wholly incorrect. Mr. Scoresby did write to Sir Joseph Banks, as Ross might have learned from the above article of our Review, but *not* about the North-West Passage; he merely acquainted him with the fact of the disappearance of the ice from the coast of Greenland. We happen to know that Sir Joseph never made any recommendation to the government, nor corresponded with any of the public officers on the subject, except with Mr. Barrow, the Secretary of the Admiralty. Mr. Scoresby published two volumes, one on the Arctic regions, the other on the Greenland Whale-fishery, but not till 1820; and in his 'Remarks on the celebrated Question' he constantly refers to Nos. 35 and 36 of the *Quarterly Review*.

starch,

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starch, and iron the clothes of the officers, and so forth. For these services Light had been handsomely rewarded by Parry and his officers; but from Sir John Ross he gained nothing beyond his bare wages, which were paid to him, as to the others, by the Admiralty. Being a shrewd fellow, he seems to have calculated on the chances of turning his materials to a good account, by anticipating and forestalling the Captain's own ponderous narrative of the voyage.

We notice *Huish's* book chiefly because we certainly felt, as we are told very many brother officers of Sir John Ross did, some little surprise that, while a publication of this nature was pouring forth its venom in a series of *numbers*, he should not have taken a more early opportunity of defending his character, by bringing out his own work, and therein repelling the charges, instead of delaying it for two years nearly;—and because now that it is out, we are equally surprised to find that the gallant Captain is silent—he makes no sign. By what the delay has been occasioned it is not our business to enquire, but we understand it is generally ascribed solely to the 'lust of lucre.' The opening of a subscription-shop in Regent-street—the sending of a set of fellows, usually called *trampers*, but who called themselves *agents* (for particular counties), to knock at every gentleman's door in town and country, not humbly to solicit, but with pertinacious importunity almost to force, subscriptions—the getting up of Vauxhall and panoramic exhibitions, and some other circumstances not worth detailing, would almost seem to sanction this imputation. While we admit that every one has an undoubted right to make the most of his labours, something is also due to situation in life, and to character. The public had more than remunerated Captain Ross for any damage his pocket might have sustained, while his nephew, Commander James Clarke Ross, to whom is owing what little has been done, has been left, unjustly we think, to bear his own losses. This officer, being asked by the Committee of the House of Commons which gave Sir John 5000*l.*,—

'Have you received any tender for the purchase of your own memorandums for the purpose of publication?'—*answers*—'I have received tenders privately for my own papers, but I would not give them up on the offer of a sum of money for that purpose.'—'Have you any objection to state the sum?'—'I have received two tenders, one of 1500*l.*, the other 1200*l.*'—'Did you accept those tenders?'—'No; because I felt that any publication from me would interfere with Captain Ross's.'—*Report and Evidence*, p. 26.

Again he is asked—

'What took place between you and Captain Ross on the subject of money?' and replies, 'Nothing specifically; but I never for a moment supposed that I was to receive any pay from a private individual. If



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I had so intended, I must have received it from Mr. Booth, which, as a naval officer, I could not consistently do.'—*ibid.* p. 24.

The feeling of that highly honourable and excellent officer, Captain Beaufort, is perfectly in accordance with the above, and forms a remarkable contrast with that of Sir John Ross. The Committee say,—

'You were yourself employed by his Majesty's Government in a voyage of observation, were you not?—Yes.—You communicated the results of that voyage to the King's Government?—Immediately.—You published the result?—The Admiralty published the charts that arose from the survey; I published a little description myself.—Can you state to the Committee any pecuniary circumstances connected with the result of that voyage?—There were no pecuniary circumstances about it. I certainly received no public money for doing it, and my little narrative I gave to a bookseller, as I did not think that materials acquired in the king's service ought to be sold; at least, I should not have felt comfortable in making money by them.'—*Ibid.* p. 22.

But enough of these not very agreeable matters preliminary. Notwithstanding the bulk of the knight's book, a summary of his voyage need not cost us many pages; for though its duration was long, the incidents were few, and the results are next to nothing. Had he, on his arrival, published a small *octavo* volume, detailing the toils and sufferings of his band — their cares and anxieties — their hopes and disappointments — their domestic economy and mode of employing their time in the long and irksome nights of four successive winters—and their laborious land journeys, the most harassing and fatiguing of all—he might have furnished a powerfully interesting, though painful narrative, which would have been in the hands of every one; but his cumbersome *quarto*, in the form of a journal, reiterating the same uninteresting kind of objects through 740 huge pages, is enough to set the most resolute reader at defiance. It is whispered about that the Captain has endeavoured to enliven matters by procuring the aid of a practised embroiderer of periods—viz. one Dr. M'Culloch, who has (or had) some little reputation as a writer for the encyclopædias:—this is very probable—there are many signs of patchwork in the performance—but the *panni* are more gaudy than beautiful, and at best they but make the coarse drugget of the original manufacturer look more dingy.

The origin of the expedition appears to be this:—A certain wealthy distiller, of the name of Mr. Felix Booth (now a baronet), being examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, thus deposes: 'I had known Captain Ross for some years, and I undertook it (the expedition) for the credit of the country, and to serve Captain Ross, thinking that he was slighted in his former expedition,

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pedition, and on account of ill-natured reports which were circulated anonymously against him.' He might have said *unanimously*. But Sir Felix seems to think that whatever is published anonymously cannot be true. God help us Reviewers if that were the case! We certainly are among those who published anonymously unfavourable reports, but not ill-natured nor unfaithful ones, on Captain Ross's former voyage;—we stated our opinions frankly and strongly—but they were fully corroborated in every particular by facts established on the subsequent voyage of Captain Parry.

The Victory, fitted as a steamer—the very worst description of vessel to navigate among ice—and with engines, in the present case, the most miserable that can be imagined—sailed from Woolwich on the 23rd of May, 1829. A second vessel, named the John, was taken up to carry stores and provisions, to fish by the way, and bring away some of the stores of the Fury, 'so as to compensate to the liberal fitter out of this expedition for such additional expense as might thus be incurred,'—so that there was, after all, a spice of traffic in the voyage. The two vessels were to meet at Loch Ryan. When the Victory was off the Mull of Galloway, the principal stoker got his arm entangled in the machinery, and the bone was so splintered, as well as fractured, that amputation was necessary; but the surgeon had not joined; and Ross was under the necessity of doing the best he could for the unfortunate sufferer. On the meeting of the two ships, the crew of the John mutinied and refused to accompany the Victory. Three men, however, of the mutineers entered for the latter, and having procured an Irish labourer as a fire-stoker, she proceeded alone on her voyage.

On the 23d of July the party reached the Danish settlement of Holsteinborg, in Davis's Strait, where they purchased some stores from a wrecked vessel, and the governor made them a present of six Esquimaux dogs, which proved to be of essential use in dragging the sledges. All things being ready, they stood to the northward along the coast of Baffin's Bay; and having reached the latitude of 74° 14′ on the 3d of August, ran across, and on the 5th reached the entrance of Lancaster Sound. On the 11th of August they steered direct for the south (west) side of Prince Regent's Inlet; and having passed Elwin and Batty Bays, saw the spot where the Fury was wrecked, and the poles of the tents standing, but could not discern the ship: she had gone to pieces, or to the bottom. The Victory was moored in a good ice harbour, within a quarter of a mile of the spot where the Fury's stores were landed. Here the coast was almost lined with coal. One tent was nearly entire, but had evidently been visited by bears.

'Where the preserved meats and vegetables had been deposited, we found

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found every thing entire. The canisters had been piled up in two heaps; but though quite exposed to all the chances of the climate for four years, they had not suffered in the slightest degree. There had been no water to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. Had they known what was within, not much of this provision would have come to our share; and they would have had more reason than we to be thankful for Mr. Donkin's patent.'—p. 108.

The piles of canisters were so large and numerous, that all they could possibly stow appeared scarcely to diminish the heaps; of these they took as much as they could, together with whatever they wanted of wine, spirits, bread, flour, cocoa, sugar, lime-juice, &c.—all being in excellent condition; they uncasked, moreover, ten tons of coals; the gunpowder in patent cases was perfectly dry—and of this what they did not take they destroyed, by Sir E. Parry's request, as it appears, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Esquimaux.

Standing along the coast to the southward, they passed Cape Garry; and here commenced the *new discoveries* of Captain Ross along the coast of *Boothia Felix*,—for such is the name he bestows, in honour of his worthy, though not wise patron, the distiller, on the same land which Captain Parry had twice visited. But indeed from Cape Garry to the southward, the whole coast, in his chart, is covered with names,—assigned to every point, harbour, islet, and inlet;—some of them are not a little comical; they are so crowded, that we took them at first for a list of the knight's 'numerous and generous subscribers;' and they may be so,—for none of them appear in the text. Their progress along this Terra Incognita was slow, impeded as it was by large masses and floes of ice, and contrary winds, their miserable engines being an incumbrance rather than of any use, helping them only about a mile an hour, so that they had frequently to make fast to an iceberg, and take their chance of the direction in which it might drag them. This kind of navigation was continued almost daily, and the little vessel was frequently in the most imminent peril of being squeezed between masses of ice.

'More than I among us had witnessed similar scenes, and, in some manner or other, we had been extricated: but, with all this, we could not but feel astonishment, as well as gratitude, at our having escaped here without material damage. For readers, it is unfortunate that no description can convey an idea of a scene of this nature: and, as to pencil, it cannot represent motion or noise. And to those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term ice, exciting but the recollection of what they only know at rest, in an inland lake or canal, conveys no ideas of what it is the fate of an arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is stone; a floating rock in the stream,

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stream, a promontory or an island when aground, not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide; meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending each other asunder, till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; while the flatter fields of ice forced against these masses, or against the rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences.'—pp. 151-152.

Gales of wind, snow-storms, and innumerable ice-bergs, continued to harass them till the end of September, when the Victory was finally beset in *Felix* Harbour, where she was destined to remain close shut up for a long and dreary winter. This passage, of about 150 miles to the southward of Cape Garry, seems at last to have convinced Ross—which, indeed, the experience of Parry, and the loss of the Fury, were well calculated to do—of the imminent and unceasing danger of attempting to navigate along the shore of a frozen strait. The better and, in all respects, the safer way, is undoubtedly to avoid the shore, and, where open water fails, to let the *pack* or floe surround the ship, with which she will drift along safely enough according as the wind may blow, whether in her direct course or not. This was the plan pursued by the early Dutch whale-fishing ships, in the Greenland seas—their masters knowing that, as the wind might blow from the northward or the southward, they would be beset or liberated, but in either case perfectly safe. Had Parry done this when off Melville Island, as we are satisfied he would now do, if employed on such a service, the probability is, that the first northerly wind would have carried his ships down with the *pack* towards the north coast of America—and then *the passage* was accomplished.

For eight successive days not a hope of being extricated from the ice having presented itself, there remained no longer any doubt of their having reached their winter's home.

'Our conviction was indeed absolute; for there was now not an atom of clear water to be seen anywhere; and excepting the occasional dark point of a protruding rock, nothing but one dazzling and monotonous, dull, and wearisome extent of snow was visible, all round the horizon in the direction of the land. It was indeed a dull prospect.'

The first step, therefore, to be taken, was to lighten the ship, to throw overboard the 'accursed steam-engine,' as it is called, and to make such arrangements and regulations for the long winter, as appeared to be necessary for their convenience and comfort, and which do not in general much differ from those devised on former occasions by Parry. No time was lost in roofing the ship over, and surrounding

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surrounding her with an embankment of snow as high up as the gunwale, where it met the canvass roofing and sheltered the people from all wind: the upper deck was also covered with snow two feet and a half thick, and trodden down till it became a solid mass of ice, and then sprinkled over with sand so as to put on the appearance of a rolled gravel walk. But one of the most simple and useful contrivances, for which we give Captain Ross, or whoever suggested it, great credit, was that of placing iron tanks with the open side downward, over apertures in the deck, to receive the flues from the steam-kitchen, oven, and other parts of the lower deck, and carry off the vapour. By this plan the apartments were kept dry; it saved the necessity of forcing up the temperature, which on former occasions caused the vapour to condense on the beams and deck; it saved fuel, and they were able to keep up a temperature of 40° and 50° of Fahrenheit the whole winter, which was found sufficient to make the place dry, warm, and comfortable. These condensers collected jointly a bushel of ice in the day; 'and (Captain Ross says) we could not but be highly pleased at reflecting, that, had it not been for the collection and condensation of this bushel, we should have been ourselves the condensers, and been involved in vapour and internal rain, to an equivalent amount all the twenty-four hours.'—(p. 217.) Something, we recollect, of this kind was practised by the younger Ross when with Captain Hoppner in the Fury.

Though the temperature out of doors was frequently from 30° to *minus* 37°, we are told that the system of comfort and economy within was as perfect as could be desired; but even without, however low the temperature, provided there was no wind, the men could take exercise, and make hunting excursions without much inconvenience; a circumstance which has been stated in all the former northern expeditions. We are told that the men, by attending the schools, 'improved with surprising rapidity,' and that 'a decided *improvement for the better* (*!*) was perceived in their moral and religious characters,' even, it is said, to 'the abolition of swearing.'—(p. 226.) On Saturday nights they danced, and drank as usual to their sweethearts and wives; and divine service was invariably performed on Sundays—a sacred duty, rarely we believe, if ever, neglected in a British man-of-war. The Captain had withheld the issue of spirits, being of opinion that they are productive of scurvy in the Arctic regions, but on Christmas day all hands were indulged with grog, and had even minced pies from the stores of the Fury, and *iced* cherry-brandy with its fruit. 'In some manner or other,' says Captain Ross, 'the last three months had passed away without weariness, and had, indeed, been almost unfelt.'

On

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On the 9th January, 1830, an unexpected source of amusement, and of profit also, occurred in the visit of a tribe of Esquimaux, to the number of about thirty. A very large portion of the book is taken up with the traffic and transactions of the voyagers with these dismal savages, with descriptions of their mode of life, their persons, dress, food, and methods of procuring it; all of which, as nearly as may be, had already been abundantly detailed by Ross himself, Parry, Franklin, and others. We shall therefore pass over the various accounts of their intercourse with this singular people, so very extensively scattered over the northern shores of America and its islands, and content ourselves with noticing their snow huts—which indeed differ very little from those already described—but were now frequently the means of accommodating Commander Ross, in the course of his long and painful journeys. The village of the tribe in question consisted of twelve of these lodging-houses, which had the appearance of so many inverted basins; a passage leads to each through a long crooked mound; they are generally about ten feet in diameter, and immediately opposite the doorway is a bank of snow, two feet and a half high, level at top and covered with various skins, which serves as the general sleeping place for the whole family. A lamp of moss and oil supplies both light and heat, so as to make the apartment, we are told, 'perfectly comfortable.' But they receive light also by a large oval piece of clear ice fixed in the roof. In the crooked passage is a recess for their dogs; the passage appears to be made crooked to enable them to turn the opening to leeward when the wind blows. Being formed entirely of blocks of snow, the completion of the fabric is but the work of a few hours.

Our voyagers soon discovered, or imagined they discovered, (for the parties knew nothing of each other's language,) that these Esquimaux were able to give them some important geographical information; that they were acquainted with Winter Island and Repulse Bay, and had left Acoolee, a station opposite to the latter, only thirteen days before. One man drew with the pencil several large lakes close to that part of the country where they then were, marked the spots where their countrymen were to be found, and assured the strangers that the land here might be crossed in nine days to the salt water—were they not already in *salt water?* There was also in the party a female geographer, (a *pendant* to her of Parry,) who pointed out to them where they must sleep in their future progress, and where food was to be obtained. It seems that these people are provident, and that, in the summer season, they kill immense quantities of game and fish, particularly of salmon, which they bury in the snow for their winter provender, when land-animals are less plentiful,

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plentiful, and the weather so severe as to prevent them from making their hunting excursions. About the month of April, great herds of musk-oxen and rein-deer make their appearance from the southward; and bears, wolves, gluttons, foxes, hares, and ermines, are abundant. Among the birds, swans, grouse, ptarmigans, partridges, snipes, snow-buntings, dovekees, and sea-gulls, are met with in considerable numbers. The seal is one of their most useful animals both for food and clothing.

But the quantities of salmon that frequent the lakes on the neighbouring isthmus, which communicate by small rivers with the sea, are quite astonishing. Captain Ross states, that a party once brought from the fishery 500 fish and returned for 200 more, which was all they could carry; 'bringing also,' he adds, 'a note from the Commander, by which I learned that they had taken 3378 fish at one haul;' that 'they had taken in all 5067, but were obliged to leave 3000 of them to the natives.'—p. 583. This was in the month of July.

These varied resources, added to the large stock of provisions of every kind from the Fury's stores, equal to nearly three years' consumption, relieved the party from all apprehensions of famine, or even of scarcity. With all this, and duly appreciating the anxiety which they must have felt, we cannot forbear recalling how different was the situation of that most excellent officer and man—Sir John Franklin! While Ross and his party were feasting on salmon and venison—with mince-pies and cherry-brandy—Franklin, on *his* Christmas-day, in his solitary ruined hovel, pervious to wind and snow, with a temperature 20° below zero, was left alone to waste away by famine, almost without the faintest ray of hope that he would ever be relieved, the spark of life just glimmering in the socket, and the flame only prolonged by being nurtured with the vilest of food,—pieces of bones and scraps of skin, picked out of the ash-heap, and boiled down into a miserable mess of acrid soup.

In point of fact, by our author's own account, they had now passed their first winter, not merely without suffering any great inconvenience, but in comparative comfort; and as spring advanced they looked forward to the time when the truth of the Esquimaux geography should be put to the test by a journey on the land. On the 1st of April Commander Ross set out on this expedition; and he returned on the 10th, not before he had satisfied himself that, having succeeded in crossing an isthmus, a little to the southward and westward of the ship, he had reached the *western sea* spoken of by the Esquimaux. 'I concluded,' he says, 'that we were now looking on the great western ocean, of which these people had so frequently spoken to us, and that

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that the land on which we stood was part of the great continent of America.' This may be so, and we are inclined to think it so, but it remains to be proved. A second and third journey, towards the end of April, put the Commander in full possession of the geography of this isthmus, which connects the peninsula, named by Ross *Boothia*, and the land which, for the present, we are to consider as part of the continent of America; it also separates Prince Regent's inlet from the western sea; and, by a fourth journey, was ascertained to be about fifteen miles in width, consisting of a lake ten miles long in the centre, and five miles of land. This spot, until its geography was decided, had raised expectations that a passage might be found hereabouts into the sea to the westward. Commander Ross says,—

'The party which I had thus quitted for a short time had announced their arrival on the shores of the western sea by three cheers: it was to me, as well as to them, and still more indeed to the leader than to his followers, a moment of interest well deserving the usual "hail" of a seaman; for it was the ocean that we had pursued, the object of our hopes and exertions; the free space, which, as we once had hoped, was to have carried us round the American continent—which ought to have given us the triumph for which we and all our predeeessors had laboured so long and so hard. It would have done all this, had not nature forbidden; it might have done all this had our chain of lakes been an inlet—had this valley formed a free communication between the eastern and western seas; but we had at least ascertained the impossibility; the desired sea was at our feet—we were soon to be travelling along its surface; and, in our final disappointment, we had at least the consolation of having removed all doubts and quenched all anxiety of feeling—that where God had said No, it was for man to submit, and to be thankful for what had been granted. It was a solemn moment, never to be forgotten; and never was the cheering of a seaman so impressive, breaking as it did on the stillness of the night, amid this dreary waste of ice and snow, where there was not an object to remind us of life, and not a sound seemed ever to have been heard.'—pp. 403, 404.

But when the hope of a navigable passage into the western sea appeared to be at an end, and that, according to the Esquimaux geography, the southern, like the western, shore of Regent's Inlet was closed round with land, the next important point to be ascertained was, whether the land to the southward of the isthmus was connected with, or a part of, the main land of North America; —and this could only be done by the Commander and his party tracing the western shore as far as their provisions would allow them to proceed.

'For such an attempt' (this able officer says) 'it was necessary to make a still further reduction in the allowance of provisions; and whatever

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whatever they who are well fed and at ease may think, such sacrifices are not small to him who is already under-fed and hard worked, who must exert himself every hour beyond his strength, who feels that food would enable him to go through his task, and who, independently of this reasoning, is actually suffering under the instinctive and irrepressible cravings of animal nature. Yet, on mentioning my wishes to the mate, Abernethy, he informed me that the men had intended themselves to make the same proposal to me, and were only waiting for the proper opportunity of transmitting their wishes through him. It may be believed that I rejoiced in this generous feeling on their parts; and the necessary reduction was, therefore, immediately announced.'—pp. 414, 415.

Having proceeded to a projecting headland, which the Commander named Cape Felix, the land was seen to trend to the south-west, while, says this adventurous traveller, 'the vast extent of ocean then before our eyes assured us, that we had at length reached the northern point of that portion of the continent which I had already ascertained, with so much satisfaction, to be trending towards Cape Turnagain.' A fatiguing journey of twenty miles, over hummocky ice and snow, brought them to another projecting headland, which they named Victory Point, and from which the great extent of sea, free from all appearance of land—(as was also the case at Cape Felix)—raised the most lively expectations of being able, the following season, to complete the survey of this part of the coast of America. The distance from this spot to Cape Turnagain is stated to be not greater than the space which they had already travelled over, namely about 210 miles. We can readily enter into the feelings of regret experienced by this enterprising officer, when he found himself obliged to return—at a time too when as many more days as he had already spent in the journey would have accomplished his object, and solved a problem of vast importance to geography—one, as we shall hereafter show, that goes very far towards settling the question of a North-West Passage.

But,' he continues, 'these days were not in our power; for it was not days of time, but of the very means of existence that were wanting to us. We had brought twenty-one days' provision from the ship; and much more than the half was already consumed, notwithstanding the reductions which had been made, without which we should have even stopped far short of our present point; to reach which had occupied thirteen days, when we had provided ourselves for no more than eleven outwards. There was nothing, therefore, left to us but to submit; and thus, however mortified at the necessity of such a resolution, I was compelled to settle finally for our return to the ship, after we had advanced one other day. By the shortest route back, our distance from her was computed at two hundred miles; and even on

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on a very scanty allowance, we could not reckon on provisions for more than ten days.'—p. 417.

On Victory Point our travellers erected a cairn of stones, six feet high, in which was inclosed a canister containing a brief account of the proceedings of the expedition since its departure from England,—but, without the remotest hope that this little history would ever meet the eye of any European.

'Yet,' says the Commander, 'we should have gone about our work with something like hope, if not confidence, had we then known that we were reputed as lost men, if even still alive, and that our ancient and tried friend Back was about to seek for us, and to restore us once more to society and home. And it is not impossible that the course of his present investigations from Cape Turnagain eastward may lead him to this very spot—that he may find the record and proof of our own "turn-again." We have known what it is for the wanderer in these solitudes to alight upon such traces of friends and of home, and can almost envy him the imagined happiness; while we shall rejoice to hear that he has done that in which we failed, and perhaps not less than if we had ourselves succeeded in completing this long pursued and perilous work.'—p. 419.

It may be added that Victory Point lies in lat. 69° 37′ 49″, and long. 98° 40′ 49″; and that a distant point seen, and named Point Franklin, as nearly as could be determined, from an estimated distance and bearings, was in lat. 69° 31′ 13″, and long. 99° 17′ 58″; so that the difference of latitude between Point Franklin and the general line of the coast of America is barely one degree.

Towards the end of June, while the ship was preparing for sea, in prosecution of further discovery, Sir John Ross went, with a party of his people and some natives, to a river about fifteen miles from the ship, on a fishing excursion, in which he appears to have been more successful in purchasing than in catching salmon. For a large knife, an Esquimaux gave him, out of one of their frozen pits, two hundred and twenty fish, averaging five pounds each, and therefore producing a ton weight of salmon. The natives take them by a spear with two divergent barbs of bone or ivory. But they now learned for the first time the use of the net, and were fully aware of its superior value, particularly when they afterwards saw so many thousands, as we have already mentioned, taken at a single draught. The seamen having taught them the art of making this instrument, there is no doubt their numerous skins when split into strips or threads will effectually serve the purpose, and that these poor people will thus have to thank our countrymen for an inexhaustible supply of this species of food.

It was not till the 19th of August that any attempt could be made to get the ship out of the ice, and even then it was found impossible to move her. 'The third week in August,' says Captain Ross,

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Ross, 'found us where we had been since May in prospect, since September in place; the ice was still close.' But an open lane of water had frequently been visible at a little distance from the shore. In the four months thus lost—we might say eleven months—we have very little doubt that the Victory, had she not been impounded in ice, might have found sufficient 'lanes of water' to have carried her down to the bottom of Regent's Inlet, and back again to Barrow's Strait. The time she was shut up in the ice, as Captain Ross observes, was long enough to have enabled her to circumnavigate the globe. We only wonder he did not avoid this imprisonment by keeping away from the shore and trusting his ship to the ice, in the hope and, we may add, certainty, of meeting with these 'lanes of water.' The temperature, however, of the month of August was particularly promising; the highest and lowest being 58° and 33°, and the mean 40°·8.

From the 1st to the 17th of September, the time was chiefly spent in futile attempts to get the ship released, but on the afternoon of the latter day they succeeded in warping her out into clear water, and getting her once more under sail:—

'Under sail!—we scarcely knew how we felt, or whether we quite believed it. He must be a seaman to feel that the vessel which bounds beneath him, which listens to and obeys the smallest movement of his hand, which seems to move but under his will, is "a thing of life," a mind conforming to his wishes: not an inert body, the sport of winds and waves. But what seaman could feel this as we did, when this creature, which used to carry us buoyantly over the ocean, had been during an entire year immovable as the ice and the rocks around it, helpless, disobedient, dead? Thus freed at last, we advanced about three miles; but then, finding a ridge of ice, we were obliged to make fast near the point which was at that distance to the north of us. The thermometer at midnight was 30°.'—pp. 470, 471.

Their hopes of making progress, at so late a period of the year, were soon at an end; the sea became covered with ice of the worst kind, and new ice was forming; the weather was most tempestuous, and the thermometer fell to 5°. They were not yet, moreover, in a secure harbour. The whole of October was employed in the severe labour of cutting away the ice: thus they one day gained an advance of sixteen feet, on another fifty, another forty; and after a month's incessant toil, the amount of their progress was no more than 850 feet. Here they were doomed to pass another winter, and as much of the following summer as would expire before favourable circumstances might contribute to their liberation; here they once more commenced housing the ship, building the embankments, and levelling the hummocks of ice near them; and here they resumed their former devices for passing the long dreary winter, which appeared to have set in already with great severity. In

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In April, 1831, the Captain and Commander set off, each on an expedition towards the isthmus; the principal object of the former being, apparently, that of ascertaining the altitude of the land above the level of the western sea. The Commander proceeded along the western coast towards the northward, having a much more important object in view—that of ascertaining, as nearly as the nature of the operation and the accuracy of his dipping-needle would admit, the exact position of the north magnetic pole:—

'The place of the observatory,' says Commander Ross, 'was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was 89° 59′, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction, of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed: a fact, which even the most moderately informed of readers must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any.'—pp. 556, 557.

The latitude of this spot is 70° 5′ 17″, and its longitude 96° 46′ 45″ W. It was presumed, on their leaving England, that the magnetic pole was in latitude 70°, and longitude 98° 30′; neither of them very distant from the places assigned to it by Parry and Franklin, by intersections of the bearings of the needles, taken on meridians east and west of the pole.

The Commander observes—

'It has been seen, that, as far as our instruments can be trusted, we had placed ourselves within one minute of the magnetic pole, but had not fixed upon the precise spot; presuming that this precise point could be determined by such instruments as it is now within the power of mechanics to construct. The scientific reader has been long aware of this: if popular conversation gives to this voyage the credit of having placed its flag on the very point, on the summit of that mysterious pole which it perhaps views as a visible and tangible reality, it can now correct itself as it may please; but in such a case, while a little laxity is of no moment, the very nonsense of the belief gives an interest to the subject which the sober truth could not have done. To determine that point with greater or with absolute precision (if indeed such precision be attainable), it would be necessary to have the co-operation of different observers, at different distances, and in different directions, from the calculated place; while, to obtain all the interesting results which these must be expected to furnish, such labours should also be carried on for a considerable time. What these several expectations are, I need not here say, since the subject is in this view somewhat too abstruse for popular readers; though I may barely

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barely allude to the diurnal and annual motions of the needle, and to the variations in the place of the pole itself, with the consequent deductions that might be made as to the future in this respect: all of them being of the highest importance in the theory of magnetism.'—pp. 558, 559.

The party having proceeded to the northward as far as Cape Nicholas of the chart, the coast beyond this point was seen stretching out due north, to the distance of ten or twelve miles farther; and the Commander concluded that it preserved, in all probability, the same direction as far as the Cape Walker of Parry, in lat. 74° 15'. At this Cape there is a great inlet, leading, no doubt, to that 'western sea' which washes the western shore of the Boothian Peninsula, and which, in all probability, extends down to the northern coast of America. This trending of the coast to the northward, however, with the recorded opinion of the Commander, on the probability of its stretching north up to Cape Walker, goes for nothing with Sir John Ross. With that perversion of mind which seems to have become habitual, instead of drawing a dotted line on his *chart* from the Commander's 'farthest north' to Cape Walker, as it stands printed in the *text*, he draws a gratuitous and unbroken dotted line in the direction of about N.W. by W., which, if continued, would strike the western end of 'Banks' Land,' about twenty degrees of longitude beyond Cape Walker. But there is cunning in all this: Sir John saw clearly that this opening, with Garnier's, Cunningham's, and some others seen by Parry, would infallibly lead down to the coast of America, and that such a route would render the accomplishment of the North-West Passage almost a certainty—a result that would be wormwood to our Knight, who, with a determination too apparent throughout the work, is disposed to give to his nephew as little merit as he possibly can, and to suppress everything that tends to the probability of a North-West Passage.

It may well be supposed how slowly the time moved on while shut up, for the second year, during so many months. About the middle of August, 1831, the Captain says,—

'We were weary for want of occupation, for want of variety, for want of the means of mental exertion, for want of thought, and (why should I not say it?) for want of society. To-day was as yesterday—and as was to-day, so would be to-morrow: while if there was no variety, as no hope of better, is it wonderful that even the visits of barbarians were welcome; or can anything more strongly show the nature of our pleasures than the confession that these were delightful—even as the society of London might be amid the business of London? . . . . When the winter has once in reality set in, our minds become made up on the subject; like the dormouse (though we may not sleep, which would be the most desirable condition by much), we wrap

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wrap ourselves up in a sort of furry contentment, since better cannot be, and wait for the times to come: it was a far other thing, to be ever awake, waiting to rise and become active, yet ever to find that all nature was still asleep, and that we had nothing more to do than to wish, and groan, and—hope as we best might.'—pp. 589-591.

We are not surprised that the eternal appearance of ice and snow should have disgusted Captain Ross—

'When snow was our decks, snow our awnings, snow our observatories, snow our larders, snow our salt; and, when all the other uses of snow should be at last of no more avail, our coffins and our graves were to be graves and coffins of snow—Is this not more than enough of snow than suffices for admiration? Is it not worse, that during ten of the months in a year the ground is snow, and ice, and "slush;" that during the whole year its tormenting, chilling, odious presence is ever before the eye? Who more than I has admired the glaciers of the extreme north; who more has loved to contemplate the icebergs sailing from the Pole before the tide and the gale, floating along the ocean, through calm and through storm, like castles and towers and mountains, gorgeous in colouring, and magnificent, if often capricious, in form?—and have I too not sought amid the crashing, and the splitting, and the thundering roarings of a sea of moving mountains, for the sublime, and felt that nature could do no more? In all this there has been beauty, horror, danger, everything that could excite; they would have excited a poet even to the verge of madness. But to see, to have seen, ice and snow, to have felt snow and ice for ever, and nothing for ever but snow and ice, during all the months of a year—to have seen and felt but uninterrupted and unceasing ice and snow during all the months of four years—this it is that has made the sight of those most chilling and wearisome objects an evil which is still one in recollection, as if the remembrance would never cease.' —p. 603.

The ship was loose on the 28th of August, and crept to the northward, on their intended return, about four miles in three days. Up to the end of September, their chance of liberation became less every day—the prospect was a dismal one, as it suggested the idea that the ship would never be extricated, and that they would be compelled to abandon her, with all that was on board. 'When we first moved,' says Captain Ross, 'from our late harbour, every man looked forward to his three years' wages, his return to England, and his meeting with friends and family; the depression of their spirits was now proportionate.' They contrived, however, we are told, to keep up their spirits—they had made *some* progress, though it was but a few miles, on their return—they had still before them the Fury's remaining store of provisions, and the Fury's boats to carry them into Davis's Strait, even should they be obliged to abandon the ship.



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Fast beset in Victoria Harbour, they now, in October, began to dismantle the ship, land the provisions, and place their two boats so as to be able to construct sledges under them. The winter passed over as usual, except that one case of scurvy occurred. In February, 1832, however, the medical report was less favourable than it had hitherto been; all were much enfeebled: an old wound which Captain Ross had in his side broke out, with bleeding,—one of the indications of scurvy. The cold was intense; but the Captain says, the thermometer, in the first week of April, rose on a sudden to *plus* 7°, not having passed zero before for 136 days. 'I do not believe,' he adds, 'there is another record of such a continuous low temperature; and it was a state of things most certainly to confirm us in our resolution of leaving the ship to her helpless fate, and attempting to save ourselves in the best manner that we could.' Accordingly, towards the end of April, they commenced carrying forwards a certain quantity of provisions, and the boats with their sledges, for the purpose of advancing more easily afterwards. The labour of proceeding over ice and snow was most severe, and the wind and snow-drift rendered it almost intolerable.

On the 21st of May, all the provisions had been carried forward to the several deposits, except as much as would serve for about a month. In the process of forming these deposits, it was found that they had travelled, forwards and backwards, 329 miles to gain about thirty in a direct line. Preparation was now made for their final departure, which took place on the 29th of May:—

'We had now secured everything on shore which could be of use to us in case of our return; or which, if we did not, would prove of use to the natives. The colours were therefore hoisted and nailed to the mast, we drank a parting glass to our poor ship, and having seen every man out, in the evening I took my own adieu of the Victory, which had deserved a better fate. It was the first vessel that I had ever been obliged to abandon, after having served in thirty-six, during a period of forty-two years. It was like the last parting with an old friend; and I did not pass the point where she ceased to be visible without stopping to take a sketch* of this melancholy desert—rendered more melancholy by the solitary, abandoned, helpless home of our past years, fixed in immovable ice till time should perform on her his usual work.'—p. 643.

On the 1st of July, after a full month's most fatiguing journey, they encamped on Fury Beach. The first thing to be done was

* By the way, Captain Ross's original drawings, some of which we have accidentally seen, would have disgraced the fingers of a schoolboy of twelve. Those from which his engravings have been manufactured may be pretty things—but what is the value of such 'graphic illustrations' in a case like this? and was it not rather odd to inscribe them with '*Ross delineavit*'?

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to construct a house, which was to be 31 by 16 feet, and 7 feet high; to be covered with canvass. The next was to set the carpenters to work in repairing the three boats of the Fury.

On the 1st of August the ice unexpectedly broke up, leaving some navigable clear water, on which they prepared to embark, in the hope of reaching Baffin's Bay before the departure of the whaling vessels. The boats were stored with two months' provisions, bedding, and other necessary articles; and each carried seven men, with an officer. The sudden setting in of ice, however, obliged them to haul the boats on shore; and from this time they crept among rocks, and ice, and ice-bergs, along shore, on to the last day of August, when they reached the north-eastern extremity of America, as Sir J. Ross asserts it to be; and here they were stopped, by finding the sea, at the junction of Regent's Inlet with Barrow's Strait, covered with one solid mass of ice. They remained here three days, when every one agreeing that all hope of escape was at an end, and that nothing remained for them but to return to Fury Beach, they prepared for this retrograde movement. Commander Ross, it is said, began here to more than hesitate respecting their escape; and Sir John admits that, with regret, he began himself to question whether they should succeed in passing the barrier of ice that season.

On the 25th of September, therefore, they determined to commence their return. Their situation had now become truly serious; it was even doubtful whether the state of the ice would allow them to work their boats back to Fury Beach; they had but ten days' provision left, at half allowance, nor fuel enough remaining to melt the snow for their required consumption of water. They were now also experiencing the greatest sufferings they had yet endured from the cold. They were soon convinced that going back in the boats was out of the question; they therefore hauled them up on the beach above high-water mark, and the carpenter set about making sledges out of the empty bread-casks.

On the 7th of October, after a most toilsome and harassing journey, they reached their house—'our labours at an end, and ourselves once more at home.' Here, of the provisions left behind them, flour, sugar, soups, peas, vegetables, pickles, and lemon-juice, were in abundance; but of preserved meats there remained not more than would suffice for their voyage in the boats during next season.

We have hitherto refrained from noticing any of the numerous charges brought against Sir John Ross in the book of *Huish*; but there is one, to which a circumstance that occurred in this journey has given rise, of so serious a nature that, in our opinion, it ought long ago to have been contradicted distinctly. Sir John may affect



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to treat it with what is called silent contempt, which is but too frequently resorted to when it may not be quite convenient to answer a charge of delinquency. We do not believe the fact to be as stated, for, with all his faults, we do not think the Captain lacks humanity; but *Huish* on this occasion is particularly precise as to dates and circumstances,—and there can be no doubt that the story he tells, or something very like it, has been widely circulated by the men who composed Sir John's late crew. The Captain himself loosely mentions that a man of the name of Taylor had his foot, or a great part of it, amputated, on account of its being frost-bitten. Describing his journey on the 4th Oct. 1832, he says, 'to increase our troubles, the lame man, Taylor, could neither walk with his crutches nor ride on the sledges, which were perpetually upsetting upon the rough ice; in some manner or other, however, we gained a bad resting-place at seven.' On the next day he says, 'we gained seven miles on this day's journey, in spite of a strong cold wind and constant snow, and were enabled to carry the mate, Taylor, by returning for him with an empty sledge. Burdened and obstructed as we were, this was a great additional grievance; but they who were inclined to murmur had, at least, the satisfaction of reflecting that their case was better than his.'—(p. 678.) This is all that Sir John Ross has stated, though, being just at the end of his book, he had time enough to have disavowed the charge—which, as we said before, we should have deemed a more prudent course than to shelter himself under a dignified silence. Whether a long and lugubrious paragraph about 'ingratitude, obloquy,' &c. &c. at p. 705, has any reference to the case of Taylor we know not, but it is too mysterious for us to dwell upon. The statement in *Huish* is as follows:—

'The sledges were made for the transportation of some of the immediate requisites, but not of sufficient strength to bear the weight of a man, in addition to the necessary cargo. Under these circumstances, the conveyance of Taylor, by means of the sledges, was considered as next to impracticable; and, therefore, the question was raised, whether it were possible for him to hobble on his stump, and, if that could not be accomplished, in what manner was he to be got to Fury Beach? The whole of the crew proffered their aid towards rendering the conveyance of him as easy as possible; but a very different plan was suggested by Captain Ross, and that was, *to leave the poor fellow behind them!* If this horrid suggestion be founded in truth, Captain Ross must, at the time, have been under the dominion of some fiend of hell, for from no other source could such an infernal idea have been poured into his mind.'—*Huish*, p. 659.

We may pass the monotonous proceedings of the winter at Fury Beach. The chief event, which cast a damp on all, was the death of

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of the carpenter, on the last day of February, 1833. The want, however, of exercise, of sufficient employment, short allowance of food, lowness of spirits produced by the unbroken sight of the dull, melancholy, uniform waste of snow and ice, had the effect of reducing the whole party to a more indifferent state of health than had hitherto been experienced. Two of the seamen were far gone in the scurvy:—

'We were indeed all very weary of this miserable home. . . Even the storms were without variety: there was nothing to see out of doors, even when we could face the sky; and within, it was to look, equally, for variety and employment, and to find neither. If those of the least active minds dozed away their time in the waking stupefaction which such a state of things produces, they were the most fortunate of the party. Those among us who had the enviable talent of sleeping at all times, whether they were anxious or not, fared best.' —*Ross*, p. 695.

At length, the long-looked-for period arrived when it was deemed necessary to abandon the house, in search of better fortune; and on the 7th of July, being Sunday, the last divine service was performed in their winter habitation. The following day they bade it adieu for ever! and having been detained a short time at Batty Bay, and finding the ice to separate, and a lane of water open out, they succeeded in crossing over to the eastern side of Prince Regent Inlet. Standing along the southern shore of Barrow's Strait, on the 26th of August they discovered a sail,—and, after some tantalizing delays, they succeeded in making themselves visible to the crew of one of her boats:—

'She was soon alongside, when the mate in command addressed us, by presuming that we had met with some misfortune and lost our ship. This being answered in the affirmative, I requested to know the name of his vessel, and expressed our wish to be taken on board. I was answered that it was "the Isabella of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross;" on which I stated that I was the identical man in question, and my people the crew of the Victory. That the mate, who commanded this boat, was as much astonished at this information as he appeared to be, I do not doubt; while, with the usual blunderheadedness of men on such occasions, he assured me that I had been dead two years. I easily convinced him, however, that what ought to have been true, according to his estimate, was a somewhat premature conclusion; as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he taken time to consider that we were certainly not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable evidence of our being "true men, and no impostors," on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed of course, in the true seaman style, and, after a few natural inquiries, he added that the Isabella was commanded by Captain Humphreys; when he immediately

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immediately went off in his boat to communicate his information on board; repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all England.

'As we approached slowly after him to the ship, he jumped up the side, and in a minute the rigging was manned; while we were saluted with three cheers as we came within cable's length, and were not long in getting on board of my old vessel, where we were all received by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome.

'Though we had not been supported by our names and characters, we should not the less have claimed, from charity, the attentions that we received, for never was seen a more miserable-looking set of wretches; while, that we were but a repulsive-looking people, none of us could doubt. If, to be poor, wretchedly poor, as far as all our present property was concerned, was to have a claim on charity, no one could well deserve it more; but if to look so be to frighten away the so-called charitable, no beggar that wanders in Ireland could have outdone us in exciting the repugnance of those who have not known what poverty can be. Unshaven since I know not when, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts instead of the tatters of civilization, and starved to the very bones, our gaunt and grim looks, when contrasted with those of the well-dressed and well-fed men around us, made us all feel, I believe for the first time, what we really were, as well as what we seemed to others. Poverty is without half its mark unless it be contrasted with wealth; and what we might have known to be true in the past days, we had forgotten to think of, till we were thus reminded of what we truly were, as well as seemed to be.

'But the ludicrous soon took place of all other feelings; in such a crowd and such confusion, all serious thought was impossible, while the new buoyancy of our spirits made us abundantly willing to be amused by the scene which now opened. Every man was hungry and was to be fed, all were ragged and were to be clothed, there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all English semblance. All, everything, too, was to be done at once; it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating, all intermingled; it was all the materials of each jumbled together; while, in the midst of all, there were interminable questions to be asked and answered on all sides; the adventures of the Victory, our own escapes, the politics of England, and the news which was now four years old. But all subsided into peace at last. The sick were accommodated, the seamen disposed of, and all was done, for all of us, which care and kindness could perform. Night at length brought quiet and serious thoughts; and I trust there was not one man among us who did not then express, where it was due, his gratitude for that interposition which had raised us all from a despair which none could now forget, and had brought us from the very borders of a not distant grave, to life, and friends, and civilization.

'Long accustomed, however, to a cold bed on the hard snow or the bare rock, few could sleep amid the comfort of our new accommodations.

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tions. I was myself compelled to leave the bed which had been kindly assigned me, and take my abode in a chair for the night, nor did it fare much better with the rest. It was for time to reconcile us to this sudden and violent change, to break through what had become habit, and to inure us once more to the usages of our former days.'—pp. 720-723.

On the return of the party from this ill-fated expedition, Captain Ross addressed two letters to the Secretary of the Admiralty—the one giving a summary of his proceedings, and the other stating his utter inability to fulfil the engagements he had entered into with his crew, and praying their Lordships to afford him the means of discharging obligations of so sacred a character. That he had no claim whatever on the public for an ill-prepared, ill-concerted, and (we may add) ill-executed undertaking, wholly of a private nature, will not be denied; and the wealthy individual at whose expense the ship was fitted out, and who made or sanctioned the 'sacred' engagements with the men, was the proper quarter to which application should have been made—at least, in the first instance. The Board of Admiralty, however, (Oct. 28, 1833,) directed their secretary to reply that,—

'although these men have no claim on his Majesty's Government, inasmuch as the expedition was not sent out by the Board of Admiralty, yet, in consideration of its having been undertaken for the benefit of science, of the sufferings these men have undergone, the perilous situation in which they were placed for so long protracted a period, and their uniform good conduct under circumstances the most trying to which British seamen were perhaps ever exposed—and their Lordships being moreover satisfied of your utter inability to fulfil the engagements entered into by you, and of the destitute state in which these people have providentially arrived in their native country, have been induced under such peculiar circumstances, from a feeling of humanity, immediately to relieve you from your engagement, and them from pressing necessity, rather than wait till Parliament shall be assembled, to which it is intended to submit the case. Their Lordships have, therefore, directed the Accountant-General of the Navy to advance to you the sum of 4580*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*, as the amount which, by your statement, you feel yourself under an engagement to pay to the persons therein named.'—p. 739.

The way in which the parties were remunerated appears from the following memorandum:—

'All the men have received double full pay until they finally abandoned their ship, and full pay after that unti their arrival in England, amounting to the gross sum of 4580*l.*; they have besides been employed in eligible situations in the dock-yards, or placed in others that will lead to promotion; Mr. Abernethy, the gunner, has been promoted, and appointed to the Seringapatam; Mr. Thom, purser, has been appointed to the lucrative situation of purser of the Canopus; Mr.

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Mr. M'Diarmid, the medical officer, has been appointed assistant-surgeon of the navy, and, when qualified to pass his examination, will be promoted to the rank of surgeon; Commander Ross, to whom it appears that the greater part of the scientific results of the expedition are due, has been placed on full pay, and appointed commander of the Victory for twelve months, that he may by that length of service be enabled to receive the rank of post-captain, which is, by a special minute of the Admiralty, ensured to him at the expiration of that time.'—*Report, &c.*, pp. 6 and 7.

This prompt resolution to afford relief to the officers and men might have been expected from those feelings of humanity for which Sir James Graham is distinguished: he did not wait the lingering process of an application to Parliament, when it might meet: alive to the sufferings and privations those brave fellows had undergone—their escape from dangers long endured, and overcome by native energy, struggling as it were against hope: admiring, as all must do, the boldness, if not the prudence, of the enterprise—the courage, perseverance, and fortitude under distress, so creditable to the parties, and so honourable to the national character of British seamen—he did not hesitate to take upon himself, at once, the responsibility of indemnifying and remunerating this gallant handful of men. With regard to Captain Ross himself, however, no such haste was required, and Sir James properly left it to the Government to deal with him as might be thought fit. As soon, therefore, as Parliament was assembled, the Captain had recourse to a quarter where the public purse is generally opened freely to individuals, especially when warmly supported by a friend—and where is the Scotchman who is at a loss for such a friend on an emergency?—we mean a committee of the House of Commons. The speeches on his petition for a grant of money being presented by Mr. Cutlar Ferguson, may be referred to in the Mirror of Parliament for March 13, 1834; and well would it have been if the criticism which Sir Robert Inglis then applied to the puffing parade of Captain Ross's countryman had been accepted as a sufficient warning—but no—the committee were appointed—and their proceedings, favourably as they were disposed, have unintentionally, no doubt, damaged, to a very material degree, the Captain, and, we regret to add, the Commander also; though the latter, we firmly believe, undeservedly—chiefly by the evidence of Sir Felix Booth, which, as we understand, he corrected once, as he was called upon to do, but not to the extent which he might have done. Had the committee recommended 5000*l.* to be given to Captain Ross, considering his case solely as one of compassion, to indemnify him for his losses and sufferings, without any oral examination, they would have spared *him* the utterance of a great deal of nonsense, and *themselves* the charge of inaccuracy, in reporting that a 'great public service had been performed;'

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performed;'—whereas no public service, that we can discover, has been achieved, unless it be on two points, both of which were accomplished solely by *Commander* Ross—*viz.*, an approximation to the north magnetic pole—and tracing the coast which in all probability unites with the northern coast of America.

We are much mistaken if the account of the voyage now produced does not disappoint every one that may take the trouble to toil through it. The first reflection to which the perusal gives rise, is the cold and heartless manner in which the bulk of the narrative is drawn up—the unwillingness to give praise or make acknowledgment, even to him on whom the safety of the expedition mainly depended, and by whom all that has been done was done. The commiseration so generally felt for their supposed deplorable situation—the readiness with which the government gave to Captain Ross 5000*l.*, and the same sum nearly to the crew—the public sympathy so powerfully excited as to have caused a subscription to be raised, sufficient to send out an expedition to ascertain their fate—the voluntary sacrifice made by a brave officer experienced in those regions, by undertaking that expedition;—these were circumstances which might have been expected to call forth some expression of thankfulness and admiration—but no—not a syllable, throughout his 740 pages, escapes our author, to manifest the least feeling of gratitude, or sense of obligation. So reckless does Sir John Ross appear of all that has been done, that the name even of Back, who we fear has suffered far more than himself, is not once mentioned by *him*—although Commander Ross did not miss an occasion of speaking warmly and properly of his ancient and tried friend having 'gone to seek them, and to restore them once more to society and home.' If now and then in the captain's own story a touch of the pathetic occurs, the effect is immediately destroyed by some levity of expression, some coarse joke, or some gross vulgar absurdity, as that, for instance, of recommending all Arctic voyagers hereafter to cram their stomachs, as the Esquimaux do, with whale blubber and seal oil, as the best mode of generating animal heat. This, however, and a whole treatise on the same subject, we suspect to be the production of Dr. M'Culloch.

Instead of bestowing the least praise on the exertions of his nephew either in his answers to the Committee or in his book—in the former Sir John speaks slightingly of his losses, considers him not entitled to any portion of the grant, and states that he was fully satisfied with his promotion;* in the latter he betrays an unworthy

* It may be inferred, indeed we are satisfied, from the questions put to Captain Ross, that the committee were desirous of awarding something to the meritorious Commander, for his services and losses—probably a portion, as surely ought to have been the case, of the 5000*l.*—but that the adverse answers given by the uncle prevented it.—See *Report and Evidence*, pp. 18, 19.

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jealousy of what the young man had accomplished. A silly chapter which he calls 'Remarks on the Assignment of the Magnetic Pole,' concludes thus :—

'If this last journey of thirty miles, as it appears by the narrative, was performed without my presence, which was required in another direction and for other purposes—and this keystone of all our previous labours laid by the party, consisting chiefly of the mates Blanky and Abernethy, under the immediate orders of *my successful nephew*—heaven forbid that I should attempt to rob them of such honours as they are entitled to on this ground, or to claim the credit of having planted the British flag on this long-desired spot with my own hand. Let this last closing act of my labours on this subject, as of theirs, confer such honour on this party as they may claim or deserve: I can say, like others, though in a quotation rather hackneyed, "Palmam qui meruit ferat," and if I myself consent to award that palm to him who commanded this successful party, as is the usage, it must not be forgotten that in this I surrender those personal claims which are never abandoned by the commander of that flag-ship, which so often gains the victory, through the energy, intelligence, and bravery of the men and officers whom he directs and orders, or by the captain-general who carries a town through the courage and activity of the sergeant who leads the "forlorn hope."

'But if I have done this, I should not be justified in thus surrendering the rights of the brave, and patient, and enduring crew of the Victory, nor perhaps those of him, the noble-minded and generous, who sent the Victory and her crew to the Polar regions. It must be hereafter remembered in history, and will be so recorded, that it was the ship Victory, under the command of Captain John Ross, which assigned the north-west Magnetic Pole, in the year 1831, and that this vessel was fitted out by him whom I can now call Sir Felix Booth; a name to be honoured, had it even remained without such a distinction, as long as British generosity and spirit shall be recorded as a characteristic of the merchants of Britain.'—pp. 570, 571.

In his examination before the committee, in speaking of the Magnetic Pole, the Captain never once mentions the name of Commander Ross, but says, '*We* arrived at the spot;'—'*We* proceeded round it;'—'*We* passed round it;—'Which ever way *we* passed it;' 'As *we* passed round it, the compass turned towards it horizontally,' &c. &c. *Captain* Ross was never within forty miles of the spot, and there is no truth in the statement of 'passing round it.' Being asked by the committee, 'Within what area do you conceive you have reduced the situation of it?' he answers, 'One mile.' Captain Beaufort, however, informed them, 'there can be no specific or precise point, *within a degree or half a degree.*'

We may here notice a very whimsical part of Captain Ross's examination, respecting the magnetic needle :—

'Did you remark whether light, such as the light of a candle, had any

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any influence upon it?—The light of a candle has also an effect upon it; those effects have been accurately observed.—Then you consider that was a matter of importance to science, inasmuch as it showed the connexion between light and heat and magnetism?—Yes.—Did you remark that any metallic substance produced an effect on the magnet?—Yes, even brass.—The buttons of your coat?—The buttons of my coat produced an effect on the magnet.—That the north pole of the needle would point to them?—Yes.'—*Evid.* p. 12.

The idea of going into the Arctic regions to examine whether the light of a tallow candle, probably stuck in an *iron* socket, and his brass buttons with *iron* necks to them, produced an effect on the needle, which he had just told them 'had no power of traversing to any particular point,' is undoubtedly very amusing. It reminds us of what happened to a very different man from Ross—Troughton, the mathematical-instrument maker. On approaching his face towards a delicately suspended needle, he observed it to be affected with a tremulous motion, and it was some time before it occurred to him that there were steel springs in his wig. Whether Ross wore a wig or not we cannot say.

When asked about magnetic electricity, he responds, 'I know of no magnetic electricity. I know of no such term; but the effect of light and heat upon the magnetic needle is an important discovery, *which we have made.*' The effect of *light* and *heat* on the needle, where for three or four months on end no sun is visible, and the temperature is 40° below zero, *is* certainly 'an important discovery'!—but, seriously, can this have been sheer ignorance, or an attempt to practise on the credulity of the committee? We ask this, because experiments have been made in this country, where the magnet is in full activity, to ascertain what effect the strong light and heat *of the sun* have on a most delicate and sensitive needle. For this purpose, an instrument was fixed in the garden of the Royal Observatory, seventeen years ago, and observations continued by Mr. Pond for three years, the result of which was as follows:—'From sun-rise to the hottest part of the day, or about two o'clock, the *southern* part of the needle moves about *5 or 6 minutes* in a direction from W. to E., or contrary to the path of the sun—and returns, in the course of the evening and following night, to its former position.' From this our readers may judge of the effect of a farthing rush-light, or a brass-button, on the magnetic needle in the midst of intense frost and snow. So much for the 'important discovery which *we* have made'!

That Captain Ross should take every occasion to sneer at that which he has twice failed to settle, and concerning which in reality he has the least possible information—the question of a North-West Passage—might be expected. Thus, in one place, he

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he says:—'I imagine no one was very sanguine about future north-west passages, even should we contrive to make one ourselves.'—(p. 464.) In another place, speaking of the same subject, he says,—'of which, if I mistake not, we now know as much as is soon likely to be known, and far more than will ever be of any use.'—(p. 539.) Being asked by the committee:—'From your experience of those seas, do you conceive that any further attempt to discover the North-West Passage would be attended with great danger?' he replies; 'I do.' 'And if successful would it be attended with any public benefit?'—'I believe it would be utterly useless.' The committee might have gone further and asked him—'If this be your opinion, what did you go for?' But Captain Beaufort, on whose character as an able and in the highest sense scientific navigator we need not enlarge, and Commander Ross, who had passed 'fourteen summers and eight winters' in the Arctic seas, and been with Parry on every voyage, were also examined. Captain Beaufort was asked,—

'Do you consider that the closing up of Prince Regent's Inlet narrows the range with which a north-west passage may be found within a short compass?—It only narrows it by one of the openings.—Does not it narrow the opening to something above 74° north latitude?—There are several openings from the end of Lancaster Sound; Prince Regent's Inlet was one of them; by closing *that* Captain Ross has removed *one* of the probable means of getting to the westward; but *there are three still open, in which success is just as likely as in the other.*—Will you specify their names?—One is going out by the Wellington channel to the north-west, that is, going to the northward of the chain of islands discovered by Captain Parry, and approximating the Pole; another, proceeding by Melville Island in the same direction that Captain Parry previously tried; and the third would be by getting to the south-west as soon as the vessel has passed the cape which Captain Ross supposes to the northern extreme of America, and then endeavouring to get over to the shore laid down by Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson; all those three are still open to future enterprise.—Do you consider that the closing of the most southerly outlet closes that supposed to be most likely to be practicable?—No; for *that is not the route I should have taken if employed on that service.*'—*Evid.* p. 22.

Commander Ross was asked,—

'You do not think the voyage has furnished any conclusion against the existence of a north-west passage?—No; *it has made it still more certain than it was before that a north-west passage must exist.*—Upon what observations made in the last voyage do you ground that opinion?—From the additional portion of the outline of the continent of America explored upon this occasion, on the northern coast of America and the western coast of Boothia.—Do you believe that it would be

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be practicable to go through that north-western passage?—There is no question that it would be much more easy, now that we are acquainted with the nature of the formation of the continent of America. —Would it be best accomplished by steam or by sailing?—By sailing. —Supposing this to be accomplished, would it be at all beneficial to commerce?—It is quite uncertain what benefits may result from it; in favourable seasons it may be possible to get through it with very little difficulty; for instance, on our last voyage we sailed on an open sea, where it is usually covered with ice; but it was a remarkably favourable season; *such seasons may occur periodically; if so, there would be no difficulty on those occasions in getting from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits.*—Do you believe that any attempt to penetrate would be attended with danger?—Nothing more than the ordinary danger of navigating the Northern Seas.'—*Evid.* p. 27.

With regard to geographical information, which, we apprehend, was one principal object of Sir John Ross's expedition, his chart, as all charts are meant to do, ought to elucidate his text, and *vice vêrsa.* But here the very few names which appear in the text are not to be found in the chart, nor do any of those multitudes which blacken the chart occur in the text—both text and chart, therefore, are rendered wholly useless for the guidance of the reader. The names assigned by *Commander* Ross, on his two important journeys are—with one or two exceptions—obliterated from the *Captain's* chart, and replaced by those of more *dignified* personages; still not a word even about them appears in the text. As a curiosity we will give a few of these. In the first place we have 'The Magnetic Pole of William IV.,' and 'Cape Adelaide,' to neither of which can there be the least objection—on the contrary;—Capes Cumberland, Gloucester, Sussex, and Cambridge, might also be allowed to stand;—then we have Clarence Islands, consisting of eight, Munster, Falkland, Erskine, Adolphus, Fox, Frederick, Augustus, and Errol—with Capes Sophia, Sidney, and Mary. Then comes a whole host of foreigners, who, we conceive, have no business there:—Louis Philip (*sic*),—Capes Nicholas, Carl XIV.-Johan, Francis II., Frederick VI., Alexandra, Maria Louisa, Maria (*da*) Gloria—and Joshephine (*sic*) Bay! To which may be added, Lieven, Esterhazy, and many others, not one of which, except the name of his present majesty, is mentioned in *the text.*

Again; we find in the text a great number of native names, some of them hard enough, such as Too-noul-lead, Tar-rio-nit-yoke, Ac-cood-le-ruk-tuk, &c. &c., pointed out by the natives, who accompanied our countrymen on their journeys, not one of which, except that of *Shagavoke,* at the head of an inlet of the isthmus, is inserted in the chart, so that the narrative itself of these travels is rendered almost wholly useless, by the utter inability of knowing,

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on any given occasion, whereabouts the traveller is. The name of *Neit-chillee* is fifty times repeated as a very important place, but we may as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay, as for Neit-chillee on the chart. It is, in short, very generally suspected, that the interests of geography have been sacrificed to considerations of no very lofty character—among others, to the expectation of gold snuff-boxes, ribbons, and the like baubles, from foreign potentates—and yet the Royal Geographical Society of London, which certainly owes not one iota of information to Sir John Ross, out of pure compassion we suppose, bestowed upon him the King's medal of fifty guineas!

The Captain has been censured for placing the name of King William on or near the spot of the magnetic pole, because he could not have known of the accession of his present Majesty until long afterwards;—but what of that? He had the full right at any time, before the chart was published, to bestow what name he pleased on particular points—and he has not been sparing in the exercise of that right. We have, however, a charge of a rather different nature to prefer against him, and one which he certainly ought to explain, *if he can*, and if he has the slightest value for his own character as a surveyor, a geographer, and a navigator. We understand that in the original chart of *Commander* Ross, which either is or was in the Admiralty, the *Clarence Islands* of the book chart, (which the Commander discovered, and named *Beaufort's Islands* as a well-deserved compliment to the hydrographer of the Admiralty,) consist of *three*,* and three only—and that the other *five* in the book chart are, like the Croker Mountains, non-entities. As to the motives of so unparalleled a deception, we shall hazard no guess. Sir John Ross himself never saw even those *three* existing islands.

The Knight has made another most extraordinary discovery—that of a fact unequalled in modern times, and, we believe, but once in days of yore—namely, when Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the Red Sea; he has actually built up a *wall* of water! and as it is made to serve as one of the grounds on which he *presumes* there can be no North-West Passage, we will let him speak for himself. Great preparation must evidently have been made for putting the questions in this part of his examination, in the course of which he puzzled both himself and the committee; the latter somewhat abruptly ask him,—

'Did you observe the difference in the altitude of the two seas east

* The three *existing* islands are those named in the *Captain's* chart Adolphus, Frederick, and Augustus: '*Three* low islands,' says Commander Ross, 'situated about ten miles to the northward of our present position (near Parry's Port), were named *Beaufort Islands*.'—(p. 413.)

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and west of Boothia Felix?—Yes.—Do you draw any conclusion from that difference of altitude which bears on the subject of the North-West Passage?—I consider it to be negative.—You consider it a presumption?—Yes, a presumption that there is no such passage, but not a proof.—What was the difference?—The difference is thirteen feet.—Upon the supposition that the land is continuous northward from the seventy-fourth degree to the pole,—[A most extraordinary supposition of the learned member, since the contrary has been *proved*]—should you expect to find that difference of altitude in the seas?—I should certainly, from the *rotative!!!* [rotary] motion of the earth.'—*Evid.* p. 17.

The committee, having in the mean time examined Commander Ross, asked the Captain, on a subsequent day,—

'You stated, among other reasons you gave for believing that there was no North-West Passage practicable, that there was a difference of the altitude of the two seas east and west of the Isthmus which unites Boothia with the continent of America?—Yes; I was the only officer there; Commander Ross had no opportunity of ascertaining it; it was while he was on other services; it was when I went with the provisions to him I ascertained that; in two years, in June, 1830, and the end of May, 1831.—The observations made at two different times both led you to the same result?—Yes.—Have you any doubt upon that?—*Not at all;* I measured it with the theodolite in the usual way; the process becomes very simple, and incapable of error to those who understand it.—There is a difference, is there not, in the altitude of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans on the east and west sides of the Isthmus of Darien?—[Here again the learned member commits a blunder—there are no *east* and *west* sides of the Isthmus of Darien—it *lies* east and west.]—I have heard there is, and the Red Sea and the Mediterranean also; there is eight feet rise and fall of tide on the east side of those isthmuses, and only fourteen inches on the west side; I tried that at the time; I broke a hole in the ice for the purpose.'—*Ib.* p. 32.

What he means by 'those isthmuses,' we are completely at a loss to discover—equally so, what 'the hole in the ice' was for; but as water was, heretofore, in the habit of finding its own level, and as the same water flows round the Boothian peninsula—the thirteen feet wall, being, notwithstanding the *rotative* motion of the earth, a physical impossibility, we can only conclude it to have been a miracle, for the sole purpose of stopping the Captain in his not otherwise supernatural career. We must not, however, omit the evidence of Commander Ross on the same point:—

'Are you aware of the fact, that the two seas, right and left of the isthmus which unites Boothia with the continent of America, are of different altitude?—No, I am not; nor had we the means of ascertaining the fact with accuracy; it would take at least two or three months to ascertain it with the accuracy such an observation would require.—You have no reason to suppose such a thing?—*None whatever; no, I never*

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*I never heard of it till this moment.*—Has Captain Ross never told you that he had ascertained that to be the fact?—Captain Ross may have made observations which have satisfied his mind, but I doubt whether he can have made observations that would satisfy the minds of those who may investigate the matter.'—*Ib.* p. 27.

So the whole of this levelling process, with 'the theodolite in the usual way,' &c. and the result thereof, were carefully concealed from Commander Ross and bottled up solely for the use of the Committee! Well might the Commander be taken by surprise; but we have no doubt—can any one doubt?—that the average difference in the altitudes of the Atlantic and Pacific, on the *north* and *south* sides of the Isthmus of Darien or Panama, ascertained by Mr. Lloyd after two years' labour, instead of two days, to be *thirteen* feet, furnished the data, and the only data, for the *thirteen* feet between the two sides of the Isthmus of Boothia?—'those isthmuses' being as like to each other, as the two rivers of Monmouth and Macedon.

But 'worse remains behind.' We are, indeed, utterly at a loss to comprehend what evil genius could have urged on the gallant Captain to stumble, once more, on those fatal mountains on which he suffered shipwreck in the year 1818. Had he no friend at his elbow? or rather, did he put himself into the hands of some injudicious and indiscreet friend, (query? the one already alluded to?) who thus has driven him to pronounce his own condemnation from his own mouth? Nature might have made a range of mountains across Lancaster Sound, and Ross might have imagined that he saw them; but nature never exacts physical impossibilities from human beings: Ross, however, finds no difficulty in performing that which is physically impossible. We read with perfect astonishment the following extract:—

'Having, as I have already noticed, left the chest of minerals near a notable cairn, as being too heavy for us to carry farther, I must here point out its latitude as 73° 51′; that having been deduced from two meridian altitudes of the sun. The *mountain*, therefore, which I formerly mentioned as being situated at this place,—[that which he calls the north-east point of America,]—lies between the latitudes of 73° 53′ and 74° north; and as its longitude is 90° west, it occupies the place at which *I had marked Croker's Mountain in* 1818. I can, therefore, have no doubt that the land on which I now stood was the same that I had seen in my first voyage, and which I had been able to observe very distinctly from the vicinity of the mountain to which I then gave the name of Hope's Monument.'—p. 671.

When a prudent man gets into a scrape, he suffers the memory thereof silently to die away, mindful of a certain old proverb about *stirring*, &c.; or, which is better, openly avows his error, and thus disarms censure. Had the Captain, now that he must have

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have seen, and did see, his former mistake, candidly and frankly owned it, this would at once have silenced criticism—at least we can speak for ourselves. He has thought fit, however, to take a different—and we must say a most disingenuous—course, which we feel it our duty to expose. Mark, then, how 'a plain tale will set him down.' In his book of 1818 we find the following passage:—

'The land I then saw was *a high ridge of mountains*, extending directly across the bottom of the inlet. This chain appeared extremely high in the centre,' &c.....' It (the weather) completely cleared up for about ten minutes, and I distinctly saw the land round the bottom of the bay, forming *a connected chain of mountains* with those which extended along the north and south sides. This land appeared to be at the distance of *eight leagues*.'—*Voyage to Baffin's Bay in* 1818, pp. 173, 174.

No description could be more clear and distinct than this is of a nonentity. Now let us compare it with the above extract from his book of 1835. Here this noble chain of mountains is shrivelled up into *A mountain;* and, instead of its stretching *round the bottom of the bay* (which by his own chart is forty-two miles across), we now find IT perched at the extremity of the supposed north point of America, wholly out of the counterfeit bay: still he avers that he *formerly* stated IT to be situated at *this place.* We shall see:—this *mountain*, he now tells us, lies between the latitudes of 73° 53′ and 74° north; that is to say, it occupies a space of *seven miles:* in 1818, by his own showing, it stretched from 73° 36′ to 74° 18′, or *forty-two miles.* This is rather unlucky for the Captain's averment, but what immediately follows is much more so. 'And as its longitude,' he continues, 'is 90° west, it occupies the place at which I had marked Croker's *mountain* (still in the singular number) in 1818.' Now we shall show the gallant Knight that his conclusion is a *non sequitur;* the *mountain*, in his chart of 1818, is placed in longitude 83½°, and cannot therefore, in its new position of 90°, occupy the place he *marked* it in 1818; unless, indeed, as we are dealing with impossibilities, it possesses the gift of ubiquity.

We cannot leave this subject without pointing out the absurdity, as well as the meanness of this subterfuge. 'In 1818,' he says, 'I saw very distinctly, from the vicinity of the mountain called by me *Hope's Monument*, the land which I called Croker's Mountain.' Now Hope's Monument appears, in his own chart, in lat. 74° 43′, and long. 80° 30′. We have seen that this *mountain* of 1832 (whatever its name may be) occupies a place in long. 90°; and is, therefore, according to his logic, identically the same with that of 1818. If we reject the small difference of latitude, and assuming only that



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of longitude (9° 30′), we have a distance of 157 nautical miles from the spot in Lancaster Sound, where, from the deck of the Isabella, Ross asserts he saw that singular mountain, which by some means or other, between the years 1818 and 1832, has transported itself from the sound to the north-eastern extremity of the *Boothian Peninsula*. We know of no parallel to this stretch of the visual organ, except it be that of the notorious Fernan Mendez Pinto, who saw the Great Wall of China from the neighbourhood of Amoy, about a thousand miles off. Perhaps his friend the *feelosopher* may suggest a *wee bit* refraction; but the largest bit will fall infinitely short of what would be required to raise a hill of *six hundred feet* so as to be visible at the verge of the horizon from the above-mentioned distance; nothing short of the height of *fifteen thousand feet* would show itself! If Parry had not, in 1819, completely demolished this fine range of mountains, with Cape Rosamond in the centre of it—of whose castellated summit a splendid view *illustrates* Ross's book of 1818—Ross, in his volume of 1835, would have done the work for him.

We may mention another circumstance, which is remarkable only as it shows, among a multitude of instances, the loose manner in which the most simple statement of what are meant to be facts is usually made. This said unfortunate *mountain* seems doomed to find no resting place; it is stated in the *text* of 1835, as lying between 73° 59′ and 74°, but in his own *chart* of the same date, the *whole space* between these latitudes is occupied *by water!*

But we have not yet done with the new Croker's Mountain. A more gross misrepresentation of a recorded fact, with the testimony before one's eyes, and it was under his own, can scarcely be imagined than the following:—

'Since that period (1818), it (the mountain) has been considered as belonging to what have been termed Leopold's islands; thus receiving a new name which I cannot admit. I must therefore restore to it that one *which I originally conferred*, and in assuming a right granted to all discoverers, reclaim, of course, the right also of discovery over a land of which I *then* took possession ['*i.e.* at the distance of 157 miles!'] Since this spot is also a portion of the mainland, and not that island which has been asserted, *in the more recent voyage to which I have thus referred*, it is equally my duty to point out that the discovery of the north-east cape of the American continent thus *belongs to myself*, and to the original voyage which I made to these northern seas. Finally, in thus restoring the original designation of this spot, I must equally assert my right to establish everything else connected with it, as it stands in my own charts, and therefore replace the names which I then conferred on several objects in its vicinity.'—p. 671.

Can

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Can assurance go beyond this? In the '*more recent voyage*' to which he refers we find the following passage:—

'We had now an opportunity of discovering that a long neck of very low land runs out from the southward of the Leopold Islands, and another from the shore to the southward of Cape Clarence. These two had every appearance of joining, *so as to make a peninsula instead of an island* of that portion of land which, on account of our distance preventing us from seeing the low beach, had, in 1819, been considered under the latter character.'—*Parry's Third Voyage*, p. 98.

Nor is this all. Sir Edward Parry in his chart *has joined the island to the continent* by two dotted lines, forming an isthmus. And is it thus that an officer, with the facts staring him in the face, shall dare 'to pluck the laurels from his brother's brow'? The thing is in itself too paltry to be of the least importance, as concerns anybody but Ross himself; Parry, we are well assured, will laugh at it.

We consider it our duty, however, to put matters on their right footing, to correct misrepresentations, and to repel the unfounded and uncalled for insinuations against Captain Parry contained in the following extract:—

'Sir Edward Parry remarks that Lancaster Sound had "obtained a degree of notoriety beyond what it might otherwise have been considered to possess, from the very opposite opinions which have been held with regard to it." This language is somewhat ambiguous, at least; and either from this cause, or others, it has been inferred by some of those persons who took an interest in the discoveries and proceedings of that voyage, that Sir Edward's opinion was opposed to mine, when we were employed together on that first expedition. Under such a conclusion, the same persons ought also to have perceived, that, as a matter of course, he must have then expressed that difference of opinion to me, since this was his duty as my associated though junior officer; and thence, I presume, they will have further determined, that, in acting as I did, I proceeded in opposition to his declared opinion. If this be the case, it is necessary that those persons should be undeceived; for he did not *at that time* make any such opinion known to me, and I am therefore bound to conclude that he did not entertain it. He could not have believed that there was a passage through Lancaster Sound, or he would have told me that he thought so; for it would be to suppose him capable of gross misconduct as an officer, were I to imagine that, when he was my second in command, he suppressed any opinion that could concern the duty in which we were both engaged; above all, that he concealed an opinion which, on account of its very high importance, it was the more strongly his duty to have communicated. Nor is there a single officer belonging to either of the ships, who, if he now says that he differed from me in opinion at that time, is not equally censurable; since it was incumbent on all to have stated to me what they believed or thought on that leading object of the expedition.'—*Ross*, 1835, pp. 89, 90.



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Now this vain and jealous man seems not to see, what everybody else will see, that if it were true that *Parry* had been so negligent of his duty as not to remonstrate with his commanding officer for his misconduct in abandoning one of the noblest objects ever attempted by human effort, *that commanding officer* was not one jot the less to blame. But we happen to be acquainted with two very strong reasons why Parry *would* not, *could* not, and therefore *did* not, make any such remonstrance. The first is, the simple fact of the utter impossibility of stating his opinion, if he had formed any, when the Isabella turned back in Lancaster Sound. This ship was six miles a-head of the Alexander when she put about; she came rattling past her, with a strong wind blowing right down the sound, without hailing, without making any signal, and without heaving to; Parry, therefore, had nothing to do but to follow his leader, in utter ignorance of the cause of the sudden abandonment. His eyes were not keen enough to carry the view to Croker's Mountains—and he could not imagine non-entities; and therefore *could* not and *did* not give any opinion to his commanding officer.

The second reason, even had he formed an opinion, is as strong as the first, and perhaps stronger. Two or three days before this event, when at or near the head of Baffin's Bay, Ross consulted Parry personally, regarding the openings in the land; and to prevent any mistake the latter sent a note, in which he pointed out where they disagreed—to which the former returned an offensive reply,—such as was not calculated to encourage his junior officer to volunteer opinions a second time, unless specially called for. Whether this uncourteous reply was owing to Parry's opinion not being exactly suitable to his wishes, or whether it might be construed to imply that all had not been done that might have been done, in the examination of those numerous openings or inlets seen by Baffin, we pretend not to know; but the rapid manner in which Ross ran along the coast, and out of Lancaster Sound, gives the appearance of a premeditated and predetermined resolution to avoid a winter's residence, and to get home as speedily as possible.

After such treatment, how could he or any one expect that Parry *would* subject himself a second time to be so insulted? and what right has the Ross of 1835 to throw out insinuations against the Parry of 1818—seventeen years having passed away—because the latter did not see things that had no existence?—but the real cause of grievance undoubtedly is, that the Parry of 1819 demolished the 'unsubstantial phantom'—the 'baseless fabric of a vision,'—so happily named in the Westminster Epilogue the *Acrokeraunian* Mountains.*

* 'Acroceraunia, montes Epiri—known to the moderns [singularly enough] as the *Monti della Chimera*.'—*Ainsworth's Dict.*

Ross

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Ross seems disposed, throughout, to manifest a malicious feeling against Parry; and truly he is sometimes indiscreet in his choice of occasions. For example, in his examination before the Committee, he says, speaking of the Act which grants a reward for the discovery of the North-West Passage, 'the original Act of Parliament was *repealed* after my voyage, and again *renewed on purpose for Captain Parry*.' Here, with submission, Sir John Ross states what is not the fact. The Act of 58 George III. (8th May, 1818), by virtue of which, *and of which only*, Parry got the reward in 1820, was not repealed till 1829. The Act 1 and 2 George IV. (23rd Feb. 1821) was a mere explanatory Act, amending the scale, and declaring that no more than 20,000*l.* shall be paid altogether for the whole passage; and an order in council was grounded upon it, fixing a scale of rewards for *portions* of the passage. The scheme for the distribution of 5000*l.* to the crews of the Hecla and Griper was authorised on 30th Nov. 1820,—*before* the passing of the explanatory Act which, the Committee are informed, was 'renewed on purpose for Captain Parry!'

We have taken occasion to observe on the jealousy with which Ross regards his brother officers employed on discoveries. It would hardly be believed that, at the conclusion of a very silly 'Introduction,' he appears desirous, in what he calls a piece of 'novel geographical criticism,' to deprive Beechey, Franklin, Richardson, Hearne, and Mackenzie of all their discoveries, by sending De Fuca and De Fonte, of whose histories he evidently knows nothing, through the Strait of Behring, and along the whole northern coast of America, as far as the Isthmus of Boothia! and that no one may mistake his meaning, he draws a 'comparative chart of ancient and modern navigators,' in which their two tracks are laid down—tracks which, he says, 'they *must* have made to reach the Isthmus of Boothia, which I have *reason to believe* they did, from the uniformity of their descriptions to what *we* saw.' *We* want nothing more than this 'chart of ancient navigators,' and the 'novel criticism' which accompanies it, to convey a true impression of Sir John Ross. Although it would seem to prove his utter ignorance of what has been attributed to the old pilot Juan de Fuca, and to De Fonte, the intention is obviously to deprive Beechey, Franklin, and the rest, of the merit of their valuable discoveries, which indeed he does not scruple to say are no new discoveries, for they had 'long ago been effected by those old navigators.' But enough of such trash as this—and more than enough of Captain Ross and his book.

With regard to our northern explorers, whose conduct under the most trying circumstances has been above all praise, they must content themselves with the golden opinions of their countrymen, and

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and console themselves with this reflection—that their names will live through all posterity, and be enrolled among the first and choicest in the list of those naval worthies, who, by their exertions and discoveries, have contributed to establish and extend the reputation of England. They have the proud reflection that, although they have not had the good fortune to be rewarded, as they well deserved to be, with honours and emoluments, they have not condescended either to flatter foreign potentates with names on a worthless chart—or to traverse the continent of Europe in quest of baubles and bits of ribbon, to dangle from a button-hole—or to petition parliament for grants of public money, and yet, at the same time, hire brazen-faced bagmen to beat up for private subscriptions—the last resource of '*Malesuada Fames.*'

On the whole, whether we look at his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, or at his strange narrative, we can arrive at no other conclusion than this—that 'Sir John Ross, C.B., K.S.A., K.C.S., &c. &c.,' is utterly incompetent to conduct an arduous naval enterprise for discovery to a successful termination. What we complain of, however, is not so much the want of skill, as the loose and inaccurate manner in which he slurs over and states facts, whose only value is their minute correctness. What possible use can, or rather, what positive mischief may not, arise from the works of an hydrographer who can create islands, or move mountains, *ad libitum*, with a few strokes of his pen! What reliance are future navigators to place on such a chart and narrative as we have endeavoured to describe! The value of hydrography consists entirely in its fidelity. Whatever the general professional abilities of Sir John Ross may be, or may once have been, every one must admit that, on two occasions, he has *proved himself* to be wanting in the high qualifications for conducting a voyage of discovery in unknown seas, and particularly so for deciding such a question as that of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a passage which, baffled from incompetence, and prejudiced from spite, he now, *ex cathedrâ*, pronounces to be impracticable, notwithstanding the progressive discoveries of Parry, Franklin, Richardson, and Beechey have reduced it almost to a practicable certainty. Commander Ross has viewed that sea which washes the shores of America, from points that are distant sixty or seventy miles from each other, and seen it everywhere free and uninterrupted by any land; Franklin, Richardson, and Beechey have seen the same from every part of the coast, save and except about 150 miles. Can there then be a doubt scarcely remaining—we have none whatever—that a vessel, passing through one of the openings beyond the Boothian Peninsula into the Western Sea, would with ease, in one season, make

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make good her passage through Behring's Strait? If, on the return of Back, he shall have established the truth of Commander Ross's conjecture as to the uninterrupted continuation of the western and, northern coast of America, and, in consequence of this, Government should decide to follow up an enterprise which has already redounded so much to the credit of the nation and the glory of British seamen—if, on considering how much has been effected, and how little remains yet to be done, an expedition with two small vessels should be resolved on—we do not hesitate to say that Captain James Clarke Ross, from his long experience in the navigation of the Arctic Seas—his zeal and unabated ardour—his scientific acquirements, practical and theoretical—and last, not least, his youth and sound constitution, is the officer whom we should pronounce, under all circumstances, the best qualified to be intrusted with this honourable duty;—and, let us be forgiven for adding that, for similar reasons, his friend Commander Back might fitly be appointed his second in command.

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ART. II.—*Journal of Frances Anne Butler* (Fanny Kemble). 2 vols. Post 8vo. London. 1835.

THIS is a work of very considerable talent, but, both in its conception and execution, of exceeding bad taste. There is something overbold, not to say indelicate, in the very idea of a young woman's *publishing* her private Journal; but when we found *this* Journal treating—besides her own personal concerns—of the manners and characters of her family, her friends, and even of the strangers into whose society she had been admitted, in a style of *free and easy* criticism, we confess that we were even less surprised by the abilities than at the self-confidence of this young lady. Nor is this fundamental error much alleviated by the style of execution, which is often colloquial almost to vulgarity, and occasionally bold even to coarseness. Such are the first, and not very agreeable, impressions that the work creates; and we doubt whether all the amusement it may give, and the admiration that particular passages will excite, can compensate, to the generality of readers, for those—considering the writer's age and sex—*unnatural* defects.

But there is, we are glad to say, a view of Miss Kemble's (or, as we must now call her, Mrs. Butler's) personal position, which will not only explain away much of the anomaly, but will serve as an excuse, if not an apology, for many of those particulars which at first sight create the most surprise, and seem to deserve the least approbation. She is in years a young woman, but she has had

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had considerable practice in the ways of the world. In many passages she expresses herself concerning her *profession* in very strong terms, sometimes of contempt and sometimes of disgust; but she never appears to have considered it in that particular point of view which bears most directly on her own case. The life of an *actress*—the habits of individual thought, study, and exertion—the familiarity with bargains, business, and bustle—the various and ever-varying situations and society into which she is thrown—the crossings and jostlings of the dramatic *race*—the acquired confidence which enables her to outface multitudinous audiences—and the activity and firmness of personal character which are necessary to maintain her rights from the encroachments of rivals and the tyranny of managers—must all tend to blunt the feelings of youthful timidity, to weaken the sense of feminine dependence, and to *force*, as in a hot-bed, to premature exuberance, all the more vigorous qualities both of mind and body. An actress lives fast: her existence is a perpetual wrestling-match, and one *season* gives her more experience—and with experience, more of the nerve and hard features of the world—than a whole life of domestic duties could do. In short, a *young actress* may be in mind and character an *old woman;* and when it happens, as in 'Master Fanny's' case, that the mind is originally of a vigorous and hardy cast, it is clear that she ought not to be measured by the standard of those more delicate young persons whose mental complexions have not been *bronzed* by the alternate sun and breezes of the stage, the green-room, and the box-office.

Again—the variety of characters with which she is obliged to identify herself (some of them not the most moral—Calista or Milwood, for instance—and some of them not the most feminine—as Lady Macbeth or Constance) must familiarize her with ideas and manners which never could approach a young woman in private life; and the infinite variety of such exhibitions gives her a kind of off-hand indifference to appearing before the public in *any* new character which may offer—even *that of a journalist.* Again—the general applause, and the individual attention, which actresses are in the habit of receiving, gives them inevitably a degree of self-confidence, a reliance on their own talents and judgment, and an idea of their own capacity and *importance*, which no other female mind is likely to attain. And, finally, all their thoughts and actions are calculated on familiarity with the *public*—they dress for the public, they read for the public, they write for the public, they live for the public—and accordingly think nothing of making the public their confidants in matters which an ordinary female conceals in the bosom of her family.

These are the considerations by which we account for Mrs. Butler's

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Butler's having thought of publishing her Journal at all—for the strange frankness in which she brings herself and all her friends on the literary stage—and for the decided tone and hardy expressions in which she exhibits her opinions: and if they do not constitute a sufficient excuse, we are satisfied that they afford at least the only rational explanation of the (otherwise unaccountable) step which Mrs. Butler has taken, in admitting the public into her dressing-room, and inviting them to the dinner and tea tables, and even into the *sick-chambers* of her friends and admirers.

But while Mrs. Butler's *profession* (should we say her *late* profession?) may be thus advanced in palliation of what we know has surprised the generality of readers, it has also, as might have been expected, influenced her literary style. If she is at times colloquial to vulgarity, she is at others pompous even to bombast, and in both cases she is *acting*. Her Journal, we are satisfied, was from an early period, if not from the first line, destined for publication; and the whole thing is arranged for *stage effect*. She is pompous, to prove that she can be dignified; and then she interposes trivialities, in order to appear natural. She wishes to show that she can play Lady Macbeth and Nell in the same volume; but it seems to us that her pomp is more natural than her familiarity, and we trace quite as much affectation in her records of the 'packing of her trunks,' or the 'mending her gown,' as in her elaborate criticism on Hamlet, or her gorgeous descriptions of natural scenery.

With this clue in our hands we think we may venture to begin unravelling the Journal.

Though she is strangely ignorant of the author of the celebrated expression—'*du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*'—which she attributes to 'a French *critic*,' there is hardly a page of her work in which she does not exhibit an example of it—here is one of the most moderate:—

'The *steadfast* shining of the moon held *high supremacy* in heaven. The bay lay like *molten silver* under her light, and every now and then a tiny skiff, emerging from the shade, crossed the bright waters, its dark hull and white sails relieved between the shining sea and radiant sky. Came home at nine, *tea'd*, and sat embroidering till twelve o'clock—*industrious little me.*'—vol. i. p. 81.

The *play* and the *after-piece!*

Mrs. Butler's natural good sense (and she has a great deal of it) sees the actor-style in others, but does not perceive it,—as every body else must do most strongly,—in herself.

'—— dined with us: what a handsome man he is! but oh, what a *within and without* actor. I wonder whether I carry such a brand in every limb and look of me? *if I thought so, I'd strangle myself.* An actor

actor shall be self-convicted in five hundred. There is a *ceaseless striving at effect*, a *straining after points* in talking, and a *lamp and orange-peel twist* in every action. How odious it is to me! Absolute and unmitigated vulgarity I can put up with, and welcome; but good Heaven defend me from the genteel version of vulgarity—to see which in perfection, a country actor, particularly if he is also manager and sees occasionally people who bespeak plays, is your best occasion.'—vol. i. pp. 66-68.

This is but too true; but we hope the offence of smelling of the stage-lamps is not quite so serious as Mrs. Butler represents it; for assuredly she is as clearly, though not so offensively, guilty of it as any stroller of her acquaintance; and if she really thinks the crime *capital*, she must, like the self-devoted ecclesiastic of the middle ages, pronounce her own sentence—*adjudico me cremari*—or, to adopt her own expression, *I condemn myself to be strangled*. And it is singular enough that the two paragraphs which immediately precede and follow this anathema against vulgarity appear to us to be not only vulgar, but something still less excusable.

'Stitching the whole blessed day. Mr. —— and his daughter called; I like him: his daughter was dressed up in French clothes, and looked very stiff; but, however, a first visit is an awkward thing, and *nothing that isn't thorough-bred* ever does it quite well. . . . . Worked till dinner-time. My dear father, *who was a little elated, made me* sing to him [the actor above-mentioned], which I greatly gulped at. When he was gone, went on playing and singing. Wrote journal, and now to bed.'

We hope that Mr. ——'s daughter, though 'she *isn't* thorough-bred,' would not have been guilty of the worse than vulgarity of hinting at her 'dear father's *elevation*,' nor of letting the aforesaid actor know, *through the public press*, that she thought him '*what a* handsome man!' but so *vulgar* as to deserve hanging. To console the poor fellow, we subjoin a few instances of that dramatic '*twist*' by which his harsh critic is herself unconsciously 'self-convicted:'—

'Played till I was tired; dozed, and finally came to bed. Bed! *quotha!* 'tis a frightful misapplication of terms.'—vol. i. p. 8.

'We passed a pretty house, which Colonel —— called an old mansion: mercy on me, him, and it! Old, *quotha!* the woods and waters, and hills and skies, alone are old here.'—p. 102.

'My father told me he had been seeing Miss Clifton, the girl they want him to teach to act (to *teach* to act, *quotha!!!*); he says she is very pretty indeed, with fine eyes, a fair, delicate skin, and a handsome mouth; moreover, a tall woman—and yet from the front of the house her effect is NOUGHT.'—pp. 148-150.

Here we must observe by the way, that one who affects the quaintness

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quaintness of Shakspeare's language should understand it. Mrs. Butler more than once expresses censure by saying 'the thing is *nought*'—nought, *quotha!* she means *naught:* and in a very remarkable passage in Richard III. (which we refrain from quoting more particularly), Shakspeare himself marks the very *broad* distinction between the two words.

Mrs. Butler seems to have a laudable reverence for religion, and frequently tells us of the assiduity with which she worked at her 'bible-cover;' but even on the most serious occasions she lays aside her 'bible-cover,' and the better thoughts it might inspire, to intersperse dramatic slang of the least decorous sound:—

'The sermon would have been good if it had been squeezed into half the compass it occupied; it was upon the subject of the late terrible visitations with which God has tried the world, and was sensibly and well delivered, only it had "*damnable iteration.*"'—vol. i. p. 71.

'It is true, *by my faith!* it is true; there it is written, here I sit, I am myself and no other, this is New York, and nowhere else.'—vol. i. p. 48.

'I was roused by a pull on the shoulder, and a civil and considerate lady asked me to do her the favour of lending her my book. I said 'by all manner of means,' *wished her at the devil*, and turned round to sleep once more.'—vol. ii. p. 17.

'Sketched till *dark*. Chose a beautiful claret-coloured velvet for Mrs. Beverley; which will cost Miss Kemble eleven guineas, *by this living light!*'—vol. i. p. 195.

And the affectation of this last exclamation is not more offensive than absurd. She chooses her claret-coloured gown *after it was dark*, and then *swears* 'by the *living light!*'

In the same style of vulgar irreverence is her reflection on the ship which had conveyed her to America:—

'Poor good ship, I wish to Heaven my feet were on her deck, and her prow turned to the east. I would not care *if the devil himself drove a hurricane* at our backs.'—vol. i. p. 91.

Does Mrs. Butler mean any harm by this? Certainly not—there is much better evidence than the 'bible-cover' that she has a strong, though we cannot say an *adequant*, religious feeling; but as the Stage has reconciled her to the publishing her living Journal, the Stage has reconciled *her* ears to expressions which startle, and we must add offend, *ours*.

In the midst of a great affectation of simplicity of taste and manner, she contrives to display all possible vanities; and though she laughs at the Americans for their absurd admiration of titles, she takes special care to introduce, by hook or by crook, every lord or lady she was ever acquainted with. In the following passage it *accidentally* escapes her that she is not only a *universal genius*, reading Dante—writing novels—and darning shirts, with equal

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equal facility, but is, moreover, an *habituée* of the highest circles of English aristocracy:—

'Finished Journal, wrote to my mother, *read a canto in Dante, and began to write a novel.* Dined at five. After dinner, put out things for this evening, played on the piano, *mended habit-shirt*, dressed myself, and at a quarter to ten went to the theatre for my father. I had on the same dress I wore *at Devonshire House*, the night of *the last ball I was at in England*, and looked at myself with amazement, to think of all the strangenesses that have befallen since then. Lord! Lord! what fools men and women do make themselves.'—vol. ii. p. 23.

They do indeed, but never so completely as when a lecturer on folly exhibits such *transparent* affectation.

This indeed is the predominant feature of Mrs. Butler's book; and, we presume (for the reasons already given), of her character. Perhaps it may not be quite exact to call *that* 'affectation,' of which probably she is often—nay, generally—unconscious, and which has become so *habitual* that she fancies it *natural*. We indeed allege it not as censure, but as defence of what, in a case not susceptible of the like apology, would be a gross indelicacy, and, when she speaks of other persons, a breach of all the confidences of friendship and private life.

But it is not in manner and modes of thinking only that we trace this disposition to *étalage* and factitious decoration. Her description of natural objects, though in itself very clever, becomes indistinct and perplexing from an excess of colour. Within seven lines we have '*golden* skies—*green*, *brown*, *yellow*, and *dark maroon* thickets—*grey* granite, circled with *green*—*purple* waters—a *red* road—and all under a *rosy* light—till the eye is drunk with beauty.'—(vol. i. p. 208.) Now all this '*gorgeous* and *glorious*'* brilliancy which intoxicates the eye, is excellent now and then, and on special occasions; but in *every* third or fourth page—at *every* new prospect she sees—at *every* sun-rise or sun-set she witnesses, it grows intolerable. We wonder that she did not recollect, from the childish experiment of spinning a court-card, that the gaudiest hues will become, by rapid repetition, a dingy confusion; she keeps *spinning the Queen of Diamonds* so unremittingly all day long that one cannot make out what card it is. This flowery profusion of tints is very wearisome, but her metallic metaphors are still worse. No herald painter deals more largely in *or* and *argent*. It is really incredible what a quantity of gold and silver she uses up—'silver clouds'—'silver vapours'—'silver light'—'silver waves'—'silver lamp'—'silver belt'—'silver

* These are two of the most abused words in the book—everything—from the 'sun' to 'slip-slop,' and from 'the Atlantic' to the 'master of the ship' that navigates it,—is by turns *glorious* and *gorgeous*.

springs'

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springs'—'floating silver,' and 'molten silver;' and then, on the other side of the account, we have 'golden skies'—'golden waves'—'golden shores'—'golden spray'—'golden snake'—'golden disk'—'golden fruit'—'golden wings'—'golden leaves'—'golden willows'—'golden glories,' and 'golden froth'—in short, every visible object is so *plated* and *gilt*, that the face of nature, in Mrs. Butler's sketch-book, looks like a silversmith's shop-window. And all this surprises us the more from the deep disgust she expresses at the *false finery* which she herself is forced to put on 'in the way of her vocation—*foil stone—glass beads*, and *brass tape*.'—(vol. i. p. 248.) Is it not wonderful that she does not see that her own mode of overloading Nature is of the same tawdry fashion?—and that calling a brook 'a *silver snake*,' and a fog 'a *golden mist*,'—a cloud an '*inky curtain*,' and a shower of rain '*fringe*' to the said curtain, is very much in the style of *glass beads* and *brass tape*—indeed, some of them are rather worse; for these flimsy counterfeits pay their homage to reality, while Mrs. Butler's degrades the glories of nature into specimens of handicraft.

These descriptions, however, occupy so much of the book, are evidently such favourites with Mrs. Butler, and are, indeed, with all their faults, so clever, that it would be unjust not to give some entire specimens. We shall extract two or three which we think among the best, and the *least* marked with the blemish we have just complained of:—

'To Fair Mount, where we got out, and left the coach to wait for us. The day was bright, and bitter cold: the keen spirit-like wind came careering over the crisping waters of the broad river, and carried across the cloudless *blue* sky the *golden* showers from the shivering woods. They had not lost their beauty yet; though some of their *crimson* robes were turned to palest *yellow*, and through the thin foliage the dark boughs and rugged barks showed distinctly: yet the sun shone joyfully on them, and they looked beautiful still; and so did the water, curled into a thousand mimic billows, that came breaking their *crystal* heads along the curving shore, which, with its shady indentings and bright granite promontories, seemed to lock the river in, and gave it the appearance of a lovely lake.'—vol. i. p. 225.

'While despatching breakfast, the reflection of the sun's rays on the water flickered to and fro upon the cabin ceiling; and through the loop-hole windows we saw the bright foam round the paddles sparkling like *frothed gold* in the morning light. On our return to the deck, the face of the world had become resplendent with the glorious sunshine that now poured from the east; and rock and river, earth and sky, shone in intense and dazzling brilliancy. The broad Hudson curled into a thousand crisp billows under the fresh north-wester that blew over it. The vaporous exhalations of night had melted

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melted from the horizon, and the bold, rocky range of one shore, and exquisite rolling outline of the other, stood out in fair relief against the deep serene of the blue heavens.'—p. 260.

Such passages, we repeat, would be admirable if they were not so superabundant, and we assure our readers that these are the most moderate specimens of this gorgeous style which we could select out of some hundreds. The following description of a storm in the city of New York is more distinct, and, if we may use the expression, more *individual*, though even here we have rather too much of old Dennis's theatrical thunder:—

'A tremendous thunder-storm came on, which lasted from nine o'clock till past two in the morning: I never saw but one such in my life; and that was our memorable Weybridge storm, which only exceeded this in the circumstance of my having seen a thunderbolt fall during that paroxysm of the elements. But this was very *glorious*, awful, beautiful, and tremendous. The lightning played without the intermission of a second, in wide sheets of *purple* glaring flame that trembled over the earth for nearly two or three seconds at a time; making the whole world, river, sky, trees, and buildings, look like a ghostly universe *cut out in chalk*. The light over the water, which absolutely illumined the shore on the other side with the broad glare of full day, was of a magnificent *purple* colour. The night was pitchy dark, too; so that between each of these *ghastly smiles of the devil*, the various *pale* steeples and buildings, which *seemed at every moment to leap from nothing into existence*, after standing out in fearful relief against a background of fire, were hidden, like so many dreams, in deep and total darkness. God's music rolled along the heavens; the forked lightnings now dived from the clouds into the very bosom of the city, now ran like tangled threads of fire all round the blazing sky. "The big bright rain came dancing to the earth," the wind clapped its huge wings, and swept through the dazzling glare; and I stood, with eyes half veiled (for the light was too intense even upon the ground to be looked at with unshaded eyes), gazing at this fierce holiday of the elements—at the *mad lightning*—at the brilliant shower, through which the flashes shone like day-light—listening to the huge thunder, as its voice resounded, and its *heavy feet rebounded along the clouds*—and the swift spirit-like wind rushing triumphantly along, uttering its wild pæan over the amazed earth.'—vol i. pp. 109, 110.

All this, notwithstanding the two or three *bright* flashes of genius with which it is illuminated, is too long and too wordy, and reminds us of Sheridan's at once pleasant and acute *criticism* on the theatrical propensity to *over-do*—'Ay, this is always the way at the theatre—give these fellows a good thing, and *they never know when to have done with it*.'

Though her finished pictures are too elaborate, she is very often very successful in a sketch, and creates by a word or two a very lively image—though even in the best of these there is, generally, some

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some mark of the craft—something more striking than natural—some '*glass beads* and *brass tape!*'

'The day was most lovely, and my eyes were constantly attracted to the church windows, through which the magnificent willows of the burial-ground looked like *golden-green fountains* rising into the sky.' —vol. i. p. 129.

'The bridges here are all made of wood, and for the most part covered. Those which are so are by no means unpicturesque objects. The one-arched bridge at Fair Mount is particularly light and graceful in its appearance; at a little distance, it *looks like a scarf, rounded by the wind, flung over the river.*'—vol. ii. p. 30.

And this description of a soft mild dawn, though somewhat too fanciful, conveys, if not an image, at least a sentiment:—

'At six o'clock, just as the night was *folding its soft black wings*, and rising slowly from the earth.'—vol. i. p. 157.

We can forgive her making her ship 'reel like a drunken man,' or 'dance like a fairy,' for one exquisite (*yet still theatrical*) touch by which she describes the way of a vessel under full sail on a calm sea, as '*courtesying along* the smooth waters'—(vol. i. p. 46); and the homely expression with which she sketches the appearance of the wintry woods is almost as graphic:—

'The comfortless, *threadbare* look of the wintry woods.'—vol. ii. p. 115.

Her contrast of the towns of New York and Philadelphia is very terse and lively:—

'I like Philadelphia extremely; there is a look of comfort and cleanliness, and withal of age about it, which pleases me. It is quieter, too, than New York; and though not so gay, for that very reason is more to my fancy: the shops, too, have a far better appearance. New York always gave me the idea of an irregular collection of temporary buildings, *erected for some casual purpose, full of life, animation, and variety*, but not meant to endure for any length of time; —*a* FAIR, *in short*. Philadelphia has a much more substantial, sober, and city-like appearance.'—vol. i. p. 178.

And the sketch of Washington is equally so:—

'Washington altogether struck me as a *rambling red-brick image of futurity*, where nothing *is*, but all things are *to be*.'—vol. ii. p. 138.

Sometimes she sketches in the true spirit of caricature:—

'Presently came in Baron ——, a man with a thick head—*thick white hair that stood out round it like a silver halo*—and gold earrings.'—vol. ii. p. 94.

'The play, the Hunchback: the house crammed from floor to ceiling. I had an intense headache, but played tolerably well. I wore my red satin, and *looked like a bonfire.*'—vol. i. p. 144.

'D——, wrapped up in a shawl, sat till morning under the half-open hatchway, *breathing damp starlight*'—vol. ii. p. 245.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Butler, like Mrs. Trollope, and indeed everybody else, admits the extraordinary proportion of female beauty amongst the Americans: but—

'The women's voices here distract me—so loud, so rapid, and with such a hurry! What a pity—for they are, almost without exception, lovely-looking creatures—with an air of refinement in their appearance which would be very attractive, but for their style of dress and those said tremendous shrill loud voices.'—p. 312.

And then she adds:—

'Were the women large and masculine in their appearance this defect would appear less strange, but they are singularly delicate and feminine in their style of beauty, and the noise they make strikes one with surprise as something monstrous and unnatural—*like mice roaring.*' —p. 313.

And the Philadelphia riding-school:—

'At half-past twelve set off to the riding-school. It was full of women in long calico skirts, and gay bonnets with flaunting feathers, riding like wretches; some cantering, some trotting, some walking—crossing one another, passing one another in a way that would have filled the soul of Fossard with grief and amazement. I put on a skirt and my riding-cap, and mounted a rough, rugged, besweated *white-brown beast* that *looked like an old trunk.*'—vol. ii. p. 39.

This is perfect—but she could not resist the dramatic demon who prompted her to spoil it, by adding—

'Its coat standing literally on end

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"'—*ib.*

a poor quotation, without either truth or humour. She had better have stuck to the *trunk.*

From one whose every thought, word, and deed has a dramatic origin, we are surprised at such very flimsy and unjust observations as the following:—

'How I do loathe the stage! these wretched, tawdry, glittering rags flung over the breathing forms of ideal loveliness; these miserable, poor, and pitiful substitutes for the glories with which poetry has invested her magnificent and fair creations—the glories with which our imagination reflects them back again. What a mass of wretched mumming mimicry acting is! Pasteboard and paint, for the thick breathing orange groves of the south; green silk and oiled parchment, for the solemn splendour of her noon of night; wooden platforms and canvass curtains, for the solid marble balconies, and rich dark draperies of Juliet's sleeping chamber, that shrine of love and beauty; rouge, for the startled life-blood in the cheek of that young passionate woman; an actress, a mimicker, a sham creature, me in fact, or any other one, for that loveliest and most wonderful conception, in which all that is true in nature, and all that is exquisite in fancy, are moulded into a living form. To *act* this! to *act* Romeo and Juliet!

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Juliet! horror! horror! how I do loathe my most impotent and unpoetical craft!'—vol. ii. p. 26.

Now all this appears to us very silly. She looks at the wrong side of a Gobelin tapestry and complains that, instead of landscape or figures, she sees only a confusion of fuzzy threads: she looks at the stage from behind the scenes instead of from the boxes, and talks of pasteboard, and paint, and oil, and canvass, about as wisely as if one should say that a picture of Claude's (whom she very much admires—for his *silver* temples and *golden* waters, we suppose) is mere oil and canvass—that a watch is only little bits of brass and iron put together by dirty hands—nay, that her own 'sweet body' is a mass too terrible to look at, but for the delicate skin which covers it! But the fact—that these are 'poor pitiful substitutes for the glories of poetry'—is false. They are, if we, too, may borrow a metaphor from the silversmith, the indispensable *settings* of *this* species of poetic gems. This indeed she, in a better temper, elsewhere admits, when she says that even from the lips of the best *reader*, the glories of dramatic poetry can never suffice of themselves; and that when she heard Mrs. Siddons, in her every-day dress, *read* some of the finest passages of Shakspeare, she found the incalculable want of the scenic illusion. It is most true that there are things in tragic poetry, and especially in Shakspeare's, which one enjoys more in one's solitary closet, than even when a Kemble or a Siddons walks the stage: but these are not at all the things Mrs. Butler is here alluding to; and, laying *them* out of view, let us ask ourselves whether there is any strollers' barn whose ragged scenery and tawdry dresses do not give to the finest piece that is fit for the stage at all, an effect on the feelings which no *reading* can approach? Has Mrs. Butler no respect for the intellectual power of the actor who triumphs over such defects (and the more miserable the defects the greater the triumph), and who, by an art—which, in its perfection, requires some of the fairest gifts that God vouchsafes to his creatures—makes us not only forget that the balcony is canvass and the moon oiled paper, but, what is not less difficult, that Juliet is Miss Fanny herself. How differently does one of the wisest, and best, and greatest of men—whom Mrs. Butler decently calls that '*dense fat old* FOOL, Johnson,'*—(vol. ii. p. 153,) treat an analogous subject:—'Whatever *withdraws us from the power of our senses;* whatever makes the past, the distant,

* She adds, 'what dry, and sapless, and dusty earth his soul must have been made of!'—We decline, from a mixture of charity and contempt, expressing our opinion of these astonishing passages, but our readers may be curious to know on what occasion, *what provocation*, this opinion was uttered: simply this: Johnson concluded his notes on Shakspeare's Winter's Tale by this *too short* summary of its merits: 'This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived and strongly represented.'



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or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of human beings. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the Plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' Yet Marathon is only a desert swamp, and Iona a wretched heap of dilapidated huts. We must, for our own part, admit that we never thought the influence of the dramatic profession so injurious to the mind and manners—particularly of a young woman—as we have done while reading this work; but we think that it would have been better taste, as well as stricter truth, if Mrs. Butler had not so excessively vituperated her 'trade' as she calls it. For notwithstanding her own mediocrity in it, she owes it some obligations; and particularly as belonging to a family of actors and actresses, whose genius and success in their 'vocation,' and whose private worth and amiability invested not only themselves but even their profession with a degree of respectability which it little becomes Mrs. Butler, who lives upon the inheritance of their good name, to depreciate or deny.

It is very remarkable that, in the whole of this work, amidst so much dramatic criticism and theatrical anecdote—the name of that excellent scholar—that amiable gentleman—that admirable actor—her uncle, too—Mr. John Kemble, occurs, we believe, but once, and then only with a cold remark that 'he was always in earnest in what he was about;'—(vol. ii. p. 130.) while there are pages of rapture about Mr. Kean, who was to Kemble less—in our judgment—than Miss Fanny herself to Mrs. Siddons. We suppose she is too young to remember Mr. Kemble, but that does not, to our satisfaction at least, account for the absence of any—even the smallest—tribute of admiration or affection for his talents or his memory. Nor are we much pleased with her cold and cursory allusions to her 'aunt Siddons,' and still less with the flippant tone in which she criticises her own father—both in private life and on the stage. Mr. Charles Kemble is infinitely the best actor now extant; and if he has not the full powers of his illustrious brother and sister, he is at least far above the faint praise and injurious comparisons with which his daughter—with a very disagreeable and unnatural affectation of sincerity—depreciates him. We have no doubt, in our own minds, that she is, in the main, a very good-natured person and a very affectionate daughter, and that she puts on this air of *stern impartiality*, just as she does Portia's robe, only to excite admiration. Now admiration is, we admit, very delicious, but we cannot, as Mrs. Butler seems to do, adopt the enthusiasm of the French gourmand, who exclaimed '*avec cette sauce on mangerait* SON PROPRE PERE!' Those who should believe that she was serious in these, and twenty other similar passages,

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passages, would think that she must be strangely deficient in natural affection and genuine feeling, and that her tenderness was indeed '*stone foil*,' and her sensibility '*brass tape*.'

This leads us to another consideration—where does she intend to live?—into what society does she expect to be received? She may disguise to *us* the persons she alludes to as Col. ——, and Mr. H——, and Mr. ——, and Mrs. ——, and Dr. ——, and 'his Honour the Recorder,' but they must be all as well known in America by the circumstances, as if she had written their names at full length; and though she says nothing, perhaps, positively discreditable of any of them, we cannot comprehend that her exhibition of their foibles and ridicules, and—even where there is nothing either weak or ridiculous—of the little details of their private life, should not be exceedingly disagreeable—unpardonable we should fear. Who will let a woman into his or her house, who, after spending an evening in the *abandon* and familiarity of private life, sits up half the night to record all the little frivolities she may have witnessed, with the intention of publishing them —as she herself would say—'*ere the shoes were old* in which' she trod their *bespitted* carpets—to the ridicule of Europe, and, what is worse, of the society in which the poor victims live? It is clear she must believe that 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women *merely* players;' and that the Col. ——, and the Dr. ——, and Mr. ——, will think no more of her ridicule of their manners, than the actor who plays the Duke of Austria does of the revilings of the Lady Constance, when the play is over. This, we are satisfied, must be the explanation of her conduct. She has evidently no particle either of malignity, or even malice, in her composition. She is not satirical, nor even giddy—she writes with premeditation, and piques herself on telling what she believes to be the fearless truth; and she will, we have no doubt, be exceedingly surprised that any one should be so silly and so unreasonable as to resent her freedom of speech. But she will find, we think, that she is mistaken, and that New York or Philadelphia will no more tolerate such a domestic spy and informer, than Edinburgh or even London would do, if she had treated them with the same unpalatable sincerity.

We here end all reference to personal topics, which to our great regret have been forced on us, by the style, the subjects, and, indeed, the very nature of the work—for its essence, and that of any similar journal, must be personality; and if some of our remarks should sound harsh in Mrs. Butler's ears, we must beg her to recollect that she has only herself to blame for observations produced by her *unprecedented* publication, and the bold and challenging style



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in which she has, as it were, defied all man and woman kind to the field. The remainder of our task is more agreeable—her book (with the drawbacks we have been obliged to notice) is exceedingly clever and full of entertainment. She has a great deal of *naïveté*—a great deal of good humour, and some fun—her observations on national manners are acute and candid—her narrative (when she does not bedizen it with *brass tape*) rapid and lively—and there are many passages, in which she deals with and contrasts the social and political institutions of her own country and those of America, which evince a depth of observation and a soundness of judgment, rare in any one, but wonderful in a person of her age and sex. Of these we have already given some specimens, and more will follow.

In the midst of a discussion of the various styles of writing, in which she expresses her superior admiration of the dignity of what she calls the 'sculptural' to the gaudy oil and canvass style, she suddenly recollects herself, and adds, '*Yet Milton was a sculptor —Shakspeare a painter;*' an illustration, to our tastes, as profound, as striking, as just, as any that we ever remember to have met with. The idea may perhaps not be absolutely new; but it is clear from the context that it is her own, and we at least never before met it *thus* forcibly and justly applied.

We shall abstain from quoting her opinions on the topic of manners, on which our American brethren show so much morbid sensibility, and we very much fear that the occasional, but sly and pungent remarks of Mrs. Butler will not be much more satisfactory at the other side of the Atlantic, than the more direct censure and broader ridicule of Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall, and Mr. Hamilton. The Americans may and do charge these writers with prejudice and partiality, but Mrs. Butler can have had no predisposition to find fault—no adverse theory to maintain—no political object to advance. It is a subject which she never professedly treats, and unpleasant facts drop from her only incidentally when the course of her Journal forces them from her. Besides, it will be recollected, that, if she has any partiality, it must be supposed to be to the country of her adoption, to which she has united her name and her destiny. We shall not add to the annoyance which we fear her book must occasion her among her new friends, by quoting any of the many piquant passages on this subject which the volumes afford—one only we shall venture to notice, in which, without expressing, herself, any opinion on Mrs. Trollope's statements, she hints, with great good sense, the most conclusive of all reasons for believing them to be true:—

'Mercy on me! how sore all these people are about Mrs. Trollope's book,

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book, and how glad I am I did not read it. *She must have spoken the truth though, for lies do not rankle so.*

'"Qui ne nous touche point, ne nous fait pas rougir."'—vol. i. p. 67.

At the following characteristic passages even an American may smile:—

'Young —— breakfasted with us. On one occasion he said, when he was acting Richard the Third, some of the underlings kept their hats on while he was on the stage, whereat he remonstrated, requesting them in a whisper to uncover, as they were in the presence of a king; to which admonition he received the following characteristic reply: "Fiddlestick! I guess we know nothing about kings in this country."'—p. 155.

'I was much surprised to find two baths in one room, but it seems to me that the people of this country have an aversion to solitude, whether eating, sleeping, or under any other circumstances. . . . As to privacy at any time, or under any circumstances, 'tis a thing that enters not into the imagination of an American. . . . They live all the days of their lives in a throng, eat at ordinaries of two or three hundred, sleep five or six in a room, take pleasure in droves, and travel by swarms'.—pp. 173-255.

'He (Mr. ——) sent a die of his crest to a manufacturer to have it put upon his gig harness. The man sent home the harness, when it was finished, but without the *die;* after sending for which sundry times, Mr. —— called to enquire after it himself, when the reply was,—"Lord! why I didn't know you wanted it."—"I tell you I wish to have it back."—"Oh, pooh! you can't want it much, now—do you?"—"I tell you, sir, I desire to have the die back immediately."—"Ah well, come now, what'll you take for it?"—"D'ye think I mean to sell my crest? why you might as well ask me to sell my name."—"Why, you see, a good many folks have seen it and want to have it on their harness, as it's a pretty-looking concern enough."'—pp. 127-128.

'Went into a shop to order a pair of shoes. The shopkeepers in this place, with whom I have hitherto had to deal, are either condescendingly familiar, or insolently indifferent in their manner. Your washerwoman sits down before you, while you are *standing* speaking to her; and a shop-boy bringing things for your inspection, not only sits down, but keeps his hat on in your drawing-room.'—p. 125.

On this last passage she adds very fairly:—

'There is a striking difference in this respect between the tradespeople of New-York and t se of Boston and Philadelphia; and in my opinion the latter preserve quite self-respect enough to acquit their courtesy and civility from any charge of servility. The only way in which I can account for the difference, is, the greater impulse which trade receives in New York, the proportionate rapidity with which fortunes are made, the ever-shifting materials of which its society is composed,

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composed, and the facility with which the man who has served you behind his counter, having amassed an independence, assumes a station in the first circle, where his influence becomes commensurate with his wealth. This is not the case either in Boston or Philadelphia; at least, not to the same degree.'—p. 126.

There are scattered through the volumes a great many very sensible remarks on the state of society in America, as regards aristocracy and democracy. We select one passage which is well-worthy of attention on many accounts:—

'I think the pretension to pre-eminence, in the various societies of North America, is founded on these grounds—in Boston, a greater degree of *mental* cultivation; in New York, the possession of *wealth*; and a lady, of whom I enquired the other day what constituted the superiority of the *aristocracy* in Philadelphia, replied,—"Why, *birth*, to be sure!" Virginia and Carolina, indeed, long prided themselves upon their old family names, which were once backed by large possessions; and for many years the southern gentlemen might not improperly be termed the aristocracy of America: but the estates of those who embraced the king's cause during the rebellion were confiscated; and the annulling the laws of entail and primogeniture, and the parcelling out of property under the republican form of government, have gradually destroyed the fortunes of most of the old southern families. Still, they hold fast to the spirit of their former superiority, and from this circumstance, and the possession of slaves, which exempts them from the drudgery of earning their livelihood, they are a much less mercantile race of men than those of the northern states; generally better informed, and infinitely more polished in their manners. The few southerners with whom I have become acquainted resemble Europeans both in their accomplishments, and the quiet and reserve of their manners. On my remarking, one day, to a Philadelphia gentleman, whose general cultivation keeps pace with his political and financial talents, how singular the contrast was between the levelling spirit of this government, and the separating and dividing spirit of American society, he replied, that if his many vocations allowed him time, he should like to write a novel illustrating the curious struggle which exists throughout this country between its political and its social institutions. The anomaly is, indeed, striking. Democracy governs the land; whilst, throughout society, a contrary tendency shows itself, wherever it can obtain the very smallest opportunity. It is unfortunate for America that its aristocracy *must, of necessity*, be always one of wealth.'—pp. 249-250.

In this last observation we do not quite agree. *All* aristocracy is founded on wealth—its other and better features are superadded by the refinement and elegance of manner and sentiment, for the cultivation of which wealth affords the opportunity, and which, after some generations, assume that habitual and hereditary influence which is called aristocratic. If wealth becomes *hereditary*

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*tary* in America, its *purse-proud* spirit will be mitigated, and its better influences will be developed and naturalized, and she may, in time, possess an aristocracy of the best kind.

On the same topic we find in another place the following curious facts and sly and sensible observations:—

'My father has been introduced to half the town (New York), and tells me that far from the democratic *Mister*, which he expected to be every man's title here, he had made the acquaintance of a score of municipal dignitaries, and some sixty colonels and major-generals — of militia. Their omnibuses are vehicles of rank, and the *Ladies* Washington, Clinton, and Van Rensalear,* rattle their crazy bones along the pavement for all the world like any other old women of quality.

'These democrats are as *title-sick as a banker's wife in England.* My father told me to-day, that Mr. ——, talking about the state of the country, spoke of the *lower orders finding their level:* now this enchants me, because a republic is a natural anomaly; there is nothing republican in the construction of the material universe; there be highlands and lowlands, lordly mountains as barren as any aristocracy, and lowly valleys as productive as any labouring classes. The feeling of rank, of inequality, is inherent in us, a part of the veneration of our natures; and, like most of our properties, seldom finds its right channels—in place of which it has created artificial ones suited to the frame of society into which the civilized world has formed itself. I believe in my heart that a republic is the noblest, highest, and purest form of government; but I believe that according to the present disposition of human creatures, 'tis a mere *beau ideal*, totally incapable of realization. What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence, I cannot exactly perceive; but in the mean time, 'tis my conviction that America will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton.'——pp. 60, 61.

Her graver matter Mrs. Butler has in general sequestered from the too colloquial text into separate notes, which are, for the most part, written with great *à plomb* and good sense; and contain remarks—in the style of those just quoted—on the political state of America—the character and pursuits of the men, and the education and habits of the women—which we can almost, without an exception, recommend even to the gravest reader—but we have no room for such disquisitions; and, indeed, to do them justice they must be read *in extenso.* We shall conclude with extracting two or three passages of such opposite character, as do credit to the versatility of Mrs. Butler's powers.

The first is a description of the performance of Romeo and Juliet, at the Holyday-Street theatre, at Baltimore, which we quote, not merely as a ludicrous incident, drolly narrated, but as a

* 'These are the titles of three omnibuses which run up and down Broadway all the day long.'

confirmation

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confirmation of what we have already said of the influence of the theatrical profession on a young female. In the midst of our amusement at the following scene—*surgit amari aliquid*—we are pained at seeing a gifted young woman exposed to such personal contact with a vulgar stranger:—

'Young —— called, and stayed about an hour with us. At half-past five, took coffee, and off to the theatre. The play was Romeo and Juliet; the house was extremely full: they are a delightful audience. My Romeo had gotten on a pair of trunk breeches, that looked as if he had borrowed them from some worthy Dutchman of a hundred years ago. Had he worn them in New York, I could have understood it as a compliment to the ancestry of that good city; but here, to adopt such a costume in Romeo, was really perfectly unaccountable. They were of a most unhappy choice of colours, too,—dull, heavy-looking blue cloth, and offensive crimson satin, all be-puckered, and be-plaited, and be-puffed, till the young man looked like a magical figure growing out of a monstrous, strange-coloured melon, beneath which descended his unfortunate legs, thrust into a pair of red slippers, for all the world like Grimaldi's legs *en costume* for clown. The play went off pretty smoothly, except that they broke one man's collar-bone, and nearly dislocated a woman's shoulder by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half a dozen carpenters in patched trowsers and tattered shirt-sleeves were discovered smoothing down my pillows, and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim:—

*Romeo.* Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms!

—(Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me)—

*Juliet.* (*aside.*) Oh, you've got me up horridly!—that'll never do; let me down, pray let me down.

*Romeo.* There! breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!

*Juliet.* (*aside.*) Pray, put me down!—you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly!

In the midst of "cruel, cursed fate," his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end.

*Romeo.* Tear not our heart-strings thus!
They crack! they break!—Juliet! Juliet! (*dies.*)

*Juliet.* (*to corpse.*) Am I smothering you?

*Corpse* (*to Juliet.*) Not at all; could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me?—it has fallen off.

*Juliet.* (*to corpse.*) I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

(*Corpse nodded.*)

*Juliet.* (*to corpse.*) Where's your dagger?

*Corpse.*

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*Corpse.* (*to Juliet.*) 'Pon my soul, I don't know.'—vol. ii. pp. 112-114.

The description of that grave assembly, the Senate of the United States, and a speech of its most eloquent member, is worth contrasting with what was the British Parliament :—

'We went first into the senate, or upper house, because Webster was speaking, whom I especially wished to hear. The room itself is neither large nor lofty; the senators sit in two semi-circular rows, turned towards the president, in comfortable arm-chairs. On the same ground, and literally sitting among the senators, were a whole regiment of ladies, whispering, talking, laughing, and fidgeting. A gallery, level with the floor, and only divided by a low partition from the main room, ran round the apartment: this, too, was filled with pink, and blue, and yellow bonnets; and every now and then, while the business of the house was going on, and Webster speaking, a tremendous bustle, and waving of feathers, and rustling of silks, would be heard, and in came streaming a reinforcement of political beauties, and then would commence a jumping up, a sitting down, a squeezing through, and a how-d'ye-doing, and a shaking of hands. The senators would turn round; even Webster would hesitate, as if bothered by the row; and, in short, the whole thing was more irregular, and unbusiness-like, than any one could have imagined.'—pp. 121-122.

Our final extract shall be the last page of her book—the visit to Niagara :—

'When we were within about three miles of the Falls, just before entering the village of Niagara, —— [*i. e.*, we presume, Mr. Butler] stopped the waggon; and then we heard distinctly, though far off, the voice of the mighty cataract. Looking over the woods, which appeared to overhang the course of the river, we beheld one *silver cloud* rising slowly into the sky,—*the everlasting incense of the waters.* A perfect *frenzy of impatience* seized upon me: I could have set off and run the whole way; and when at length the carriage stopped at the door of the Niagara house, waiting neither for my father, D——, nor ——, I rushed through the hall, and the garden, down the steep footpath cut in the rocks. I heard steps behind me; —— was following me; down, down I sprang, and along the narrow footpath, divided only by a thicket from the tumultuous rapids. I saw through the boughs the white glimmer of that sea of foam. "Go on, go on; don't stop!" shouted ——; and in another minute the thicket was passed; I stood upon Table Rock. —— seized me by the arm, and without speaking a word, dragged me to the edge of the rapids, to the brink of the abyss—I saw Niagara. Oh, God! who can describe that sight?'

This is undoubtedly clever and striking. The representation of the constant mist which arises from this stupendous fall, as the *everlasting incense of the waters*, appears to us one of the most beautiful allusions we ever met—daring, indeed, but appropriate —then the rapidity — the *frenzy* of her impatience suddenly checked

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checked into a prostrate inability to tell what she sees, is very fine. Yet true to her *second* nature, Mrs. Butler maintains to the last the character with which she set out. The stupendous magnificence even of Niagara does not quite sober her habitual intoxication—she has still 'a *silver* cloud,' and she drops the curtain like a German dramatist, with an oath and an attitude.

We should be very much mortified, if the views we have taken, or the extracts we have made, should prevent any one from reading this work. We have, we believe, suggested all that can be objected to it, but we have not, and within our limits could not, indicate a hundredth part of the amusement it will afford; above all, we feel that we have given a very inadequate idea of that solid good sense, and those sound principles of social and moral life, which lie at the bottom of the whole work, though they are too often concealed or obscured by the exuberant vegetation of the rank soil and hot sky of the profession with which Mrs. Butler has become so entirely assimilated and so absolutely identified.

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ART. III.—*The Last Essays of Elia.* London. 12mo. 1833.

A MELANCHOLY title for a living man to affix to a work;—and how soon was the implied presage made good in death! The last enemy has been dealing wrathfully with the great authors of our day; they have been shot at like marks,—cut off like overtopping flowers,—till the two or three that survive seem solitary and deserted,—their fellows strown around them,—themselves memorials at once and specimens of a by-gone or a fast receding age. Long may those remain to us that do remain! We have sore need of them all to stem the muddy current of vulgar authorship that sets so strongly upon us,—and to vindicate literature from the mountebank sciolism of science in caricature. We forgive all differences of opinion, overlook all animosities of party,—*Tros Tyriusve*, we regard it not,—may we but find in a writer a due sense of the dignity and lofty uses of his vocation, and the manliness to abate no jot of its rightful claims to superiority over the penny-diffused quackery of these our times.

Charles Lamb was not the greatest, nor equal to the greatest, among his famous contemporaries, either in splendour or in depth; but he was, perhaps, the most singular and individual. He was one of nature's curiosities, and amongst her richest and rarest. Other men act by their faculties, and you can easily distinguish the predominance of one faculty over another: A.'s genius

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genius is greater than his talent, though that is considerable; B.'s talent is beyond his genius, though that be respectable;—we dissect the author, take so much of him as we like, and throw the rest away. But you could not so deal with Lamb. He was all-compact—inner and outer man in perfect fusion,—all the powers of the mind,—the sensations of the body, interpenetrating each other. His genius was talent, and his talent genius; his imagination and fancy one and indivisible; the finest scalpel of the metaphysician could not have separated them. His poems, his criticisms, his essays,—call them his *Elius*, to distinguish them from anything else in the world,—these were not merely written *by* Lamb,—they *were* and *are* Lamb,—just the gentle, fantastic, subtle creature himself printed off. In a library of a thousand volumes you shall not find two that will give you such a bright and living impress of the author's own very soul. Austin's, Rousseau's,—all the Confessions on record, are false and hollow in comparison. There he is, as he was, the working or the superannuated clerk,—very grave and very wild,—tender and fierce at a flash,—learned enough, and more so than you thought,—yet ignorant, may be, of school-boy points, and glorious in his ignorance,—seeming to halt behind all, and then with one fling overleaping the most approved doctor of the room; witty and humorous. But Lamb's wit requires a word or two of analysis for itself. Wit is not humour, nor is humour wit. Punning is neither, and the grotesque is a fourth power, different from all. Lamb had all these, not separately each as such, but massed together into the strangest intellectual compound ever seen in man. And even besides these he had an indefinable something,—a *Lambism*,—about him, which defied naming or description. He stammered,—the stammer went for something in producing the effect; he would adjure a small piece for the nonce,—it gave weight;—perhaps he drank a glass of punch; believe us, it all told. It follows that Lamb's good things cannot be repeated.

But a small part,—and that not the best,—of Lamb's writings, will ever be genially received out of England. If we were to confine him even to London,—the olden, playgoing London,—we should not do him wrong in respect of some of his happiest efforts.

He was born in Crown-Office Row, in the Temple, and he loved London to his heart;—not the West End, understand;—he cared little for Pall-Mall; May Fair was nothing to him. Give him the kindly Temple with its fair garden, and its church and cloisters, before they were lightened of their proper gloominess. He sorely grudged the whitewashing spirit of the modern masters of the Bench. Why gothicise the entrance to the Inner Temple hall, and the library front? 'What is become,' he says, 'of the winged

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winged horse that stood over the former?—a stately arms! And who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianized the end of Paper Buildings?—my first hint of allegory! *They must account to me for these things which I miss so greatly.*'

Lamb loved the town as well as Johnson—but he had a keen eye, and loved the country too; yet not absolutely the country at large; but so it were suburban, within dim sight of St. Paul's—transcending a stone's throw the short coach and the omnibus. He had seen Cumberland and Westmoreland; but Hornsey satisfied his soul. And who may not—if his spirit be but tuned aright—take his full measure of delight in the quietude and natural imagery of the humblest rural district? If ambition or depraved appetite pervert him not, trees and fields, flowers and streams—the most ordinary of their kind—may waken all the sensibilities of his deepest life, and steep them in Paradise. No man ever had a livelier apprehension of the charms of this our earthly existence than Lamb; he clung to upper air; he could not bring himself to contemplate death with that calm expectancy of soul which he venerated in his friend Coleridge. The most deeply pathetic, the most singularly characteristic of all Charles Lamb's effusions, is the essay on New Year's Eve in the first volume of Elia. Take this passage, which we dare say will be new to thousands of *our* readers:—

'The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the old year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to rouse hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draft of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. *I am in love with this green earth, the face of town and country, the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets.* I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived,—I and my friends; to be no younger, no richer,

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richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

'*Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and irony itself—do these things go out with life ?*

'Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him ?

'And you, my midnight darlings, my folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfulls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading ?

'Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognizable face—the sweet assurance of a look ? *

'In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the unsubstantial wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus's sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles:—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

'Whatsoever thwarts or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore. I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave

* 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills,
That look eternal; of the flowing streams,
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish:—we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!'

We venture to quote from 'Ion, a Tragedy,' a work of very great beauty and power, by an intimate friend of Lamb's—Mr. Sergeant Talfourd. Why is not this drama published in the usual way? We cannot imagine what the accomplished author can mean by wishing to preclude the supposition that he would henceforth employ his leisure in the composition of works like 'Ion.' Should literature *ever* be so treated;—and in the present instance, in comparison with WHAT ?



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as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and evil spoken of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive!*

'Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death," who in his life-time never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that "so shall the fairest face appear?"—why, to comfort me, must Alice W———n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tomb-stones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "such as he now is, I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the mean time, I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy new year's days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while that turncoat bell, that just now mournfully chaunted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton—

"Hark, the cock crows," &c.

'How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial—enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood and generous spirits in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries. And now another cup of the generous! and a merry new year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!—*Elia*, p. 71.

Here are themes for thought; but we touch them not. There are, however, peculiarities of manner which require a moment's attention. The readers even of this passage—much more those who peruse the writings of Lamb generally, and his Essays in particular—must be struck with a certain air and trick of the antique phrase, unlike anything in the style of any contemporary writer. This manner has been called affected; many think it forced, quaint, unnatural. They suppose it all done *on purpose.* Now nothing can be farther from the fact. That the cast of language distinguishing almost all Lamb's works is not the style of the present day is very true; but it was *his* style nevertheless. It is altogether a curious matter one strongly illustrating the assimilative

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milative power of genius—that a man, very humbly born, humbly educated, and from boyhood till past middle life nailed, as a clerk, to a desk in the South Sea or India Houses, should so perfectly appropriate to himself, to the expression of his own most intimate emotions and thoughts, the tone and turn of phrase of the writers, pre-eminently the dramatic writers, of the times of James and Charles I. Their style was as natural to him as the air he breathed. It was a part of his intellect; it entered into and modified his views of all things—it was the necessary dialect of his genius.

'Crude they are, I grant you,' says he (as the friend of the late Elia) of these Essays, 'a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique words and phrases. They had not been *his* if they had been other than such; and better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him.'

Very early in life, Lamb had been directed, by his senior schoolfellow, Coleridge, to the perusal of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and the other great contemporary dramatists of that marvellous age; and he studied them page by page, as we believe they have never been studied from their first publication to the present day. In the essay entitled 'Old China,' in the second Elia, there is the following graphic reminiscence put into the mouth of his most excellent and highly-gifted sister*—the Cousin Bridget of the Elias—with whom he lived out his life. The reader must remember that by this time Lamb had retired with honours and a pension from the service 'of his kind and munificent masters, Messieurs Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy, of Mincing Lane'—that is, the East India Company. (By the bye, the whole conduct of Messieurs Boldero and Co. to Elia, and since his death to Bridget, has been delicate and generous in the highest degree, deserving all praise; and we give it with good will.)

'"Do you remember," says Bridget, with an air of remonstrance, "do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you—it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late; and when the old bookseller, with some grumbling, opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome

* We owe to Miss Lamb some of the most exquisite poems included in her brother's 'Works' of 1818—in particular the splendid lines on *Salome*—those on *David in the Cave of Adullam*—and the *Dialogue between a Mother and a Child.*

—and

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—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings, was it?—a great affair, we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you; but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.'—*Last Essays*, &c. p. 219.

In his dedication of the two volumes of his works published in 1818, Lamb speaks of his having 'dwindled' into criticism. It was doing himself very great injustice. Nor is it enough to say, that the various critical essays contained in his works are beautiful in themselves—they are little text-books of sound principles in the judgment of works of literature and general art; equally profound, discriminating, and original. It is to these essays, and his judicious selection of Specimens, published in 1808,* that we are pre-eminently indebted for the exhuming of the old dramatic writers of the Shakspearian age, and the restoration of the worthiest of them at least to their most deserved station in our literature. The 'Retrospective Review,' which did so much good service in its day in this line, took the leading hint from what Lamb and Coleridge had written and spoken concerning the then almost unexplored or forgotten treasures of thought and imagination, produced in England in the first half of the seventeenth century. Sundry lively sketches also, in Mr. Southey's 'Omniana,' concurred in creating the impulse; and by a coincidence, equally singular and fortunate, Mr. Gifford, about the same time, brought out his admirable editions of Ben Jonson, Ford, Massinger, &c.; works, the merit of which, in the cause of sound English literature, those only can duly appreciate who have perused any of the prior editions of these great authors. What a foul mass of stupid prejudice and half-witted criticism did he for ever discharge from the pages and the name of Jonson, in particular! Nor did an occasional narrowness and ungeniality of spirit in some parts of his general criticism—as, for example, in the comparison of Shakspeare with his contemporaries, in the Preface to Massinger—materially obstruct the beneficial influence of Gifford's learning, taste, and accomplishments, as a dramatic

* A very elegant reprint of Lamb's Dramatic Specimens, 2 vols, 12mo., has just been published by Mr. Moxon.

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editor. He has given us a highly corrected text, and annotations, the least merit of which—and that not an inconsiderable one—is, that they rarely or never mislead. Lamb's Essays and Gifford's editions have each most powerfully contributed to strengthen the other's influence in producing a reviviscence of works of genius without parallel in our literary history. Massinger's exquisite dramas, in particular, were scarcely more known to the public, thirty years ago, than a chapter in Thomas Aquinas. These are great benefits, and ought not to be lightly forgotten.

Lamb's criticism partook largely of the spirit of Coleridge—not, indeed, troubling itself with any special psychological definitions, nor caring to reconcile all the varying appearances upon some common ground of moral or intellectual action—the everlasting struggle and devotion of Coleridge's mind—but entering, with a most learned spirit of human dealing, into the dramatic being of the characters of the play, and bringing out, with an incomparable delicacy and accuracy of touch, their places of contact and mutual repulsion. The true point of view Lamb always seized with unerring precision—a high praise for a critic of any sort—and this led him, with equal success, to detect the real centre, whether a character or an event, round which the orb of the drama revolved. Hence he was one of the most original of critics, and threw more and newer light upon the genuine meaning of some of the great masterpieces of the theatre than any other man; and yet we do not remember a single instance in which any of his positions have been gainsaid. Like all critics who have a real insight into their subject, Lamb helps you, in a few words, to a principle—a master-key—by which you may work out the details of the investigation yourself. You are not merely amused with a brilliant description of a character or passage, but become a discerning judge in the light of your own perceptions and convictions. Take, for example, the beautiful essay 'On the Tragedies of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation;' in which he puts the reader in possession of principles, which, if constantly borne in mind and well reasoned out, might be of inestimable service to poets, painters, actors, and managers—every one, in short, concerned in knowing and observing the limits which separate mental and visual sublimity—the conditions under which, and the extent to which, the creations of poetry can be embodied or actualized on the stage or by the pencil; and more especially the applicability of these distinctions to the characters in the Shakspearian drama, and generally to works of the highest range of imagination.

'It is common,' he says, 'for people to talk of Shakspeare's plays being *so natural*,—that everybody can understand them. They are



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natural indeed—they are grounded deep in nature, so deep, that the depth of them lies out of the reach of most of us. You shall hear the same persons say, that George Barnwell is very natural, and Othello is very natural, that they are both very deep; and to them they are the same kind of thing. At the one, they sit and shed tears, because a good sort of young man is tempted by a naughty woman to commit a trifling peccadillo—the murder of an uncle or so—that is all, and so comes to an untimely end—which is *so moving;* and at the other, because a blackamoor, in a fit of jealousy, kills his innocent white wife: and the odds are, that ninety-nine out of a hundred would willingly behold the same catastrophe happen to both the heroes, and have thought the rope more due to Othello than to Barnwell. For of the texture of Othello's mind—the inward construction marvellously laid open with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences, and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love—they see no more than the spectators at a cheaper rate, who pay their pennies apiece to look through the man's telescope in Leicester Fields, see into the inward plot and topography of the moon. Some dim thing or other they see; they see an actor personating a passion—of grief or anger, for instance—and they recognize it as a copy of the usual external effects of such passions; or at least, as being true to *that symbol of the emotion which passes current at the theatre for it*—for it is often no more than that: but of the grounds of the passion, its correspondence to a great or heroic nature, which is the only worthy object of tragedy—that common auditors know anything of this, or can have any such notions dinned into them by the mere strength of an actor's lungs—that apprehensions foreign to them should be thus infused into them by storm—I can neither believe, nor understand how it can be possible.

'We talk of Shakspeare's admirable observation of life, when we should feel, that not from a petty inquisition into those cheap and every-day characters which surrounded him, as they surround us, but from his own mind—which was, to borrow a phrase of Ben Jonson's, the very 'sphere of humanity'—he fetched those images of virtue and of knowledge, of which every one of us, recognizing a part, think we comprehend in our natures the whole; and oftentimes mistake the powers which he positively creates in us, for nothing more than indigenous faculties of our own minds, which only waited the application of corresponding virtues in him to return a full and clear echo of the same. * * * *

'I mean no disrespect to any actor; but the sort of pleasure which Shakspeare's plays give in the acting seems to me not at all to differ from that which the audience receive from those of other writers; and, *they being in themselves essentially so different from all others*, I must conclude that there is something in the nature of acting which levels all distinctions. And, in fact, who does not speak indifferently of the Gamester and of Macbeth, as fine stage performances; and praise the Mrs. Beverley in the same way as the Lady Macbeth of Mrs.

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Mrs. Siddons? Belvidera, and Calista, and Isabella, and Euphrasia, are they less liked than Imogen, or than Juliet, or than Desdemona? Are they not spoken of and remembered in the same way? Is not the female performer as great (as they call it) in one as in the other? Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining, in every drawling tragedy that his wretched day produced—the productions of the Hills, the Murphys, and the Browns?—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare?—A kindred mind! * * *

'The truth is, the characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation rather than of interest or curiosity, as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his great criminal characters—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap those moral fences. Barnwell is a wretched murderer; there is a certain fitness between his neck and the rope—he is the legitimate heir to the gallows; nobody who thinks at all can think of any alleviating circumstances in his case to make him a fit object of mercy. Or, to take an instance from the higher tragedy, what else but a mere assassin is Glenalvon?—Do we think of anything but of the crime which he commits, and the rack which he deserves? That is all which we really think about him. Whereas, in corresponding characters in Shakspeare, so little do the actions comparatively affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind, in all its perverted greatness, solely seems real and is exclusively attended to, the crime is comparatively nothing. But when we see these things represented, the acts which they do are comparatively everything, their impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of fright and horror which Macbeth is made to utter—that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan;—when we no longer read it in a book—when we have given up that vantage-ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man, in his bodily shape before our eyes, actually preparing to commit a murder—if the acting be true and impressive, as I have witnessed it in Mr. Kemble's performance of that part—the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close pressing semblance of reality, gives a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed-doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence; it rather seems to belong to history—to something past and inevitable—if it has anything to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone, is that which is present to our minds in the reading.

'So, to see Lear acted—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters, in a rainy night—has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter, and relieve him—that is all the feeling



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which the acting of Lear ever produced in me: but the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimensions, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano—they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on—even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear—we are in his mind—we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old?" What gesture shall we appropriate to this?—what has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show; it is too hard and stony—it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through—the flaying of his feelings alive—did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after—if he could sustain this world's burden after—why all this pudder and preparation?—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy?—as if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station—as if, at his years, and with his experience, anything was left but to die.'—*Works* (1818), vol. ii. p. 13.

The whole of this essay, and that 'On the Artificial Comedy of the last Century,' in the first Elia, cannot be surpassed. Like the essay on the genius of Hogarth, which is now, we believe, in part at least, a constant accompaniment to every collection of Hogarth's prints, its practical excellence is such, that, when you have once read it, you are inclined to wonder how you could ever have methodized your feelings and taste upon the subject without the light which it has imparted. It sets you right at once and for ever. One consequence of its pregnant brevity was that a swarm of imitators fastened upon it, sullying its purity and caricaturing its manner

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manner,—writers who added nothing to what Lamb had shortly yet adequately done, but who materially injured his fame by being vulgarly associated with him; and whose showy, disproportioned, rhapsodical essays upon Shakspeare and the contemporary dramatists, disgusted all persons of sound judgment, and went very far to bury again under a prejudice what their discriminating leader had but newly recovered from oblivion. We have been more earnest in bringing forward, in the prominent light which they deserve, Lamb's merits as a critic and restorer of much of our most valuable old literature, not only to vindicate them from a derogatory association, but because they have been greatly overlooked in the more general popularity which attended and will, we predict, constantly attend the miscellaneous essays of Elia. From the same cause, and in more than an equal degree, his poetry, exquisite as much of it is, is really almost entirely forgotten; in fact, *nocuit sibi*,—just as the transcendant popularity of Waverley, Guy Mannering, and Old Mortality made the world almost lose sight for a time of the splendid chivalry, the minstrel ease, the *Homeric* liveliness of the Lady of the Lake, the Lay, and of Marmion. Lamb's poems are comparatively few in number and inconsiderable in length; but in our deliberate judgment there are amongst them some pieces as near perfection in their kinds as anything in our literature,—specimens of exceeding artifice and felicity in rhythm, metre, and diction. His poetic vein was, we think, scanty, and perhaps he exhausted it; he was not what is called *great*, yet he was, if we may make such a distinction, eminent. He has a small, well-situated parterre on Parnassus, belonging exclusively to himself. He is not amongst the highest, but then he is alone and aloof from all others. We cite the following piece, though it may perchance not please all palates, as an instance of the very peculiar power of which the seven-syllable line,—so well used by George Wither, and sometimes by Ambrose Philips, though branded as *namby-pamby* by Pope and Swift,—is capable. It is, we conceive, the metre in which the most *continuity* of thought and feeling can be expressed in our language:—

'A Farewell to Tobacco.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant,)
To take leave of thee, Great Plant;
Or in any terms relate
Half my love or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take

'Gainst

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'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
Whilst thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, thro' thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us;
And for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the veins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell;
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite———
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;
Irony all and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies does so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice, and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow 's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee,
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.

But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,—
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Catherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;

Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition

Of

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Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.'—
*Works*, vol. i. p. 32.

To pass to things in a very different strain—his Sonnet '*On the Family Name*' is another great favourite of ours:—

'What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,—
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields return'd,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorr'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took HIS meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.'—*ib.* p. 65.

We are sensible how largely we have filled our pages with quotations; but our object is to do justice to Lamb, and to put those of our readers,—and we fear there are many,—to whom Lamb's writings generally are unknown, in possession of specimens of his genius which may speak for themselves. The following beautiful lines must please every one:—

'THE SABBATH BELLS.

The cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
*Sudden!* his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.'—*ibid.* p. 74.

Of equal, or even greater beauty are the lines 'On an Infant Dying as soon as Born;'—but we can only venture to place before our readers two sonnets pre-eminently characteristic of Charles Lamb,

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Lamb, and condensing in little the feelings and aspirations sctattered throughout almost all his works, and especially his most charming essays in Elia. We commend the perusal, with our best wishes, to the Utilitarians of England and America :—

'WORK.

'Who first invented Work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business in the green fields, and the town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?—
Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from which are no returnings;
Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye,
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day.'

'LEISURE.

'They talk of time, and of time's galling yoke,
That like a mill-stone on man's mind doth press,
Which only works and business can redress:—
Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.
But might I, fed with silent meditation,
Assoiled live from that fiend Occupation—
*Improbus labor*, which hath my spirit broke—
I'd drink of time's rich cup, and never surfeit;
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crown'd the white top of Methusalem;—
Yea, on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,
The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity.'

'Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,'—he adds, after he had retired from his labours in the India-House.

Now let the reader, curious in the characteristics of oddity and genius, turn to the essay 'On the Superannuated Man' in the second Elia. Hear a little of the old Clerk's account of himself shortly after his liberation :—

'A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly, by some revolution, returned upon the world. I am now, as if I had never been

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been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please,—to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond-street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in a morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch-street? Stones of old Mincing-lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall-Mall. It is Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from or propinquity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday night's sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Æthiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over care to get the greatest quantity out of it,—is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busied. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? A man can never have too much time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton-mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

"As low as to the fiends."

I am no longer * * * * * *, clerk to the firm of &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. Opus operatum est. I have

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I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.'—*Last Essays*, p. 101.

Lamb excelled in drawing what he himself delighted in contemplating—and indeed partly in *being*—a veritable Ben Jonsonian Humor. The extreme delicacy of his touch in such sketches is particularly admirable; he very seldom, indeed, slips into caricature; it is rather by bringing out the otherwise evanescent lines of the character than by charging the strong ones, that he contrives to present such beautifully quaint excerpts from the common mass of humanity. His 'Captain Jackson,' in the second Elia, is a masterpiece; you have no sense or suspicion of any exaggeration; the touches are so slight in themselves, and each laid on so quietly and unconcernedly, that you are scarcely conscious, as you go on, how the result is growing upon you. Just before you come to the end of the essay, the entire creation stands up alive before you—true in every trick to the life, the life of the Fancy. You may not have met exactly such a personage in society, but you see no reason why you should not meet him. You cannot doubt Lamb's own intimate acquaintance with him. Indeed, you perceive he was a relation. Poor Elliston was another of Elia's happiest subjects. Elliston was of the true blood of the *humorous*, and Lamb has him in enamel, alive and dead.

'Oh, it was a rich scene that I was witness to, in the tarnished room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. The Olympic Hill was "his highest heaven;" himself "Jove in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on complaint of prompter, was brought for judgment—how shall I describe her?—one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses—a probationer for the town, in either of its senses—the pertest little drab—a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamps' smoke—who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a "highly respectable" audience, had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.

'"And how dare you," said her manager—assuming a censorial severity which would have crushed the confidence of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful rebel herself of her professional caprices—I verily believe he thought *her* standing before him—"how dare you, Madam, withdraw yourself without a notice from your theatrical duties?" "I was hissed, Sir." "And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the Town?" "I don't know that, Sir, but I will never stand to be hissed"—was the subjoinder of young Confidence—when, gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him—his words were these, "*They have hissed* ME." . . . .

'"Quite an Opera pit," he said to me, as he was courteously conducting

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ducting me over the benches of his Surrey Theatre, the last retreat and recess of his every-day waning grandeur. . . . .

'In green rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse beholds thee wielding posthumous empire.

'Thin ghosts of figurantes (never plump on earth) circle thee endlessly, and still their song is *Fye on silent phantasy.*

'Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth, ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON! for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven.

'It irks me to think that, stript of thy regalities, thou shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in crazy Stygian wherry. Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling by the weedy wharf, with raucid voice, bawling "SCULLS, SCULLS!"—to which, with waving hand and majestic action, thou deignest no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, "NO; OARS!"'

The essay 'On some of the Old Actors' is even still richer and fuller of theatrical recollections of upwards of thirty years ago. Mrs. Jordan, Bensley (with the criticism on Malvolio), Dicky Suett, the Palmers, Jack Bannister, above all, Dodd and his Aguecheek—how racily! how tenderly drawn!

'In expressing slowness of apprehension Dodd surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fullness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

'I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five and twenty years ago that, walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crankles, and shouldering away one or two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless, as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot on their gravel walks. Taking my afternoon solace on a summer-day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious, thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that

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that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which, I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face, turning full upon me, strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad, thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognized but as the usher of mirth; that looked cut so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite, so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face —full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face —manly, sober, intelligent—which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks, probably, he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying "he put on the weeds of Dominic." '*—*Elia*, p. 314.

Let us conclude with a few just and graceful words about an actor of a very different order:—

'No man could deliver brilliant dialogue—the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley—because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in Love for Love, was, to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His Macbeth has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities

* 'Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Aguecheek, and recognizing Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat, and salute him as the identical knight of the preceding evening with a "Save you, *Sir Andrew!*" Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking waive of the hand, put him off with an "Away, *fool!*"'

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of tragedy have not been touched by any since him—the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in Hamlet —the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard —disappeared with him. He had his sluggish moods—his torpors— but they were the halting-stones and resting-place of his tragedy— politic savings, and fetches of the breath—husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist—rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance,—the "lidless dragon eyes," of present fashionable tragedy.'—*Elia*, p. 336.

Many of Lamb's best essays were worked up from letters written by him to his friends. The Superannuated Man was a letter, if we mistake not, to Mr. Wordsworth. The Two Races of Men, the Dissertation on Roast Pig, and one or two others, were letters. Sometimes he bettered the original thought—sometimes a little overlaid it (as in the essay on Munden's acting)—and sometimes his letters, not otherwise used by him, are as good as his printed efforts. We heartily hope that the enterprising publisher of his later works, and who has a peculiar interest in Lamb's fame, will give us as good a collection of these letters as can with propriety be made known to the world: they would constitute, at least, one charming additional volume to his friend's writings.

One word more. We have no vocation to speak beyond an *author's* merits; but there are passages in Lamb's works which may cause surmises which would be most unjust as well as injurious to his memory. No man knew Lamb so thoroughly well as his schoolfellow and life-long friend, Coleridge; and it is of Lamb, no question, that Mr. C. was speaking, when he said * that 'that gentle creature looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution.' Elia himself confesses that some of his *intimados* were a ragged regiment. We can add, that, upon another occasion, when Mr. C. entered into an eloquent and affectionate analysis of Lamb's mind and character, he said,—

'Believe me, no one is competent to judge of poor dear Charles, who has not known him long and well as I have done. His heart is as whole as his head. The wild words which sometimes come from him on religious subjects might startle you from the mouth of any other man; but in him they are mere flashes of firework. If an argument seems to him not fully true, he will burst out in that odd way; yet his will—the inward man—is, I well know, profoundly religious and devout. Catch him when alone, and the great odds are, you will find him with a Bible or an old divine before him—or may be, and that is next door in excellence, an old English poet:—in such is his pleasure.'

* Table Talk.

ART.

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ART. IV.—*History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, illustrated by original documents.* By Frederic von Raumer. Translated from the German by Lord Francis Egerton. In 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1835.

MR. VON RAUMER, well known in Germany as a historical writer on many subjects, but most distinguished by his 'History of the House of Hohenstauffen,' (which we reviewed at some length a few years ago,) went from Berlin to Paris in March, 1830, on what may be termed a professional tour. He remained six months in that capital, which he principally employed in examining the manuscripts of the 'Bibliothèque Royale.' His main object was to collate original authorities, with a view to those labours on general European history in which he is at present engaged. He found time, however, on his return from his journey, to present the world with two volumes of 'Letters from Paris,' describing his route and pursuits; and with two more of 'Letters from the Royal Library,' forming the work of which Lord Francis Egerton has now executed the translation.

The first of these publications is but a series of hasty sketches and loose anecdotes, thrown together, as the author affirms, and we do not doubt sincerely, without the slightest view to the press. We wish, however, that it were in our power to give a slight notice of their contents on the present occasion: for, unless we are much mistaken, they contain, under an unpretending shape and unpolished exterior, a very unusual quantity of sound and shrewd remark. They are written with an energy and heartiness which gives a colouring even to the commonest details; they display, too, the impressions produced on a mind of no ordinary cast; giving, without affectation of any kind, the sentiments of a man devoted to literature and especially to the chronicles of past ages, who is placed, by accident, in a scene of busy actors and great events passing without the sphere of his own immediate activity. He makes no sort of pretension to superior information; he sought no society, and professes to have seen and known no more than the streets, hotels, and theatres afforded to every observer: unlike ordinary tourists, he exhibits no endeavour to make the most of all that he has done and witnessed, because his pursuits were of a solitary and engrossing nature, and the contingencies of the modern world were to him only secondary matters. Yet there is so much of unaffected interest in all that was passing; views everywhere so original and occasionally so sagacious, as to the causes, progress, and effects of the revolution which was then enacted; so impartial and just a portrait of the French character as viewed by a steady German eye, in the compass of these two little

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little volumes, that we have met with few narratives of tourists or politicians by profession, concerning Paris in 1830, so attractive as this, the mere digression of a literary mind from its ordinary occupations. Mr. von Raumer was, and continued throughout, strongly prepossessed against the ministers and measures of Charles X. But even in the dawn of that revolution, so unusually calm and prosperous, he brought more of apprehension than of confidence to the prospects before him. And no one feature in the character of the times produced more distrust in him, whom the discipline of historical research had taught to look, more constantly than other men, for the source of human events in the great cause which directs them, than the overweening presumption which attributed all honour to human actors, and seemed systematically to reject, even with contempt, the notion of that Providential assistance which the more pious temper of former times sought in distress, and acknowledged in victory.

The same impartial and scrutinizing spirit, the same absence of all exaggeration, the same discrimination of right, and sensibility to misfortune, is yet more strongly shown in our author's 'Polen's Untergang,' in which is traced, in the short compass of an essay, the progress of the misfortunes of Poland from the death of Augustus III. to the first capture of Warsaw by Souvarof. Although there is not a sentence in the work implying anything short of the severest condemnation of the acts of the three usurping powers in that long and atrocious conspiracy, yet so high is the character of its author in his native land, that the government of Prussia has recently offered for his inspection the whole mass of documents relative to the entry and reception in that country of the defeated corps of Poles during the late Russian invasion. A fact honourable to Germany, as showing the value which is placed there on the sentiments of the better class of literary men—to the writer intrusted with such a commission—and above all—if (as we have no reason to doubt) these documents have been delivered honestly and without reserve—to the Prussian government itself.

The work before us is, as we have said, another result of its author's residence in Paris, containing a series of extracts from MSS. in the Royal Library on historical subjects, chiefly the despatches of ambassadors. It is a singular collection of undigested materials, bearing in many points, it cannot be denied, the marks of haste in the compiler; but containing, with much that was known before, a considerable proportion of matter which had never yet been laid before the public. One obvious disadvantage attends works of so miscellaneous a description: it is impossible that the author, or editor, however deeply read in general history, can be acquainted with all that mass of private annals, memoirs biographies,

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biographies, essays on particular points, which constitute, in fact, the most valuable portion of each nation's historical library. He cannot, therefore, but frequently imagine that he has made a discovery, where he is, in fact, only going over ground which had been trodden before. This the English reader will soon perceive in attentively perusing that portion of the book which relates to our own country.

We have to thank Lord F. Egerton, whose devotion to literature confers grace on his station, for a careful translation of Von Raumer's collection—and for some notes which render the text much more intelligible to the ordinary reader than it would otherwise have been. It is obvious, however, that many passages in old French, Italian, and Spanish letters must have lost point in the course of a double transfusion, first into German, and then from German into English; and we cannot but think that this accomplished nobleman would have adopted a better course had he employed some properly-qualified persons to retranslate such documents from the original MSS., and reserved for himself only the task of revision and annotation. As it is, we must take the work as we have it—and be thankful.

Amongst so miscellaneous a collection of trifles and serious matters, arranged with scarcely any reference to continuity either of time, place, or object,—in which the reader is carried backwards and forwards between France, Spain, Germany, Denmark, Naples, and Venice,—the notices respecting Philip II. and III. of Spain, Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. of England, the Valois Kings in France, and the insurrection of Massaniello and subsequent transactions at Naples, have appeared to us the most pregnant with interest and novelty. The extracts from the despatches of ambassadors, respecting the personal characteristics of Philip II., his court, and retinue, are curious; the former especially, because they seem strongly at variance with the impressions generally formed of that famous monarch. Most of our readers, we imagine, have pictured to themselves the tyrant of the Netherlands, and the supposed murderer of his son, with something of a romantic colouring; as an '*âme forte*,' an energetic, fiery spirit, a dark but profound politician, and nourishing under a cold exterior suppressed but vehement passions. Very few features of this imaginary portrait seem to have belonged to the royal original. Philip appears to have been, like his father, more of a Fleming than a Spaniard; possessing the cold and phlegmatic complexion of his paternal race, but deprived, perhaps, of its sound mental constitution by the depressing effects of a climate unsuited to its development, and a religion which subdued all independence of thought. Industrious and active in ordinary business, but with little capacity for more important exertions, he seems to have spent his life in a sort

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sort of laborious idleness, minutely sedulous about trifles; while the more serious concerns of government were miserably mismanaged from the want of efficient superintendence—except when, as occurred once or twice in the course of his long reign, his proper functions were entrusted to some administrator of consummate ability. Some personal traits will remind the reader of a widely-different character, the unfortunate Louis XVI. There was in both the same homely activity and regularity in small matters, the same reserve, proceeding more from timidity than pride, the same singular *gaicherie*, and want of ordinary address and self-management. This absence of grace and dexterity seems, indeed, to have characterized Philip, in business of all sorts, from the beginning of his career. His various mischances in Germany, when he was brought forward in order to win favourable opinions of that nation, with a view to succeeding his father in the imperial authority, seemed typical of the maladroitness with which more important affairs were to be conducted throughout his life—

'Philip,' (writes the French ambassador Marillac from Augsburg, in 1550,) 'accompanied by ten of a colour, tilted with ten of another colour in the great market-place, under the windows of the emperor and princesses. All the ambassadors were invited to attend this festivity; but, to make the matter short, I must observe that worse lance play, according to the universal judgment, was never seen. Also, on a second occasion (Feb. 3, 1551), Philip broke not a single lance, nor even once struck his antagonist.'

Just as little fortune (adds Raumer) as at the tournament for the princess's sake, had Philip in his feasting with the German princes. Marillac writes, October 21—

'According to the challenge of the *Cardinal of Trent*, Philip has given a banquet to the electors here present, and also eat with them; he sought to show himself in every respect a willing scholar, and drank twice, thrice, as much as he could bear; whereupon the cardinal, *as his preceptor*, observed, he took good hope that, if the prince should persevere in this course, he would in time win the hearts of the Germans!'

The genius of the man may be observed in these ludicrous failures, as well as in more important misadventures: the unsuccessful knight and reluctant carouser was the same prince whose reign of forty years exhibits but one prospect of opportunities neglected, impracticable plans obstinately followed, vast means entirely misapplied. Twice the march on Paris was open to him, and each time his heart failed him when one step forward would have laid the rival power at his feet. Once, at least, he might have made good a footing in this island, when his armada had reached our shores without interruption; but he had left no discretion to his admiral, who was forced to wait for the co-operation



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of Parma, and thereby, as Herrera observes, let the great occasion pass by for ever.* He lost Holland by fanaticism, France by his own suspicious and vacillating conduct; mistrusting and deceiving the leaders of the religious movement, who were ready to place their native crown beneath his feet as the price of his assistance. From Spain he extirpated almost everything that ennobles a nation; independence of mind, creative or productive energy, even valour, all withered away under the touch of his paralysing sceptre. Yet this monarch—one of the few whose evil influence has lasted not through generations, but through centuries—is still regarded, by most historians, with a degree of mysterious veneration, as a consummate, although dangerous, politician! The following amusing *ritratto* of his personal appearance and accompaniments is from the pen of Badoero. It is remarkable how universally the most spirited and characteristic sketches—those evincing most knowledge of the world, and most power of expression—seem to come from the pens of *Venetian* ambassadors:—

'King Philip is now thirty years old, of small stature and fine limbed. The forehead tolerably fair; azure eyes, tolerably large; strong eyebrows, not much parted; well shaped nose, great mouth, with a heavy, somewhat disfiguring under lip; white and fair beard; in exterior a Fleming, but in haughty deportment a Spaniard. His temperament is melancholy and phlegmatic. He suffers from stomach pains and side stitches, on account of which, by advice of his physicians, he goes much to the chace, as affording the best means of strengthening the body and ridding the spirit of melancholy thoughts. He hears mass daily, and on Sundays sermon and vespers. He gives alms regularly, or on special occasions. As nature has made this king of weak body, so has she constituted him of timorous mind. He eats sometimes too much, particularly pastry, and likes variety in his food. With women he is intemperate, and likes to go about at night in disguise. His expenses in dress, furniture, liveries, &c., are not great. Out of doors he wears a mantle and cap; often also suits cut in the French fashion, or with large buttons, and feathers in his cap.

'He shows himself rather composed than passionate, and tolerates persons and pretensions of unusual and not very befitting description. He speaks sometimes with sharpness and wit, and loves jesting and nonsense. Yet he shows this disposition less at table, *where buffoons are present*, than when in the privacy of his apartment he lets himself loose and is merry. He possesses a good capacity, and one equal to great affairs, but is not active enough to rule over dominions so ex-

* Philip has been much praised for the composure with which he received the news of his armada's dispersion. But there was little moral dignity, though much phlegm, in his disposition. 'He will,' says Granvelle, writing shortly after this event, 'do everything, and yet does little or nothing. He shrinks from every decision, troubles himself as little for his own good fame as that of others, and thinks he has gained everything when he only gains time.'—vol. i. p. 205.

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tensive as his; yet he may be said to do quite as much as his weak body can endure. Petitions and reports, as they come in, he reads himself, receives them often into his own hand, and listens with great attention to everything which is said to him. While doing so he commonly avoids looking the speaker in the face, but casts his eyes to the ground, or turns them towards some other quarter. He answers quickly and shortly, point by point, but nevertheless does not decide for himself. . . . . He makes a point of having always skilful and experienced men in office; but he is more suspicious of their fidelity than is seemly. He has no aptitude for warlike affairs, and has given himself no trouble to acquire any skill in them. In bodily exercises, tilts and tourneys, he has practised himself, more because the world and his subjects demanded it of him than out of any inclination of his own. With respect to finance, the means of procuring money, and spending it judiciously towards a purpose, he is wanting in necessary knowledge. He loves the sciences, reads history, understands geography pretty well, and something of painting and sculpture, in which arts he makes at times attempts of his own. He speaks Latin well, understands Italian and some French. In usual practice he speaks Spanish, *but speaks not much at any time.* Altogether he is a prince in whom one finds much to be praised!'—vol. i. pp. 94-97.

We do not quite perceive in this account the premises on which its conclusion is founded.

On the mysterious history of the Infante Don Carlos, the despatches cited in these volumes, especially those of Badoero, afford details of the highest interest. In conformity with that general principle of curiosity, which makes personal scandal a far more attractive subject of discussion than the most important events of a public nature—the same which makes delicate investigations and adjustments of private quarrels, according to the code of political honour, run away with half the time of a session of parliament—this episode in the life of Philip, unimportant in its effects and probably no less so in its causes, fixes the attention of more readers than all the varied fortunes of his long and eventful reign. And the various interpretations which have been put upon it form a curious illustration of the spirit of the successive periods of historical credulity and historical scepticism. It is scarcely worth while to allude to the fanciful theories first originated by French writers, out of which Saint Real, Dumesnil, Schiller, and Lord John Russell travestied the unfortunate prince into a hero of liberalism, while Otway and Alfieri as gratuitously turned him into a chivalrous lover. But it is singular that the German literati of our time should have so completely taken the opposite direction, as not only to reject the impossible story of the loves of Carlos and Isabella, but to throw entire discredit on the main event of the tragedy—the death of the son by the order of the father.



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'Ranke,' says von Raumer, 'has, in his treatise on the affair of Don Carlos, as acute as it is circumstantial, struck into the only right path to the elucidation of that mysterious passage of history.'

And, in corroboration of the views of this distinguished historian, he lays down the following assumptions, 'as proved or highly probable:'—

'1. Carlos had, from the beginning, a weak bodily and an ill-conditioned intellectual constitution. The last failing was exalted by a temperament passionate to phrenzy, though lucid intervals and moments of compunction undoubtedly occurred. 2. In the times of his greatest excitement, the hate which he unquestionably bore his father may have originated thoughts and expressions which had reference to the death of the latter. We can scarcely, however, here pronounce how far rational design, sense, and moral responsibility existed in this part of the transaction. 3. In every case Carlos was incapable of governing; and there was good ground for strict supervision of him. 4. He and the queen both died natural deaths, and not the slightest love-affair ever took place between them.'

The treatise of Ranke, to which reference is here made, is contained in the 'Jahrbuch der Litteratur' (Vienna) for 1829; and is, it must be confessed, a model of temperate and sagacious investigation. To hazard any reasoning against the conclusions of two authors, no less distinguished for truly German industry than for a judgment and discrimination by no means so common among their countrymen, may seem, in the absence of all direct evidence, an unprofitable waste of labour. Most undoubtedly they have succeeded so far as to show on how very slight, or rather absolutely worthless, grounds the positive charges against Philip rest. And yet, we cannot quite acquiesce in their further position, that the natural death of the prince admits of no doubt. It is not because suspicions of foul play were, in those days, indiscriminately raised on the death of every distinguished personage, that we are, therefore, to discard at once all such surmises as unfounded. Not only does their constant recurrence afford strong cause for supposing that there were occasionally good grounds for them; it also, in accordance with a law very generally impressed on human nature, predisposed the minds of those who were thus continually haunted with the idea, to the perpetration of the act. These very jealousies engendered a recklessness of human life; and when every person of rank knew or imagined that his own life was exposed to such unseen dangers, it was with less reluctance that he contemplated the use of similar means to serve his own purposes of fear or revenge.

'There are,' says Ranke, 'two opinions respecting the death of Don Carlos; the one which may be called orthodox, resting on the declarations

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rations of Philip himself, and supported by the Spanish writers, (with the exception of Llorente, who had a particular object in view,) according to which the confinement of the prince was a necessary restraint, justified by the deranged state of his mind—and his death was produced by natural causes—by the action of his perturbed imagination on a diseased body, by his own irregularities in diet, &c., possibly aided by the effects of that restraint on his chafed and excitable temper. The other was taken up, wholly without direct evidence, by foreign writers, possessed by the general European jealousy against Spain and her monarch, and may be designated as heterodox or apocryphal. This opinion attributed the arrest of the prince to religious or political animosities, his death to the secret orders of his father. To this theory, in later times, (and chiefly on Brantôme's worthless authority,) was added the romance of his amour with Isabella.'

In examining the probabilities of this mysterious case, the most obvious question which suggests itself is, was the prince actually either mad or foolish? For, notwithstanding the delicate gradations by which we pass from reason to unreason, there is, for practical purposes, a point at which soundness of mind ends, and insanity or idiotcy begins. This is a very important consideration; for were the prince actually insane or imbecile to that degree that his state must have been obvious or capable of easy proof, (as Raumer inclines to believe,) no danger could then arise to Philip from him; there could be no reason against his treatment as a person under restraint, with all due tenderness for so distressing a malady; and the unreasonableness, as well as in that case atrocious cruelty of the imputed act, would appear in so strong a light, that even were there direct evidence against Philip, as there is none, it would be scarcely possible to believe him guilty.

But if, on the other hand, Carlos, although weak, wild, and distempered in mind and body, yet possessed sense and power of action enough to conduct himself under ordinary circumstances; if he nourished a malignant but not wholly ungrounded hatred against his father; if all restraint, moral and religious, as well as positive, irritated his susceptible temper, and provoked him to fierce extremes; if, in short, standing in the position of heir to the throne, he had just those qualities and dispositions which would render him the rallying point of all discontented spirits; the instrument of all the conspirators of Spain, the Netherlands, and Italy; if he had shown evidence of a disposition to go to any extremities in order to escape from paternal control, and this in a manner, although not sagacious or cautious, yet by no means irrational; then not only is the unreasonableness of the act removed, but strong temptation to commit it may clearly be supposed. In this case he was not harmless, but highly dangerous; and

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and very few steps—those which divide incapacity from the lowest degree of reason—are sufficient to make this weighty difference. And we cannot but think, (as Ranke also supposes, although maintaining the innocence of Philip,) that this is the right solution of the prince's peculiarities. Amidst all his impatience of interference and government—all the extravagancies which he committed—and all the excesses, truly or falsely reported by Spanish writers concerning him—in all his unnatural hatred against his father and his father's councillors—we cannot find any distinct trace of mental hallucination, still less of idiotcy. In the documents now first brought to light by Raumer, therefore, we have searched with attention for the solution of two questions; first, what was the impression as to his sanity produced on eye-witnesses, before the tragic part of his history began?—secondly, was the conduct of his father towards him that which would be adopted towards a relative afflicted with the loss of reason, or towards a dangerous, and in some degree a hostile prisoner? Lastly, we have looked in them for circumstances which might more directly throw light on the manner of his decease. And with these views we shall hope for the patience of our readers in discussing them a little more at length.

The earliest accounts of the prince are from the pen of the Venetian envoy, Badoero, in the first years of the reign of Philip. They represent him as wayward and irritable in temper, as well as feeble in intellect; but there is nothing which seems to indicate constitutional incapacity. In 1557 he writes:—

'The prince is twelve years old, and of a weak complexion. He has a head of a disproportioned bigness, black hair, and a fierce disposition. It is said of him, that when, in the chace, hares or other animals are brought to him, he takes delight in seeing them roasted alive.'

A peninsular prince of our own days is said, when young, to have taken great delight in shutting up a number of cats in a barrel full of holes, and cutting off every tail which was unlucky enough to present itself through any of these apertures. Nevertheless the same personage displayed, in the very difficult circumstances of his after life, no want either of intellect or resolution. Carlos's warlike propensities were very decided; and an anecdote, resembling those which are recounted of the boy Charles XII., represents him as chiding his grandfather, the great emperor, for flying from the elector Maurice. This anecdote, by the way, does not appear for the first time in Raumer's pages; it was quoted by Daru (Hist. de Venise, vol. vii.) from the original of Badoero's despatches.

In 1562 the prince met with that fall down the staircase at Alcala, which, after his death, was represented as having materially affected

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affected his reason. This accident, which occurred in the pursuit of a very humble nymph about the palace, seems, unquestionably, to have given a shock to his bodily constitution; frequently-recurring illnesses, and slow recoveries, are mentioned in the letters of subsequent years. But with respect to his intellect, very different estimates are given by different observers.

'Many (says Granvelle in 1564—when Carlos was about nineteen) are pleased with him, others not. I think him modest, and inclined to employ himself, which, for the heir of such large dominions, is in the highest degree necessary and important.'

On the other hand, in the following February, a different writer expresses himself in these strong terms:—

'There is nothing to be made of Don Carlos. He believes everything that is said to him; if one were to tell him he was dead he would believe it.'

His melancholy and inactivity became more and more predominant as his youth advanced; and his temperament, headstrong and averse from all restraint whatever, was peculiarly unsuited to the solemn, pedantic, jealous etiquette of Madrid.

In 1566, when Carlos had attained the age of twenty-one, his enmity towards his father seems first to have become matter of notoriety. It is hopeless to penetrate the mystery of Philip's domestic policy; but it is certainly no improbable supposition, that one cause of the prince's anger was to be found in the proposal for his marriage with the queen's sister, instead of his cousin, the Austrian princess, who had previously been made the subject of negociation. He seems, from whatever motive, (not surely from that alleged by some biographers, the desire of becoming head of the Lutheran party in Germany,) to have set his heart on the latter arrangement, and to have been much chafed by the intrigues which impeded its fulfilment. He even professed a degree of romantic gallantry which certainly was little in keeping with his general character.

'As he was once driving in the park, with the queen and other ladies, in a carriage drawn by oxen, he was silent for a long time. The queen asked him where were his thoughts?—He answered, "More than two hundred miles away." "And where is the place so far off?" asked the queen.—"I am thinking of my cousin," he replied.

'About the time when they were in doubt whether Philip or Alva should go to the Netherlands, Carlos learned that the Cortes were about to propose that, during the king's absence, he, Carlos, should remain in Spain. He betook himself thereupon to their assembly, and told them, that whoever should vote for that proposal would be held by him as his deadly enemy;—equally so, whoever should be mad enough to propose, as they had done three years back, that he should marry

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marry his aunt. He moreover, ordered them, on pain of death, to keep secret these expressions. They were soon, however, known.'

Little more is added, in these volumes, respecting Carlos's conduct during the year or two preceding his imprisonment. It will be remembered, however, that during that period he fell under suspicion of heretical and rebellious sentiments—that he gave vent to the strongest language of aversion against his father and other persons—that he repeatedly expressed, to all whom he thought likely to assist him, his willingness to engage in any scheme which might free him from the constraint of his situation, whether through flight or some more audacious enterprise—and that letters were found in his possession, directed to several princes of Italy, to the Cortes, and to various Spanish grandees and civic communities, justifying his intended elopement. To the same period belongs the doubtful story of his visit to the convent of Atocha, and demand to be admitted to communicate with an unconsecrated wafer, when he was supposed to have betrayed a design against his father's life: which, however, Philip always denied. He was, unquestionably, dangerous in the highest degree; but the best avouched of these circumstances, and especially the religious accusations which were seriously urged against him, seem little to coincide with the supposition of his insanity. Still less can that supposition be reconciled with the fact mentioned by Ranke—that Philip, previously to taking measures for arresting his son, had the acts of the judicial process instituted by John, King of Aragon, against his disobedient son, Don Carlos de Viana, extracted from the archives of Barcelona and translated into Castilian. Surely no such precedent was necessary to regulate the confinement of a lunatic.

We now come to the last act of the tragedy; and here we find large extracts from the correspondence of the French ambassador, Fourquevaulx, describing the arrest, January, 1568, and the events which followed. The tone of these despatches is, to say the least of it, extremely singular. The strange incidents which passed at the Spanish court are related in a manner which seems to imply perfect confidence in all the reports respecting them, proceeding from Philip and his ministers: no expression is dropped, in the most critical parts of the narrative, which denotes that the writer looked below the surface, or sought to convey anything more than the official gazette, as it were, of these mysterious occurrences. Many will doubtless agree with Raumer, in interpreting this circumstance entirely in favour of Philip;—others may possibly think that such extreme simplicity and straightforwardness prove too much; that as it was impossible for Fourquevaulx not to have perceived the suspicious character of much of the intelligence which he had to communicate, so his apparent freedom from all suspicion can only be

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be accounted for by attributing it to sagacious caution—or by remembering that it was, at that period, the constant practice of the French court to employ confidential agents as well as accredited ambassadors, or to confer both those characters on the same person, but with strict requisition that they should be kept distinct.

M. v. Raumer, however, argues the more confidently from the spirit and tone of these despatches, because, as he says, 'in the first place, the French Court was not inclined to dismiss or slur over any charge of crime preferred against the Spanish.' Here we cannot help thinking that he has overlooked circumstances of some importance to the argument. The French court may, in general, have had little sympathy with that of Spain; and Catherine de Medicis was certainly not inclined either to admire the character or to spare the vices of Philip. But it is necessary to remember that at the precise period in question (the spring and summer of 1568) the temperature of the Louvre was high Catholic, and preparations were making for the third civil war of religion. A league—the prototype of that more notorious confederacy which acted so great a part a few years later—was forming in defence of the old faith: the Cardinal of Lorraine, then in close confidence with the court, was, as the recent historian of these times (M. Capefigue) has shown, in incessant and active correspondence with Philip; and in September, only two months after the decease of the prince, Fourquevaulx was supplicating that monarch for assistance against the Huguenots. At such a crisis, nothing is more natural than that the policy of Catherine and her son should have been to pass, with as little notice as possible, over the sad events which then afflicted the house of their great ally; and to afford no countenance to the rumours of foul play which, we know, became *immediately* general throughout Europe on the decease of the prince, by the preservation of despatches (if any were sent) touching on subjects of such delicacy*.

There can be no doubt—although these letters contain no hint of it—that the detention of the Infante, after his arrest, was conducted with a harshness strongly indicative of suspicion. He was at first given in charge to four noblemen of high rank and responsible character. But the prisoner was soon taken from their hands,

* Curiosity has met with the same ill success in Spain as in France, in searching for original documents regarding this catastrophe. 'There was at Simancas, in the interior of one of the towers of the castle, a walnut-wood chest, with three locks. It was generally believed to contain the papers relative to the imprisonment and death of Don Carlos: and hence the special care taken of it. When the French armies penetrated into the Peninsula, the Spaniards profited by their arrival to have this chest opened—but they only found in it the acts of the criminal process against Don Rodrigo de Calderon, containing nothing of consequence.'—Capefigue, 'Histoire de la Ligue.'

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and entrusted to one in whom, it is reasonable to suppose, the king could place more implicit reliance. This man, Ruy Gomez de Silva, was, above all others, the especial object of hatred to the ill-regulated mind of the prince. He is said to have mentioned him first, and his own father second, among the persons whom he wished out of the world; nor was his aversion entirely unreasonable, if the received story be correct—that this personage had insinuated himself into Carlos's confidence—that the prince had entrusted him with the particulars of a scheme for escaping to Malta during its siege (in 1565), and that Gomez had, by the king's advice, deterred him from prosecuting his project by showing him a forged account of the relief of the place. Must it not have excited some doubts as to Philip's purpose, when it became known, that on the 25th of January, seven days after his arrest, the custody of the prince was taken from the noblemen to whom it had been originally confided, and that he was entirely given into the keeping of this real or imaginary enemy?—that Gomez had a suite of chambers allotted to him and his wife, the Princess of Eboli, surrounding the single and comfortless apartment of Carlos, so that the latter might be heard or seen at pleasure without his observation?—(vol. i. p. 152, &c.) Was it ordinary treatment of a lunatic to place him thus in immediate and daily communication with the object of his disordered hatred?—or, did it not rather resemble the committal of a dangerous prisoner to the most secure of gaolers—one who had every motive of personal revenge and fear to bind him to his office? And what interpretation must not the council of Catherine and Charles—in whose court so much was perpetrated, and so much more suspected, of diabolical tampering with human life—where even masks, gloves, and side-saddles lay under suspicion of poison—have placed on such passages as the following in their ambassador's correspondence:—

'Feb. 18.—The prince is ever shut up and guarded in his chamber; he eats little, and unwillingly, and sleeps hardly at all, which in no respect can assist him to amend his understanding. He becomes visibly thinner, and more dried up; and his eyes are sunk in his head. They give him sometimes strong soups and capon broths, in which amber and other nourishing things are dissolved, that he may not quite part with his strength and fall into decrepitude: *these soups are prepared privately in the chamber of Ruy Gomez*, through which no one passes into that of the prince. The prince is still never allowed to go out, nor even to look out of the window.'—vol. i. p. 141.

On May 8, Fourquevaulx writes that Don Carlos's understanding deteriorates every day, and his liberation 'is not to be in any degree reckoned on;' and in a subsequent passage gives, as a reason for the imprisonment, which Philip would not, he says, avow

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avow in answer to the inquiries of the Emperor Maximilian, 'the notorious incapacity of the poor young prince.' From this time we hear no more of Carlos in Fourquevaulx's despatches. His death (which happened on the night of the 25th of July) is not made the subject of any report, and only incidentally alluded to. This circumstance would be, in itself, suspicious enough—as if the court of France had, from the motives which we have already explained, suppressed all that could not bear the light. But it must be added, in fairness, that the *lacuna* thus left by Von Raumer is in some degree supplied by Ranke. He has produced letters both of the Papal nuncio and the Venetian ambassador Cavalli to their respective courts, describing the death of the prince circumstantially, in a manner not at all differing from the narrative divulgated by Philip and his friends. The evidence of the latter envoy is of importance, not only from the general credit and verisimilitude which attaches to these Venetian reports, but also because the relations of Venice and Spain were then by no means cordial, and because Cavalli throughout takes the prince's part, and calls the imprisonment a cruel one. In the letters of the Papal agent, no allusion whatever is made to any suspicions; those of Cavalli are more explicit.

'Perché,' he says (in a letter dated 30th of September), 'di varii lochi d' Italia e sta scritto il sospetto che il principe di Spagna sia morto di veneno, non voglio evitar di aggiunger questo, e quasi firmamente, che il detto principe non e morto da altro veneno che dalle gran disordini che faceva e dalla molta inquietudine di suo animo.'

With this strong testimony in favour of Philip conclude the authentic notices which we possess respecting a dark transaction. It is in vain to go farther, and look for evidence in support of the charges against him in his own avowals, and those of his familiars, or in the narratives of contemporary Spanish writers under the censorship of the Inquisition; or to conclude him clear of the accusation because no such evidence can there be found. Yet there is, in the declarations of the monarch himself, an inconsistency which cannot escape notice. The communication which he made, immediately on his son's arrest, to the Archbishop of Rossano, papal nuncio in Spain, must have gone far to strengthen the suspicions of those who condemned him—

'The motive which had determined him was, that he had preferred the honour of God, the preservation of the Catholic religion, and the safety of his kingdoms and subjects, to his own flesh and blood; therefore, in obedience to God, *he had sacrificed his only son*, not being able otherwise to provide for these objects.'

These expressions are cited by Sismondi (Histoire des Français, tom. xix. p. 10) from the Archbishop's letter to Cardinal Alessandrino,

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drino, in Laderchii Annal. Eccles. Surely they import something more than the version which Philip afterwards gave of his policy—that his son was only confined in consequence of mental incapacity. To us they appear to throw some weight into the scale of the old opinion, that the king had at one time entertained the notion of bringing his son to trial, either by the Inquisition or by a secret commission; but that, having abandoned this idea, he adopted a surer and darker mode of immolating the victim to his own safety and that of the state.

But it will, perhaps, be thought that we have delayed too long over a task so ungrateful as that of searching out grounds of suspicion, in order to support a tale wholly unfounded on direct testimony, and which political and religious hatred first rendered current in Europe. There is truth in the remark with which Ranke concludes his examination of St. Real's two absurd romances—his Conspiracy of Don Carlos, and that of Bedamar.

'Often' (he says) 'have opposite opinions, hastily adopted on the moment, conflicted, like the parties which embraced them, for some time together; until the public voice has pronounced itself on the same side with political success. As soon as the Spanish monarchy had sunk into insignificance, it was belied. While Venice flourished and ruled, she was held in honour; as soon as she no longer retained power enough to make a figure in the affairs of Europe, fabulous stories were immediately rife against her, and she was condemned in general opinion at the same time at which she sank in importance. For the sentiments of the multitude depend but too much on the vicissitudes of political fortunes.'

At all events, we cannot think there is any reason for the very authoritative dictum of a writer whose criticisms are in general just and impartial—(the author of the History of Spain in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia)—that 'such tales' (as that of the supposed murder) 'are without even the shadow of a foundation in contemporary writers of Spain, or even in common sense. The truth is, that Philip behaved with too much moderation to a son who was fit only for a receptacle for lunatics.' Of the Spanish historians of that age, it is remarkable that the honest and judicious Herrera passes over the matter altogether in silence, finishing his narrative of these events with the arrest of Don Carlos. Ferreras, the apologist for Philip's worst excesses, scarcely deserves notice. And common sense, we think, is far better evinced in submitting to the existence of a mystery where the most enlightened judges have long pronounced the truth undiscoverable, than in delivering so arbitrary a sentence against the inclination of general opinion. Sir J. Mackintosh, in his History of England, after stating the case with his usual philosophy and candour, displays an evident inclination to

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to acquiesce in the charge; so that the student who looks for his knowledge in European annals to Dr. Lardner's miscellany, will find, under the head of Spain, the same story treated as a mere idle fiction, which, under the head of England, he is taught most potently to believe. Lord F. Egerton, we observe, continues to doubt notwithstanding the strongly-expressed opinion of his principal. 'Whether,' he says, 'these deductions of Monsieur Raumer be correct or otherwise, it is evident that there is nothing to justify historians or biographers in stating, as an indisputable and notorious fact, that Philip was the murderer of his son and wife.' The latter, indeed, is a monstrous and wholly unauthorized accusation.* Whatever estimate we may be inclined to form respecting the amiability of Philip's character, his young wife was most devotedly attached to him, and he, as far as his nature permitted, returned her affection. Her last sighs were breathed on the bosom of her husband; her last prayers were, that her mother and brothers might be better impressed with the urgent duty of showing no compassion towards the enemies of their religion; so deeply, as Ranke observes, 'had the evil infection of the time insinuated itself into that innocent heart'!

From one great tragedy to another, performed on a more public stage and between actors of still greater mark and celebrity, the mind of the reader turns with a natural desire to compare and contrast circumstances so different in character, yet equally prominent among the tumultuous scenes of their busy century. Von Raumer has evidently taken a particular interest in compiling that part of his collections which relates to Mary Queen of Scots, and principally to the last period of her captivity and the events which immediately preceded her death. We cannot, however, say that he has succeeded in throwing any additional light on the mysterious part of those transactions. Nor, indeed, is there much of novelty, to English readers, in the extracts which he has inserted in the present volumes. One long and interesting letter, that of Mary describing her situation at Tutbury, was printed long ago, as the translator remarks, in Lord Bridgewater's Life of Lord Chancellor Egerton. He might have added, that it has been already used for the purposes of general history, as the most interesting parts of it have been extracted by Dr. Lingard. And all that is of importance in the despatches of the French envoys from Scotland and England will be found either in the Cotton, Harleian, or Egerton MSS., in the British Museum. But it is hardly possible to conceive that much public documentary evi-

* The story quoted by Raumer (pp. 156, 157) from an anonymous MS. merely gives the current reports in France at the time. The substance of it was already to be found in Le Laboureur's additions to the memoirs of Castelnau.

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dence can exist unsearched, on a favourite subject of controversy, which has exercised the wits of so many literary polemics.

Whether or no Mary did actually pen that fatal passage in her letter to Babington, (for hers it most undoubtedly was as to the rest of its contents,) which implicates her as accessary to the intended murder of Elizabeth, will, we fear, remain ever an undecided question. No reasoning, no ingenuity, can remove the suspicion which attaches to the conductors of the prosecution, from their not having confronted Mary with her two accusers, the secretaries who had made those disclosures which led to her condemnation. And yet, on the other hand, there is so much probability in favour of the supposition that Mary, whom the conspirators trusted in all besides, was trusted in this most critical point of all; there is, too, notwithstanding the general impression to the contrary, so much of openness and fairness in the recorded transactions with her *previous to her trial;* there is so much in Nau and Curl's confessions, which their subsequent retractation could neither palliate nor evade,—that the mind remains balanced between the improbability of so many circumstances concurring to give verisimilitude to a fiction, and the difficulty of believing that the ministers of Elizabeth, if as upright as they were sagacious, could have committed so gross an error as to neglect, or to suffer their sovereign to omit, the only step wanted to confirm, in the eyes of all Europe, the justice of their accusations.

We have been led into these reflections less by the contents of the work before us than by the perusal of some very singular autograph letters of Lord Burleigh, which will shortly be given to the public by Mr. Leigh, their discoverer, together with other documents, edited and unedited, respecting the Babington conspiracy. Whether these letters will throw, in fact, any light upon the real state of the case between Mary and her accusers, or whether they only place additional difficulties in the way of any plausible theory, we will not now anticipate. But the picture which they give of the agitated mind of Elizabeth, during that

'Interim,
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream,'

which passed between the first resolution to involve Mary in the charges against Babington, and the final adoption of judicial measures against her, is indeed fraught with the deepest interest. No language of a fictitious describer, even had Shakspeare brought his sovereign on the stage, could so forcibly depict the wild conflict of her feelings, as the manner in which her cold, unimpassioned, impenetrable minister notes everything, while seeming to note nothing; conveying to his correspondent (Walsingham) a perfect dissection of the queen's inmost thoughts, in a style

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style apparently so unconscious, that had the letters reached her eye, there is not a sentence or an expression on which she could have fixed as derogatory to her dignity or inconsistent with his duty as the mere exponent of her will and directions.

The interference of King James in behalf of his mother forms a curious chapter in the life of that monarch, whose fate it seems to have been, throughout life, to have his best intentions frustrated by the worthlessness of statesmen and favourites, by whom he was flattered, governed, and betrayed on all occasions. He has been so eminently unpopular a character with almost all historical writers, that it has been usual to attribute the failure of his intercessions with Elizabeth to his own lukewarmness, if not, with Burnet and others, to insincerity. Yet the latter, at least, seems a very unjust suspicion. Of high generosity his nature was not indeed capable: he had none of those chivalrous feelings which would have induced worse princes than himself to peril crown and life in such a cause, even for the sake of their own and their country's dignity, were all natural feeling out of the question. And his affection towards his mother was not likely to act powerfully in her favour—as he had never known her, and was moreover, it may fairly be believed, persuaded of her privity to his father's death. Nevertheless, if his exertions were not energetic, there is scarcely reason for imagining that they were not made in good faith. And sufficient allowance has not been made for the extraordinary circumstances in which he was placed, and the character of the men in whose hands imperious state-necessity—or rather the necessity of a prince whose ministers are forced upon him by a domineering party, and whose fate it is to employ agents whom he knows and despises—obliged him to place the conduct of the negociation. On this point the volumes before us afford some curious illustrations, from the despatches of M. de Courcelles, French ambassador at Edinburgh. We must however remark, that the bulk of his reports at this critical period is contained at considerable length, and apparently most accurately translated, in the Cotton MSS. of the British Museum.

It will be remembered that the first envoy despatched to England by King James, on the intelligence of the arrest of the Queen of Scots' servants, in consequence of the Babington conspiracy, was William Keith, whose appointment excited great discontent among the high-minded Scottish nobility, both because he was a man of no personal consequence and also a partisan, perhaps a pensioner, of England. Yet it might be doubted whether so insignificant an agent was not likely to make more progress with the proud and vindictive Elizabeth than any of those warlike barons who would so gladly have carried her a message of defiance.

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However, as the danger to Mary appeared more imminent, and after she had been found guilty by the Lords Commissioners, the king despatched three envoys, the Earl of Bothwell, Sir Robert Melville, and the Master of Gray, to intercede for her life. But Bothwell, the queen's devoted friend, was prevented from undertaking the journey by Elizabeth's decided opposition.

'The King of Scotland,' writes De Courcelles, Dec. 31, 1586, 'appears not to trouble himself much with this,' (the obstacles thrown in the way of Bothwell's commission,) 'from his desire to send some one quickly, to prevent further proceedings against the queen his mother; and that, in any case, the passport being made out for *Lord Gray*,* who could take the said Melville with him, these seemed to him sufficient for the above legation.'

Here follow the instructions delivered to the commissioners, which are well known.

'To give these instructions more solemnity, James caused them to be read to the Parliament, and called upon the Lords to give their opinion upon them. Hereupon, the Lords Hamilton, Bothwell, and others remarked, it seemed to them not unfitting to add, that the king, if Elizabeth should proceed further against his mother, would declare war; or add some threats which would, in their opinion, be of more avail to restrain the insolence of the enemy, than all the entreaties they could make. They wished, also, to strike out certain passages in the last instruction, as running contrary to the honour and dignity of the king, and being such as his mother herself would even in extremity refuse her consent to. The king answered, "The time is not fitting, and the posture of my affairs does not permit me to threaten the Queen of England, who is a very powerful princess. The last article, moreover," (this was to the effect that Queen Mary should voluntarily renounce her personal rights as a sovereign prince, and remain a prisoner as Elizabeth's subject,) "must remain unaltered, as a means whereby the life of my mother may be saved."

'Upon this, the Lord Herries prayed his Majesty not to take it amiss, if he were to tell him, that from the beginning they had shown themselves too tardy in the defence of his mother, which had given occasion to her enemies to proceed so far against her. The king, however, answered in anger,—"Although I am not bound to lay before my subjects an account of my dealings, I yet will that every one should know, that if I did not speak earlier respecting the liberation of my mother, I so abstained because she herself had sent me word not to do so, and I will not do service to any ungrateful person. For proofs how I have in everything discharged my duty towards her, our correspondence since my accession to the throne shall be laid before the highest tribunal of this realm, and copied. For the rest, you may add

* The English translator ought to have noticed that the Master of Gray is thus confounded with his father the Peer, through the German collector's too literal adoption of the loose French *Milord* of De Courcelles.

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or take away what you will in these instructions; inasmuch, however, as the object is to save the life of the queen, I declare solemnly, that if she suffer death, her blood be upon all your heads, and not on mine." As they saw him so steadfast in his opinion, none would make reply; many also concluded that he was advised that this was the only way to save his mother: they had perhaps laid it down for him from England, and Elizabeth was perhaps informed of it. In any case, the king will endeavour to derive therefrom advantages for himself. As he has made a general declaration, that he would not openly declare against England, even befalling the death of his mother, but only in the case of an attempt to exclude him from the succession, as he himself has said to Lords Bothwell and Seton, all which may have given, as they pretend it has, more courage to the partisans of England, who were about him, and knew the facility which is said to belong to him, to persuade the Queen of England not to hesitate (faindre) in proceeding against the queen his mother; for though her death would be displeasing to him, they would be able, by the great means they had in his court and their favour with his person, or in any event by the occasions which time would procure, to excuse the execution which might be done upon her. The partisans of England who surround him have taken fresh courage. He trusts to his dexterity to be able to dissuade Elizabeth and her council from violent measures against his mother; and the English think, that however disagreeable her execution may be to him, they will be able, by their influence and other means which time will furnish, to excuse and slur over the action.

'This is the more to the purpose, as Gray confessed to King James he had written to the Secretary of State, Walsingham, and others in England, suggesting to them not to execute Mary in public, but to remove her by poison. Gray could not, moreover, deny this, as these letters had come to the knowledge of some noblemen, who threatened him with death in the event of any injury happening to Mary. This, as some believe, has caused him to undertake a journey to England, with the better will, and to promise the king to set every thing in motion in his mother's behalf. He has confirmed this to me on the occasion of his departure, when I demanded of him and Melville to co-operate with Messieurs de Bellièvre and Châteauneuf. He hopes to repair his error and remove the suspicion which has arisen. He is also, in the case of the death of Queen Mary, safer in the first moment in England than here, where he would with difficulty withstand the impetuosity and effort of many who would rise on the first report they should receive of it.'—vol. ii. p. 146.

The history of this commission, and especially of the part taken in it by Gray, presents so singular a picture of the machinations and intricate treacheries of the courtiers of James, that we may perhaps be excused for pursuing it a little farther, though this may cause us to digress for a moment from M. von Raumer's pages; especially, as the course of these intrigues appears to us



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to have been misunderstood, or inaccurately reported, by certain recent writers on the Marian controversy.

Patrick, Master of Gray (of whom the historian Maitland says, that he had 'a head to contrive almost any wickedness, and willingness to execute it'), is thus described by Davison, in a letter to Sir Christopher Hatton, in 1584, when rising into notoriety at the Scottish court:—

'This gentleman, besides that he is a known papist, a favourer of the French cause, a servant and pensioner of the queen's (Mary), and a suspected pensioner of the pope, hath himself confessed to have had, at his coming out of France, a cupboard of plate given him by the Spanish ambassador resident there, to the value of five or six thousand crowns; beside other gifts from the Duke of Guise and other the queen's friends: and since his coming here hath been treasurer of all such money as was sent him by Bellandine, as coming from the queen; whereof I know where he weighed at one time ten thousand carats, reserved to the king's own use, besides his own part, and that was disposed amongst other of the courtiers, to relieve their hungry appetite,' &c.

Gray was at this time actually engaged in the queen's party, which he subsequently deserted, on some fancied or real slight on the part of Mary herself; and we next find him in confidential communication with Leicester, Walsingham, and the notorious Archibald Douglas, the Scots ambassador in England, a partisan as deeply involved in intrigues with Elizabeth's ministers as himself. To him (before accepting the extraordinary commission to England) Gray expressed, in no ambiguous terms, his fears lest his own prosperity at the Scottish court, and that of Douglas also, might be found incompatible with the life of Mary.

After informing Douglas that 'his majesty is very wel content with all your proceidings, but cheifly tuching his beukis and hunting horses,'* he continues, with reference to that princess,

'he (the king) is content how strictly she be keipit, and all hir auld knaifish servantis heingit. In this you must deil verie warly, to escheu inconvenientis, *seeing necessitie of all honest menis affairs requyres that she wer out of the way.*'—*8th September*, 1586.

We find in the Cotton MSS. another letter written by him on the following day (9th Sept.) to Walsingham. After some communication respecting affairs in Flanders, (Gray being agent in Scotland for the English expedition of Sir Philip Sydney, who, strange to say, seems to have respected and esteemed him,) he says, in evident reference to the letter of the preceding day, 'Sir, I have written to his majesty's ambassadour of an advertysement I

* The reader will remember, in Ellis's Original Letters, James's correspondence with Elizabeth on these weighty subjects, only three months after his mother's execution.

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had yesternicht. I pray you inquyr it, for it is not impertinent. The Eternall be with you!' It seems clear, therefore, that Gray was anxious to let Walsingham into the secret of his own dark wishes respecting the Queen of Scots. But, besides these letters, which, to his eternal ignominy, are still preserved, he carried on another correspondence with Leicester. That nobleman, after Mary's death, when Gray had fallen into disfavour with Elizabeth, showed his letters to Sir Alexander Stewart, in order that the latter might report them to King James: and there is little doubt that they contained even more direct suggestions for the murder of the queen. The consequence of this disclosure was (we may observe *en passant*) that James shook off entirely the ascendency which Gray had acquired over him, and that the latter, in his discontent, joined again his old associates the disaffected Catholic nobles, and was, in consequence, banished the realm.

Gray was, therefore, sold to England, and probably planning the secret murder of Mary, at the very time when he was selected by her son (in November, 1586) to intercede for her life. Yet it is not true, as most historians (Dr. Lingard and Sir Walter Scott among the number) seem to imagine, that he accepted this commission with the deliberate intention of acting against the tenor of it. His own letters* (which Lingard has, in part, quoted, but singularly misunderstood) clearly prove the contrary. The most plausible interpretation to be put on his conduct is, that at the beginning he entertained a hope that—if all further trouble were not saved by a more summary mode of proceeding with Mary—the repugnance of James to her execution might, with the aid of dexterity, be overcome. He knew that prince's submissive and timorous disposition,—his natural subordination to the genius of Elizabeth,—the coldness of temper which rendered him so little accessible either to the stimulus of injured honour, or that of wounded affection; he knew, moreover, that James had set his whole heart on the prospect of the English succession, the tempting lure which Elizabeth so craftily held out to him, keeping it always a little beyond his reach: finally, he saw him inextricably involved in the toils of the English party at home, and, in truth, far more afraid of the discontented nobility who might take up arms for his injured mother, than either of King Philip or Queen Elizabeth. Nevertheless he soon perceived that James, whether through very shame, or wrought upon by others, had resolved to take up his mother's cause in earnest; that it was unsafe any longer to tamper with the royal determination; and that, if the English Queen was equally resolved on her part, there was no choice left for him and for his correspondent, Douglas, but to relinquish either the favour

* Some of them are in Lodge's Illustrations—others in the Burleigh papers.



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of Windsor or that of Holyrood. And the alternative which he adopted was not chosen through national or religious feeling, or any other of the more mixed motives which sway men of ordinary temper,—he simply resolved (as he tells his friend the ambassador in plain terms) to attach himself to the side which had the chances of life in its favour,—that is, the younger monarch! In this view he accepted the commission imposed upon him; probably intending to act so far in obedience to it, as to endeavour to defer, if possible, the execution of the sentence, until either the feeble resolution of James might be subdued, after the temporary excitement into which the indignity offered to his crown and blood had hurried him, or (which Gray regarded as safer for himself) Mary might be disposed of in a secret manner. On the 10th November he writes to Douglas, after some previous letters full of complaints respecting the expense of the embassy—an *intended* journey to Flanders having, he says, already 'eaten him up':—

'All men drive at him (James) fyrst for his mother, and next for the matter of his title. The *Guisarches*, and his mother's friends, shall take occasion upon theis motives to deal both directly and indirectly with his majesty. And, for my part, I have taken this resolution: to serve his majesty faithfully and fyrst, and if I see England to meine wel, I shall remaine constant that way; if not, I mean to follow no course partially, but to hate and love according to my maister's mind.'

He then represents himself as doubting whether to accept the embassy,—.

'Refuse I, the king shall think I know already quhat shall come of things; so that if she die, he shall not feal to quarrel me for it; leive she, I shall have double harme. Refuse I not, but enterpryse the voyage, if she die, men shall think I have lent hir a hand, so that I shall leive under that slander; and leive she by my travail, I bring a staff to my awin head, or at the least shall have little thankes.'

On the 27th November he is more explicit:—

'Seeing this maiter comes on thus—I would faine the queen thair and hir counsell would devyse some middis, for, by God, the matter is hard to you and me both: and I protest before God, I undertak that voyage for to see what good I can do, to make some middis, because I see the king wholly myndit to run a uther course if violence be usit: which I know shall be my wrak, being so far embarkit that way that skairsly can I retire myself. And for yourself, it is true, you have thair moyens,'—[Alluding to Douglas's connexion with Elizabeth's ministry.]—'but keip your compt, if his majesty steir a uther course, ye shall die a banisht man.'

It will be remembered that Archibald Douglas, one of the assassins of Darnley, was pardoned by James, and sent to England as ambassador, but partly with a view to keeping him out of the country;

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country; and Gray here insinuates, that if Mary die while James is in his present humour, Douglas, as well as himself, will become answerable in his eyes for her death, and will never be permitted to revisit Scotland.

'Ye know,' proceeds he, 'how mortell princes are, so it is good to remember home. I will be thus plainly with you: see I no myddis but that all shall break between these princes, *I will seik the longest lyf*, and will follow my master *directly and sincerely*.'

He then recommends the ambassador to 'gayne that young man William Keythe,' that is, to corrupt the king's own envoy extraordinary!

In a subsequent letter he seems really anxious to take credit to himself for his disinterested exertions in favour of the queen, who (not very unnaturally) was prejudiced against him, and had said to Douglas that 'she knew mair of him' (Gray) 'nor he did.'

'In the mean time,' says he, 'speak hardly to the queen, that I think she hath not usit me according to her promise, seeing this is the second time she has suspected me without a cause.'

With regard to Gray's subsequent conduct in the execution of his commission, it was asserted on all hands and partly admitted even by himself, that he counteracted to the best of his power the honest exertions of his colleague Melvill; that while outwardly pressing Elizabeth with texts of Scripture, and reasons from classical history, against laying violent hands on her royal kinswoman, he was privately urging her to perpetrate the act, and whispering into her willing ear the vindictive adage, '*Mortui non mordent*.' But it is by far the most probable supposition that he, fearing as he must have done the vengeance of the Catholic party to which he still nominally belonged, was anxious, not for her execution, but for that darker mode of taking her life, which Elizabeth, could she have found, even then, trusty servants to perform that which Sir Amias Paulet refused, would probably have adopted at last. And this, in substance, Gray is reported to have subsequently confessed at Edinburgh.

These letters, we cannot but think, prove thus much in favour of James, that—unless he had dissimulation enough thoroughly to deceive his own crafty envoy,—he really was eagerly desirous of his mother's rescue, and prevented from insisting on it, as far at least as with sheathed sword he might, only by the double dealing and treason with which he was environed. They are, at all events, curious, as showing the character of the servants whom the state of parties in his own country compelled him to employ. The murderer in heart of James's mother writes to the actual murderer of the same prince's father, to calculate coolly the chances between serving and betraying him! Surely, the very worst

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worst acts with which the sovereigns of that bad age are chargeable are mitigated, in the eyes of God and man, by reason of the inextricable nets of fraud and violence in which their wicked counsellors had enveloped them!

In fact, the whole state-history of those times seems to present nothing but a series of plots and counterplots, in which both personal honour and political morality were played with as mere counters in the game of ambition.* As the reader proceeds farther in examining for himself the original documents, out of which the superficial history of the age—a mere deceitful elevation without solidity or substance within—has been constructed, he scarcely finds a character or an event unmarked by the suspicion of treachery; he despairs of being able to distinguish truth from falsehood, sincerity from hypocrisy; and learns at last to contemplate with a kind of reverence those few characters which seem the pivots on which the revolving world of political intrigue then circulated; the Burleighs, Hunsdons, Walsinghams, of England; the Alvas, Guises, Chatillons, of the Continent; those who held on the same path for good and evil—who, however they may have marked their career by fraud, violence, and bloodshed, in pursuit of a particular object, yet never played double, or *hedged* their ventures.

Of the French envoys who were in this island in 1586 and 1587, and from whose despatches these volumes contain such large extracts, there was probably not one who acted the simple part of a diplomatist, or abstained from involving himself in the secret intrigues of the country in which he came to reside. Courcelles, the ambassador at Edinburgh, was never regarded as a model of honesty; Lord Hunsdon, in one of his letters from Scotland, in 'Lodge's Illustrations,' mentions the having procured from him certain papers by some device, 'for the whych, I assure your Highness, he hath byn twice reddy to hange himselfe:—a great pitty he was so lettyd from so good a deed!' But the industry of Mr. Leigh has brought to light, from the State Paper Office, direct evidence of the nature of the suspicion to which M. de Courcelles had subjected himself, namely, that of being implicated in the Babington conspiracy. D'Esneval writes to him (7th Oct. 1586), that the conspirators then under arrest, 'Vous avoient fort chargé, et que l'on avoit depesché en diligence vers le Roy d'Ecosse, pour le prier de vous arrester.' Bellièvre, who was sent over as special envoy to intercede for Mary's life, was, on the other

* 'These were, indeed,' as Dr. Nares rather quaintly terms them, 'the very worst of times, when the most spiteful struggle was on foot that ever disturbed the world when a settled system of dissimulation in most of the courts of Europe had absolutely destroyed all confidence, and when there was found to be more security in craft than in swords and shields.'—*Life of Lord Burghley*, vol. iii. p. 300.

hand,

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hand, strongly suspected of using his influence in accordance with the secret views of Henry III. and his counsellors, to hasten her execution. He must be allowed to have had some experience in commissions of a questionable character, since he had already been employed to justify the massacre of St. Bartholomew, immediately after its occurrence, to the Swiss Diet. Finally, his colleague, L'Aubespine de Châteauneuf, the ordinary ambassador, and a furious Ligueur, seems to have been privy, if not otherwise accessary, to every conspiracy which took place during his residence. It is amusing to compare his account of his first visit to Elizabeth, after the plot of Babington had been rendered public, but before the arrest of the traitors, with that which we derive from other sources. According to his own story, her majesty was much frightened: himself, all dignity and self-possession. He thus writes to the French king:—

'Elizabeth ascribes to Mary the whole undertaking: on account of which I made a journey last Sunday with M. d'Esneval to Windsor, where she said to me, "I know that the Queen of Scotland has set this on foot. This is in truth repaying good with evil, inasmuch as I have several times saved her life. In a few days the King of France will receive intelligence which will little please him." I answered, she ought not to give credence to every calumny forged against the queen, her prisoner; and one who, she well knew, had many enemies in the kingdom! I further begged her to clear up more precisely those of her expressions which regarded your majesty, inasmuch as you, like myself, would consider them very strange. She replied to this: her ambassador in Paris would afford the explanation. As I pressed her harder, and said, "I knew not what bad accounts could reach your majesty from thence, so long as she were your ally and in good health,"—I received no other answer, than that she believed your majesty would find it very strange that an attempt had been made to deal her such an ill turn.'—*Raumer*, vol. ii. p. 126.

The ambassador then proceeds to complain, that in consequence of the suspicions aroused against himself, the avenues to his house were watched by agents of the government.

Singularly enough, the English Queen's own report of this same conference (as is clear by comparison of dates), in the letter of a person to whom she communicated it, has been discovered by Mr. Leigh in the course of his researches. M. de Chateauneuf, in Elizabeth's own account of his demeanour, cuts a very different figure, when admitted into her lion-like presence after the apprehension of his suspected confederates.

'"Her Majesty told me," says this writer, "that she never saw a man more perplext than the ambassador here; for when he was about to speke every joint in his body did shake, and his countenance changed; and specially when this enterprise was somewhat mentioned by

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by her majestie." He affected, however, to treat the matter lightly, and termed the conspirators "jeunes folastres." "Yea," said her majestie, "they be such jeunes folastres as some of them may spend ten or twenty thousand franks of rents."'

And the writer proceeds to say, that the queen was afraid lest Châteauneuf should excite some commotion or attempt at rescue when the leading plotters were arrested.

Nothing daunted, however, by the suspicious situation in which he stood, Monsieur de Châteauneuf joined his colleague Bellièvre in making formal representations to Elizabeth on behalf of the Queen of Scots, seasoned with all the sententious pedantry which, in those golden days of phrase-making, passed for solid and sagacious argument. He quoted Cicero's observation respecting King Deiotarus, as to the enormity of proceeding capitally against a sovereign prince; he instanced Porsenna's pardon of Mutius Scævola as an example of clemency under similar circumstances; he reminded her of the approaching festival of Christmas, 'on which account we should at this season keep our eyes and thoughts averted from all things bringing evil, hateful, and bloody.'—(vol. ii. p. 148.)* And yet, at this very time, he was thoughtless as well as treacherous enough to listen with approbation to fresh plans for the destruction of Elizabeth, and to engage in, at least to countenance, the abortive conspiracy of Stafford and Moody against her life. And his justification of himself, when charged before Burleigh and Leicester with his participation in this conspiracy, is one of the most curious pieces of diplomatic morality extant. It is preserved in a paper, headed 'A declaration of negociations with the French ambassador at the Lord Treasurer's house, by the Lord Treasurer, Earl of Leicester, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain and Mr. Secretary Davison, 12th January, 1586.' He argued, that he was bound *as ambassador* to disclose the plot only to his own master—

'But it was answered, that howsoever he would pretend that he ought not to discover such a matter as an ambassador (which was not agreed), yet in a case concerning the safety or loss of a princess' life, as this did, yea, if it were the life of any Christian, he, as Christian and Châteauneuf, was by God's law bound to withstand such a wicked purpose as the attempt of murder. But he stiffly held the contrary opinion, that he neither as ambassador nor as Châteauneuf ought to discover any such matter; and for the respect of an ambassador, he repeated an example of late years, of an ambassador from the French King in Spain, to whom a Spaniard had discovered an enterprise against the person of the King of Spain, and that he did not discover it to the King of Spain, but sent word only thereof to the French King. Whereupon there was some question in the French King's

* This memorial is dated Jan. 6, but the old style was still used in England. The 6th of Jan. N.S. was Christmas-day with Elizabeth.

council,

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council, and in the end it was concluded in council that he did well in not discovering it to the King of Spain.'—*Murdin's State Papers*, p. 583.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether this whole affair was not a sham plot concerted by Walsingham and his associates in order to try the temper of Châteauneuf; if so, they succeeded admirably in the feint, which was perfectly in the style of their usual policy.

Thus surrounded by hostile machinations, every day apprised of some new plot against her life, and uncertain from what quarter the blow might fall, is it to be wondered at, if even the masculine mind of Elizabeth gave way to the terrors of her situation, and if, after a long period of vacillation and miserable suspense, she determined on destroying at any cost a life which seemed by its very existence to threaten her own? For the death of Mary, by substituting a Protestant for a Catholic in the line of succession, took away from the partisans of the latter religion all immediate incentives to seek that of Elizabeth. And this is the only rational solution of the English Queen's conduct in the most critical period of her life and reign. It is time to dismiss all the romantic or imaginary causes of her deadly enmity to her prisoner, feminine jealousies, or high reasons of national or religious interest; idle stories alike, whether invented by scandalous court-writers, or grave and pedantic politicians. All or some of these causes may have widened the breach between the royal relatives, and have contributed to steel the heart of the English Queen against her prisoner; but her part was definitively forced upon her by the strongest and yet the meanest of human motives—the same which, with far less reason, prompted a baser mind to command the murder of D'Enghien—mere personal fear—the daily and nightly dread of assassination.

To the reader who examines these volumes with a view to the details of our insular history, perhaps the most interesting part of their contents will be found in the extracts from the despatches of French ambassadors, resident at the court of James I.; but we are not able to pronounce what portion of them is really printed for the first time by M. von Raumer. The negociations of French diplomacy are so generally collected in long unreadable suites of duodecimo volumes, published for the most part about the beginning of the last century, that it is scarcely probable that much original matter of importance should have remained to be absolutely disinterred. Some of these envoys were men of considerable talent; especially Tilliere, who resided in England from 1619 to 1625, and whose reports, although he was outshone in his mission by the wit and gold of Gondomar, evince no mean sagacity. All these ambassadors, however, give so habitually dark a colouring to their representation of English affairs, and are prone to form and communicate the most odious suspicions on such very slight foundation,

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dation, that their accounts—however interesting with respect to minor features of manner, and the like—cannot be received as perfect pictures even of the scenes which were passing before them.

Into these inviting topics we have not space to enter. We must content ourselves with one more extract of less momentous character, the account of England and the English by a Florentine, Petruccio Ubaldini, who visited us in the year 1551—

'The English generally spend their incomes. They eat often, and sit full two, three, four hours at table, not so much for the purpose of continually eating, as for that of agreeable conversation with the ladies, without whose company no banquet takes place.

'They are disinclined to exertion, and sow so little that the produce barely suffices for subsistence; by reason of which they eat little bread, but so much the more meat, which they have of all kinds and perfect quality. Puddings* and cheeses are everywhere forthcoming, for numberless herds pasture day and night in the most fertile districts. There are no wolves, but many deer, wild boars, and other game. They are much addicted to the chace, and very hospitable. The women in respect of beauty, grace, dress, and manners, are nothing inferior to the Siennese or the most esteemed classes of the sex in Italy. The lords have great tribes of servants; a servant receives usually two suits of little value in the year, eight dollars and his board, or, instead of the latter, sixpence a-day. The people in general are tolerably tall of stature; the nobles in great part little, which comes from the prevalent custom of marrying rich damsels under age.'

This last is a curious observation, and probably a well-founded one. The detestable custom of marrying together persons of very tender years arose, as we know, out of a perversion of the feudal doctrine of wardship which subsisted for so long a period in England. The marriage of young ladies of rank was matter of profitable speculation, not for the parties contracting it, but for the guardians, who were paid by the relatives of the person to whom they affianced their ward, expressly for the procurement of the marriage. Ubaldini might have added that young men, as well as women, were thus made to form premature or unequal unions. Lord Herbert of Cherbury was married in this manner long before he was of age; and his guardian, Sir George More, takes credit to himself in his letters† for the transaction.

'Whereas (he says) I might have married him without disparagement, for 3000*l.*, I not only did not marry him for money, as I might have done, but with expense of above 1000*l.* more, procured him a

* *Mehlspeise* in the German; but we doubt whether the worthy Florentine understood the natural history of a pudding, and, indeed, should place no great reliance on a German version of an Italian name for an English dish.

† These letters will shortly be published in a very interesting collection of original documents belonging to the family of More of Loseley, in Surrey.

marriage

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marriage worth not much less than 30,000*l.*, in sure confidence that when by his marriage he should be enabled, he would give me good satisfaction for the value of the marriage.'

This bad usage, in fact, was only put an end to at the period of the civil wars, when the feudal tenures were broken down, and when the general habits of the country were in so many other respects remodelled. And the result is a remarkable instance of physical improvement. While the people of England in general still rather exceed, as heretofore, in size and strength the average attained to by European races, the upper class of gentry are now distinguished, even among their countrymen, for stature and figure. A better breed has been gradually produced by the free intermixture of patrician and other blood, and by the maturer age (in comparison with other countries) at which marriages are, in that class, usually contracted.—The old Florentine continues:—

'The men are by nature obstinate, so that if any one be obliged to contradict them, it is necessary not to thrust at first, but to show them his reasons by degrees, which they then, by their good abilities, are quick to appreciate. Many not being aware of this feature in the English character, have made a bad affair of it with people so suspicious.

'The inferior classes in the towns, and a part of the peasantry, are averse to foreigners, and think that no state in the world is worth anything after their own; yet they are set right in such absurd notions by those who have better understanding and experience. It is, however, on this account not advisable for foreigners to travel about the country, because they are apt to inquire whether their countrymen are well or ill received in the traveller's country. If, however, he have with him a royal pass, he is everywhere well received, and is moreover forwarded with the horses kept for the royal service, or is enabled, in case of need, to require horses from private persons.

'In the above respect the behaviour of the highest classes is altogether different, for there is no lord in the country who is not fond of having about him foreign servants and gentlemen, to whom they give a liberal treatment; and the king himself has many Italians and Spaniards of various occupations in his service.

'The rich cause their sons and daughters to learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; for, since this *storm of heresy has invaded the land*, they hold it useful to read the scriptures in the vulgar tongue. The poorer, who cannot give their children a scientific education, are unwilling to appear ignorant, or altogether strangers to refinement; they, therefore, dress themselves on Sundays and holidays well, nay better than is becoming their station and pursuits!'—vol. ii. pp. 70-75.

With this extract, which suggests so many curious topics for remark, we must conclude our notice of these interesting volumes. The value of their contents will be fully appreciated by all who seek for instruction and amusement in the records of modern Europe's most brilliant period—the most fertile in men, discoveries,

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veries, and events, which perhaps the world has ever seen. How much of the true history of that period still lies unrevealed, but attainable, in original documents either in public or private hands? We will only add, that it is a pity the work has not been rendered more complete by a little more attention to small details, and to contemporary authorities, both on the part of the author and translator, but especially of the former. Accuracy in these slight matters, not unimportant in works of more pretension, is almost indispensable in compilations like the present, in which minute particulars are brought prominently into view. A cursory examination, for example, will detect numerous mistakes which a little care would have avoided, in the names of persons and places, in titles, dates, and, we suspect, occasionally in the niceties of translation from French and other languages into German. Thus we find Beauvoir la Nocle for Beauvais la Nocle—Villeanclerc for Villeauxclercs—&c. &c. &c. Why must the Italian names, Sfondrato and Badoero be disfigured into Sfondrate and Badoer? Surely this bad German fashion need not have been adhered to in an English version. We find also the Marquis d'O, a well known and not very respectable character under the Valois princes, written down thus,—Monsieur d'O——, as if his uniliteral appellation were only the initial of a suppressed name. Who was 'Ompson, English ambassador in Paris, May, 1588?' (vol. ii. p. 167.) We never heard of him before, and cannot conceive on what any man with a name *like* that could have founded his pretensions to fight the Duke of Guise in single combat, as being 'of an English race as great and noble as his own!' Again, the Lady Arabella Stuart is turned, by too direct a version of a French envoy's Mademoiselle, into 'Miss Arabella.' English writers, in general, are so little learned in the titular distinctions existing in continental countries, that we have, perhaps, no great right to quarrel with Mr. von Raumer for mistakes of this sort:—but we certainly wonder that his noble translator should not have corrected such a solecism in date as well as in etiquette. Lastly, should Lord Francis Egerton's volumes come to a second edition, we must suggest the advantages which would result from marking distinctly, by variety of type, or some other device, every transition from Raumer's own language to that of his ancient ambassadors.

This distinguished German scholar is now busied in examining the collections of MSS. in the British Museum, with a view, we imagine, to the publication of another series of letters similar in their contents to the present; and notwithstanding the diligence with which British antiquaries have searched the same repository, we have little doubt that his industry and acuteness will turn its materials to good account.

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ART.

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ART. V.—*The Life of Edmund Kean.* In 2 vols. London, 1835.

'KEAN,' says the author of this work, 'was by no means the only great actor that the English stage has possessed. We even doubt whether he was the greatest. There were excellent tragedians before him—

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona——'—p. xviii.

But, though by this quotation, Mr. Barry Cornwall signifies that he considers himself as the *Homer* of our stage-biographers, we cannot go farther than to express a doubt whether he is the very poorest of a poor class of writers.* It is really melancholy to think of the treatment which, to say nothing of inferior names, John Kemble and his sister have received; and if we admit Mr. Cornwall's book to be less unworthy of Kean than Boaden's and Campbell's were of those magnificent artists, our compliment to the historian must be qualified by our estimation of his subject. Kean was unquestionably a man of genius: neither his physical deficiencies, nor his utter want of general education, nor the vulgar tricks which he had brought from his original walk of harlequin and punchinello, prevented him from reaching a splendid excellence of passionate vigour in some four or five of the best parts in our tragic drama. Beyond this elevated but very narrow range he was at best a secondary player. In Shylock, Richard III., Othello—in Sir Giles Overreach, and in Zanga, he was great. In Macbeth, Hamlet, Wolsey, Lear, Brutus, Coriolanus, King John, &c. &c.,—he never approached within any measurable distance of the learned, philosophical, and majestic Kemble; and where both rivals wanted the support of Shakspeare, the failure of the younger was still more conspicuous. In several characters, particularly Iago, he always appeared to us decidedly inferior to Mr. Young; in many more, including Romeo and Hamlet, to Mr. Charles Kemble; and it seems to be a matter of admitted doubt whether in two even of his very best performances he was, on the whole, superior to Cooke. In comedy he was detestable.

The player having been thus limited in the sphere of his art—and the period during which he exercised that art successfully having been a very brief one—what could have put it into any one's head that the biography of Kean ought to be a work of two volumes? Mr. Procter—or as he chooses to be called, Mr. Cornwall—is known as the author of some little dramatic sketches of real elegance and pathos—and it is also known that he is not

* The extant biographies of Garrick, Foote, Henderson, and Cooke, are all alike abominable—all superficial—and all dull. Indeed, we are not acquainted with one book of the class which any one does read twice—except Colley Cibber's Apology—which the author of this Life of Kean talks of as little known!

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an author by profession—certainly that he is far removed from the class of those unhappy adventurers who are obliged to execute as they can, perhaps on terms measured by the exigencies of their condition, whatever task the Mæcenases of the Row may think fit to assign them. We are, indeed, at a loss to understand why any person occupying a decent position in society, and still more a delicate minor poet, should have undertaken the Life of Kean at all—but how it should have occurred to him that such a theme could demand or justify two volumes—this does utterly baffle our comprehension. Even a short sketch of this actor's professional career would have been injudiciously entrusted to Mr. Cornwall—whose own cast of mind is such that he is peculiarly ill-qualified for describing, to say nothing of discussing, the peculiar excellencies of Kean's manner on the stage—the merits of the actor having lain in the most tempestuous regions of energy—those of the literator being confined to the small and placid province of prettiness: but what shall be said of a bulky book concerning the personal and private career, in other words the reckless and brutal profligacies of (his talents apart) perhaps the lowest blackguard that ever infested (we dare not say disgraced) the purlieus of Drury-lane—of two volumes on such a subject from the trim crowquill of Mr. Barry Cornwall—two volumes penned in a style of timid semi-pedantic slipslop, in which there is neither the gusto of sympathy to enliven the strain, nor the tenderness of compassion to grace it, nor the gravity of philosophy to lend it some appearance of dignity—but the writer is perpetually hesitating between airs of hilarity and hints of reprehension—and the reader would be set asleep by any three pages, but that the fourth is sure to rouse him by some fresh image of disgust! A worse man might have made Kean's story entertaining—a wiser, if he had told it at all, would have at least tried to make it instructive.

We expected that Mr. Cornwall would at all events have thrown some new light on the birth and parentage of his hero—but we are disappointed. It seems Kean himself was not only loose but grossly inconsistent in his own accounts of these matters—and that, so far from knowing who was his *father*, though he ultimately adopted the name and surname of a journeyman plasterer employed about the minor theatre at which a *Miss* Carey had her engagement, he could not be at all sure whether this Miss Carey, or a common friend of hers and the plasterer's, one *Miss* Tidswell, was his *mother*. However, he may be said to have been born and suckled within the smell of the '*float*;'* he appeared himself on or above the boards as *Cupid* in an afterpiece before he was two years old, *i. e.* in 1789; and with the exception of a few months'

* This it seems is the technical name for the foot-lights in front of the stage.

schooling

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schooling somewhere near the Seven Dials, which, though he often played truant, gave him the elements of reading and writing, he was never, from his cradle to his coffin (both included), without some connexion, of one sort or another, with the profession of the stage.

When a ragged urchin of five or six, about the side-scenes, he seems to have attracted some notice by his imitations of the actors then flourishing: his mother, Miss Carey, who spent her *mornings* in trotting about the town with a basket of artificial flowers and perfumery, introduced him to her customers; and he used to spout in a cap and feathers at their tea-tables; his other mother, Miss Tidswell, (for he appears to have been constantly banded to and fro between these amiable rivals,) read playbooks with him, expounded the characters, and took pains to teach him how to start, fall, tumble, &c. &c.; and about eight years of age he was formally enrolled in the muster of a strolling company of the lowest class.

Mr. Cornwall introduces, among other authentic records of his hero's boyhood, the following admirable specimen of the Houyhnhnm dialect:—

'"We recollect," the writer says, "once hearing Davies, the former manager of Astley's Amphitheatre, describe the occasion upon which he first saw Kean; and as the circumstances cannot be more impressively related than in his own graphic detail, we shall content ourselves with transcribing his words from our note-book:—

'"'I was passing down Great Surrey-street one morning, when, just as I comed to the place where the Riding-house now stands, at the corner of the 'Syleum, or Mag-dallen, as they calls it, I seed Master Saunders a-packing up his traps. His booth, you see, had been there standing for some three or four days, or thereabouts; and on the boards in front of the painting—the *prosseniom*, as the painters says—I seed a slim young chap with marks of paint—and bad paint it was, for all the world like raddle on the jaw of a sheep—on his face, a-tying up some of the canvass wot the wonderfulls't carakters and curosties of that 'ere exhibition was painted upon. And so, when I had shook hands with Master Saunders, and all that 'ere, he turns him right round to the young chap wot had just throwed a summerset behind his back, and says, "I say, you bloody Mister King Dick, if you don't mind wot you're arter, and pack up that 'ere wan pretty tight and nimble, we shan't be off afore to-morrow, so we shan't; and, so you mind your eye, my lad." That ere "bloody Mister King Dick," as Master Saunders called him, was young Kean.'"'—vol. i. pp. 212, 213.

At this early period, then, he had distinguished himself as a Richard III.! At seventeen years of age he was playing everything, from Cato to Sambo, and from time to time exhibiting flashes

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flashes of ability which excited the momentary admiration of the barn or the booth. But he traversed England, Scotland, and Ireland over and over again: quarrelled with dozens of strolling managers—broke engagements by the score—and renewed them; drank, squabbled, rioted; woo'd, married, and had children—starved and fattened—dined 'with squirrels' (as he called it) and with aldermen—and so on through all the usual jollities and miseries of this most degraded of lives, until he had attained his twenty-sixth year—without ever having had the good fortune to fix the serious attention of any person at once able and willing to give him the chance of showing himself in London. Almost the only sentence worth dwelling on, which we can discover in the *volume* devoted by Mr. Cornwall to this wretched period, is the following, supplied by some person who acted along with Kean at Stroud, in 1807—who the person is Mr. C. does not tell us, but we rather suppose the evidence is that of the Miss Chambers who became Mrs. Kean in 1808:—

'He used to mope about for hours, walking miles and miles alone, with his hands in his pockets, thinking intensely on his characters. No one could get a word from him. He studied and *slaved* beyond any actor I ever knew.'—vol. i. p. 89.

As a specimen of the acute discrimination and sagacity of the present biographer we may subjoin his remark on the above statement:—

'Is not this THE KEY to show how it was that he excelled, as he did, in the wonderful characters of SHAKSPEARE?'—*Ibid.*

'Most forcible Feeble!'

No one will be surprised to hear that, long before the termination of his obscure provincial career, Kean had formed a very lofty opinion of his own professional ability; if it had been otherwise, how could he have persisted for so many years in clinging to a calling, than which to shoulder *Brown Bess* would have furnished a not less lucrative, and surely not a less respectable means of livelihood? In fact, he had more than once lost a fair opportunity of bettering his fortune by obstinately refusing to take a subordinate part where a London *star*, that happened to be crossing his path, naturally desired to make prize of the first. 'He would play second,' he said, 'to no man in England but John Kemble,'—and this when his utmost salary—often interrupted for weeks on end—might amount to fifteen shillings a week. Had he been less haughty, he might have gained his point sooner than he did—but he would have ceased to be *Kean*. Other opportunities were thrown away from a different but not less characteristic cause—for instance, he twice played in early life along with Mrs. Jordan—but 'it is undeniable,' says Mr. Cornwall, 'that he acquitted himself

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self very indifferently on both these occasions—for he drank deep and forgot his parts.'—vol. i. p. 189.

At last appeared his *deus ex machinâ* in the shape of the late amiable and learned Dr. Drury, head-master of Harrow, who happened to be present at Teignmouth, in August, 1813, when Kean took his benefit, playing Rolla in the tragedy, and his old character of Harlequin in the farce. The Doctor was greatly struck —he took occasion to call on Kean the next morning, inquired into his situation and prospects, and volunteered to recommend him to the notice of the London managers; the result of which was, after various dirty tricks and tantalizing delays, his being engaged for Drury Lane: articles signed for three years—his salary to be 8*l.* a week for the first year, 9*l.* the second, and 10*l.* the third. He borrowed 5*l.* and proceeded to London—but weeks and weeks passed on after his first appearance in the green-room before the *mis-manager* thought fit to call for his services; and, some dispute having been got up as to his salary, he was reduced to the extreme of destitution—so much so, that when it was at last settled that he should come forth in Shylock, about the middle of January, 1814, his poor wife seems to have been sorely put to it to provide him with a beef-steak and a pot of porter, by way of preparation for *the trial. He had not dined for several days before;* and 'the little man with the capes'—(the only upper garment he possessed being an old great coat with such appendages, it was thus they distinguished him about the theatre)—the little man not having had heart to put out any of his strength at the *one* rehearsal which took place, the performers unanimously anticipated a failure. We know the result. Kean's success was complete—and next morning, like Byron after the publication of Harold, 'he awoke and found himself famous.' Mr. Cornwall gives many different reports of the eventful night—but we must be contented with this little sketch of the interior of Mrs. Kean's lodging, which was in the house of a Miss Williams, in Cecil-street. We extract it chiefly because it has the *very rare* effect of placing the actor himself before us in rather an amiable point of view—but it also affords a fair specimen of that style of narrative which Mr. Cornwall mistakes for easy and graceful:—

'During the hours of performance, she had been waiting the result at home. It may be imagined how much anxiety must have prevailed, when not only the fame of her husband, but the very existence of himself and family hung on the event. For, to be damned in London is to be damned in the country; and the actor who once earned his humble crust in the provinces, whilst *un*tried at the fastidious bar of the metropolis, is by no means sure of regaining his old position, if, on *being* tried, he should be found wanting. The hours, therefore, passed gloomily enough. At last, about half-past ten o'clock, the Misses Williams, and also Mr. Hewan and Mr. Watts (two artists



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who lodged in the house), returned. The first comer was Mr. Hewan, in reply to whose knock, Mrs. Kean ran down to the door, and, in breathless haste, demanded to know their fate. The good-natured artist answered her anxious interrogation in the kindest and broadest Scotch (which we regret being obliged to translate after our poor English fashion):—"Oh! Mistress Kean! you need have nothing to fear. He's the greatest little man that has appeared since the time of Garrick. I can't tell you all—but, *by St. Andrew*,'—[this flourish, Mr. Cornwall, is an evident interpolation]—'in that long speech, where he gives it to Antonio, 'You spate upon me, and for that I must lend you so much money;'—Oh! his eye—as he turned it up towards the merchant, at the end—said (as plainly as I speak it now,) 'There! take *that* in your pipe, and smoke it.'" This was great news. Presently came in Mr. Watts, who was equally delighted. He did not enter into detail, but spoke particularly as to the fine expression of Kean's face, adding, "*Do you think he will sit to me for his picture?* I should like to take him, in Shylock, by candlelight." Next followed the Misses Williams, exulting in the accomplishment of their prophecies; and, finally, about eleven o'clock, arrived the hero of the night himself. He ran up stairs, wild with joy, and cried out, "Oh, Mary! my fortune's made! Now you shall ride in your carriage!"'

'A mighty change had been wrought in a brief period. Four or five hours before, he said, on quitting the house, that he wished he was going to be shot. Now, all the gloom of the morning dissipated and forgotten, he seemed to tread on air. He told his wife, indeed, that when he found the audience "going with him," he was inspirited and exalted to such a degree, that "he could not feel the stage under him." His sensations had now sunk a little—almost to a rational level. In order, however, that every one might be a partaker of the new happiness, even the child was taken out of his cradle and kissed by his father, who said, "Now, my boy, you shall go to Eton."—vol. ii. pp. 42-45.

An 'eye-witness,' quoted but not named, of the performance which had ended thus triumphantly, says—

'I went behind the scenes to congratulate him. I found him in a small dressing-room, in the most remote part of the house, occupying it in common with two or three of the second-rate actors, and no friend near him: it was a great contrast to the scene I shortly afterwards witnessed on his first appearance in Othello, when his dressing-room was filled with the *first wits* of the day, who formed a semicircle around him, whilst he was contemplating his new costume in a cheval glass, and practising attitudes. I remember Reynolds raising an extended palm, and saying, "Hush! do not disturb him!"

'I called upon Mrs. Kean when his benefit was announced. I do not exaggerate when I say, that money was lying about the room in all directions; the present Mr. C. Kean, then a fine little boy with rich curling hair, was playing with some score of guineas (then a rare coin) on the floor; bank notes were in heaps on the mantel-piece, table, and sofa; and poor Mrs. K. was quite bewildered with plans of the house and applications.'—vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

How

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How very absurd—and yet how very *true*—is what follows!—

'I remember three ladies being introduced, who *approached Mrs. K. as if she were a divinity.* Little Charles had deserted his guineas, and mounted himself on a large wooden horse with stirrups. "*What a sweet child!*" they whispered, *and eyed him as if he had been a young prince.* I think the receipts of that benefit amounted to 1150*l.*'—vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

After playing Shylock six times, the new idol of 'the first wits' appeared in Richard—and again he electrified the audience. We all

'Remember how the pit applauded Kean,
With hand disarm'd still daring Henry's blade'—

—but really the outline of the rest of his history must be sufficiently familiar to most of our readers—and Mr. Cornwall has, wilfully or not, so dealt with the details—curtailing what might have been interesting, and pouring himself out in vapid redundancy upon matters of no mark or moment—that we must be excused from attempting to follow him through his unsubstantial labyrinth. To apply to him an old criticism upon Suckling's Aglaura—

'This great *voluminous pamphlet* may be said
To be like one that hath more hair than head.'

A single *dictum* of the player's is worth preserving: when he came home after his first appearance in Othello, his anxious wife met him with—'Oh! what *did* Lord Essex think of you?'—he answered—'D—— Lord Essex! the pit rose at me!'

Perhaps half of the second volume consists of essays upon the great Shakspearian characters in which Kean was supposed to excel—essays which, Mr. Cornwall must forgive us for saying, were uncalled for, and which have no pretensions to originality, vigour, or even grace; and the other half is given to mawkish, milk-and-water dilutions of the absurd extravaganzas in which poor Kean dissipated talents, health, and wealth; until he at length sunk, as an actor, almost as low as, first and last, he seems to have been in most points of his personal character. Our charitable suspicion is, that he had from the beginning a spice of insanity in him: if not, brandy did the business. But he seems to have been considerably stimulated and encouraged in his vicious career by two circumstances, neither of which is even alluded to by his biographer. In the first place, he attracted the attention of Lord Byron when on the committee of Drury Lane—and appears to have ever afterwards nourished the idea of being, 'in his own way,' a Byron; hence the cottage in Bute—the midnight gallops—the Indian chieftainship!!!—and probably the beautiful story of 'Little Breeches,' which Mr. Cornwall is too decorous to say almost anything about—and which really ought to have put *crim. con.* out of fashion. Secondly, Kean was fervently taken up, on his first success, by a certain set of petty newspaper



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critics, now forgotten, who hated Kemble, partly perhaps because they could not understand his merits, but chiefly because he was a gentleman and avoided their society. These creatures had a potent hand in the ruin of Kean, whose vanity was omnivorous, but preferred garbage. They applauded as beauties all the worst faults of the player—his harsh, abrupt tricks of transition—his affected croak of pathos—and his mountebank strut of dignity; and they with equal sense and taste apologized for, as 'ebullitions of humanity,' 'hearty, unsordid outbursts,' &c. &c.—we have almost forgotten their jargon too—those unremitting debauches of the unhappy 'cock-of-the-walk,' which, after ruining his character and peace, conducted him to an early grave.

It is surprising—but such is the fact—this book, the history of a man who may be said to have lived for the table, gives us hardly any specimens of his table-talk—and only one that we can suppose worth extracting:—

'It is to be observed, that he was always anxious, and even uncomfortable, in his intercourse with persons of superior rank. Whether he went to Mr. Whitbread's, to Mr. Grenfell's, or to Cashiobury, it was all the same. Indeed his discomfort was so apparent, that Mr. Whitbread said to his wife, "We don't invite him, because it seems so painful to him." Kean himself accounted for his distaste for high company in a way sufficiently satisfactory. "I don't understand them," said he, "when they talk about speeches in parliament and so forth, and their conversation is about little else; and when they talk about acting, it is *such* nonsense! I would rather dine at home, or go with some of my friends up the river."'—vol. ii. p. 70.

The 'friends' he alluded to were some of those candle-snuffers in whose society alone he ever felt at home—and by 'up the river' he meant to the Red House at Battersea, or the 'Eel-pie Island;' but his last journey was 'up the river,' for he died at Richmond, on the 15th of May, 1833. It is agreeable to know that he was reconciled, when on his death-bed, to his wife and son, from whom he had been for seven or eight years wholly estranged; and it is painful to gather, that after having squandered thousands upon thousands in every possible vileness of selfish indulgence, he left them both beggars.

We hope when Mr. Cornwall next comes before us, we shall at least find him to have been occupied on some subject more worthy of public attention, and more suited to the gifts and accomplishments which procured for himself at an early period of his life a not worthless reputation. For the present we must conclude with assuring the few respectable persons, male and female, who still adorn the profession of the stage, that we sincerely pity the mortification which must have been inflicted on them by the contemporaneous appearance of Mrs. Butler's 'Journal' and this 'Life of Kean.'

ART.

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ART. VI.—1. *Physiologie du Goût: ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage Théorique, Historique et à l'ordre du Jour. Dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens.* Par Un Professeur (M. Brillat Savarin), Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes. 2 tomes. 5me edition. Paris. 1835.

2. *The French Cook. A System of Fashionable and Economical Cookery; adapted to the Use of English Families, &c.* By Louis Eustace Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton, &c. &c. &c. 12th edition. With Appendix, &c. London. 1833.

M. HENRION DE PENSEY, late President of the Court of Cassation, the magistrate (according to M. Royer Collard) of whom regenerated France has most reason to be proud, expressed himself as follows to MM. Laplace, Chaptal, and Berthollet, three of the most distinguished men of science of their day:—'I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute.' We may probably have been suspected of partially coinciding with the opinion of the president, from a recent article on the principles which ought to regulate the choice and preparation of food.* It is our present intention, in spite of any such surmises, to submit to our readers a sketch of the history, present state, and literature—for it has a literature—of cookery. As regards the historical part of the inquiry, indeed, we shall be exceedingly brief, and not at all learned—bestowing only a passing glance on the ancients, and hurrying on as fast as possible to France; where only the *art* is generally understood and appreciated—where only it has ever yet received the smallest portion of the honours which M. de Pensey considers as its due.

It is sagaciously remarked by Madame Dacier, that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat in any of his works; and in all the entertainments described by him, as in the dinner given by Achilles to the royal messengers in the ninth Iliad, the *piece de resistance* undoubtedly is a broil; from which it is not perhaps illogically inferred, that the Greeks had not as yet discovered the mode of making vessels to bear fire. This discovery is supposed to have reached them from Egypt, and they rapidly turned it to the best possible account. The Athenians, in particular, seem to have as much excelled the rest of Greece in gastronomy, as the French, the modern nation most nearly re-

* Quart. Rev. No. CIV. p. 206.

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sembling them, excel the rest of Europe in this respect. The best proof of this assertion is to be found in the circumstance, that the learned have agreed to rank amongst the most valuable of the lost works of antiquity, a didactic poem on gastronomy, by Archestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles. 'This great writer,' says Athenæus, 'had traversed earth and sea to render himself acquainted with the best things which they produced. He did not, during his travels, inquire concerning the manners of nations, as to which it is useless to inform ourselves, since it is impossible to change them;—but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he held intercourse with none but those who could advance his pleasures. His poem is a treasure of science, every verse a precept.'

These terms of exalted praise must be taken with a few grains of salt, for, considering the imperfect state of the physical sciences at the time, it may well be doubted whether Archestratus succeeded in producing so complete a treasure of precepts as his admirers have supposed. Another ground of scepticism is supplied by the accounts that have come down to us of the man himself, who is said to have been so small and lean, that, when placed in the scales, his weight was found not to exceed an obolus; in which case he must have borne a strong resemblance to the Dutch governor mentioned in Knickerbocker's History of New York, who pined away so imperceptibly, that when he died there was nothing of him left to bury. Besides, it is highly probable that all that was really valuable in the cookery of the Greeks, was carried off, along with the other arts to which ordinary opinion assigns a yet higher value, to Rome. As, indeed, we know that the Romans sent a deputation to Athens to bring back the laws of Solon, and were in the constant habit of repairing thither to study in the schools, it would be ludicrous to suppose that they neglected the *cuisine;* and there can be little or no doubt whatever, that when, at a somewhat later period, the philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians flocked to Rome as the metropolis of civilization, the cooks of Athens accompanied them. Yet concentrating, as they must have done, all the gastronomic genius and resources of the world, the Roman banquets were much more remarkable for profusion and costliness than for taste. The only merit of a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five hundred nightingales, must have been its dearness; and if a mode of swallowing most money in a given time be the desideratum, commend us to Cleopatra's decoction of diamonds—though even this was fairly exceeded in originality and neatness of conception by the English sailor who placed a ten-pound note between two slices of bread and

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and butter, and made his 'Black-eyed Susan' eat it as a sandwich. Captain Morris, in one of his unpublished songs, has set the proper value on such luxuries :—

'Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meals cost a million;
But I like what is good,
When or where be my food,
In a chop-house or royal pavilion.

'At all feasts (if enough)
I most heartily stuff,
And a song at my heart alike rushes,
Though I've not fed my lungs
Upon nightingales' tongues,
Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes.'

Neither have we much respect for epicures who could select so awkward and uncomfortable a position as a reclining one. It is quite frightful to think how they must have slobbered their long beards and togas, in conveying food from the table to their mouths without forks—for forks are clearly a modern discovery, none having been found in the ruins of Herculaneum—and it is difficult to conceive how they could manage to drink at all, unless they sat up as the goblet was passed to them. Eating, however, had certainly engaged the attention of the Roman men of science, though one only of their works on the subject has come down to us. It is supposed to have enlightened the public about the time of Heliogabalus—and bears the name of 'Apicius,' in honour of the connoisseur who spent about a million and a half of our money in the gratification of his palate, and then, finding that he had not above fifty thousand pounds left, killed himself for fear of dying of hunger.

The period comprising the fall of the Roman empire and the greater portion of the middle ages was one of unmitigated darkness for the fine arts. Charlemagne, as appears from his Capitularies, took a warm personal interest in the management of his table; and the Normans, a century or two later, are said to have prided themselves on their superior taste and discrimination in this respect—but the revival of cookery, like that of learning, is due to Italy. We are unable to fix the precise time when it there began to be cultivated with success, but it met with the most enlightened encouragement from the merchant-princes of Florence, and the French received the first rudiments of the science from the professors who accompanied Catherine de Medicis to Paris.* There

* It is clearly established that they introduced the use of ices into France. *Friandeaux* were invented by the *chef* of Leo X.

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is a remarkable passage in Montaigne, which shows that the Italian cooks had learnt to put a proper estimate on their vocation, and that their mode of viewing it was still new to the French.

'I have seen amongst us,' says Montaigne,' one of those artists who had been in the service of Cardinal Caraffa. He discoursed to me of this *science de gueule*, with a gravity and a magisterial air, as if he was speaking of some weighty point of theology. He expounded to me a difference of appetites: that which one has fasting; that which one has after the second or third course; the methods now of satisfying and then of exciting and piquing it; the *police* of sauces, first in general, and next, particularising the qualities of the ingredients and their effects; the differences of salads according to their season—that which should be warmed, that which should be served cold, with the mode of adorning and embellishing them to make them pleasant to the view. He then entered on the order of the service, full of elevated and important considerations—

" Nec minimo sane discrimine refert
Quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur."

And all this expressed in rich and magnificent terms, in those very terms, indeed, which one employs in treating of the government of an empire—I well remember my man.'

Now, the strongest proofs in favour of the excellence of the ancients in painting are deduced from the descriptions of the principles and effects of painting to be found in the poets, historians and orators of antiquity, who, it is argued, would never have spoken as they do speak of it, had not the principles been understood and the effects in question been at least partially produced.* Arguing in the same manner from the above passage, we infer, that culinary science must have made no inconsiderable progress, to enable Montaigne's acquaintance to discourse upon it so eloquently. There is also good reason to believe that it had made some progress in England, as Cardinal Campeggio, one of the legates charged to treat with Henry VIII. concerning his divorce from Catherine, drew up a report on the state of English cookery as compared with that of Italy and France, probably by the express desire, and for the especial use, of his Holiness the Pope. Henry, moreover, was a liberal rewarder of that sort of merit which ministered to the gratification of his appetites; and on one occasion he was so transported with the flavour of a new pudding, that he gave a manor to the inventor.

History, which has only become philosophical within the last century, and took little note of manners until Voltaire had demonstrated the importance of commemorating them, affords no materials for filling up the period which intervened between the arrival of Catherine of Medicis and the accession of Louis XIV., under

* This argument is well put in Webb's Dialogues on Painting.

whom

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whom cookery made prodigious advances, being one while employed to give a zest to his glories, and then again to console him in their decline.* The name of his celebrated *maître d'hôtel*, Bechamel, a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce, as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay, affords guarantee and proof enough of the discriminating elegance with which the royal table was served; and, as may be seen in the memoirs and correspondence of the time, Colbert, the celebrated administrator, and Condé, the great captain, were little, if at all, behindhand in this respect with royalty. The closing scene of Vatel, the *maître d'hôtel* of Condé, has been often quoted, but it forms so essential a portion of this history, that we are under the absolute necessity of inserting it:—

'I wrote you yesterday,' says Madame de Sevigny, 'that Vatel had killed himself; I here give you the affair in detail. The king arrived on the evening of the Thursday; the collation was served in a room hung with jonquils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected; this affected Vatel: he said several times, "I am dishonoured, this is a disgrace that I cannot endure." He said to Gourville, "My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders." Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince; the prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him:—"Vatel, all is going on well, nothing could equal the supper of the king." He replied—"Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables." "Nothing of the sort," said the prince; "do not distress yourself, all is going on well." Night came; the fireworks failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to everything in person. He found everybody asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of sea-fish: he asks, "Is that all?" "Yes, Sir." The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports. Vatel waits some time, the other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, "Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes up stairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish, however, arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found

* Liqueurs were invented for the use of Louis XIV. in his old age, when he could scarcely endure existence without a succession of artificial stimulants. His appetite in the prime of life was prodigious.

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bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept; it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The prince related what had passed to the king, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The king said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause.'

Such are the exact terms in which Madame de Sevigny has recorded the details of one of the most extraordinary instances of self-devotion recorded in history. 'Enfin, Manette, voila ce que c'etait que Madame de Sevigné et Vatel! Ce sont les gens là qui ont honorè le siècle de Louis Quatorze.'* We subjoin a few reflections taken from the Epistle dedicatory to the shade of Vatel, appropriately prefixed to the concluding volume of the *Almanach des Gourmands*:—

'Who was ever more worthy of the respect and gratitude of true gourmands, than the man of genius who would not survive the dishonour of the table of the great Condé? who immolated himself with his own hands, because the sea-fish had not arrived some hours before it was to be served? So noble a death insures you, venerable shade, the most glorious immortality! You have proved that the fanaticism of honour can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciuses.

'Your example, it is true, has not been imitated by any *maître d'hôtel* of the following century; and in *this* philosophic age all have preferred living at the expense of their masters to the honour of dying for them. But your name will not be revered the less by all the friends of good cheer. May so noble an example ever influence the emulation of all *maîtres d'hôtel* present and to come! and if they do not imitate you in your glorious suicide, let them at least take care by all means human, that sea-fish be never wanting at our tables.'

The Prince de Soubise, also, rejoiced in an excellent cook—a man of true science, with just and truly liberal notions of expenditure. His master one day announced to him his intention to give a supper, and demanded a *mènu*. The *chef* presented himself with his estimate; and the first article on which the prince cast his eyes was this: *fifty hams*—'Eh! what!' said he; 'why, Bertrand, you must be out of your senses! are you going to feast my whole regiment?' 'No, Monseigneur! one only will appear upon the table; the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnole*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my—' 'Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass.' 'Oh, my lord,' replied the indignant artist, 'you do not understand our resources: give the word, and these fifty hams which confound you, I will put them

* French Vaudeville.

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all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb.' What answer could be made? The prince nodded, and the article passed.

To turn for a moment to England—the state of cookery under Charles II. is sufficiently indicated by the names of Chiffinch and Chaubert, to whose taste and skill the author of Waverley has borne ample testimony by his description of the dinner prepared for Smith, Ganlesse, and Peveril of the Peak, at the little Derbyshire inn:—

'We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! ha! ay—squab pigeons—wild-fowl—young chickens—venison cutlets—and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrivisses*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month.'—*Peveril*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Under Queen Anne again, the gouty queen of gourmands, who had Lister, one of the editors of the *Apicius*, for her pet physician, and who in fact achieved the highest honour of gastronomy by giving her name to a pudding, cookery certainly did not suffer from any lack of encouragement; but soon after the accession of the Brunswicks a fashion was introduced, which we cannot but think adverse to the true and proper object of the art.

'The last branch of our fashion,' says Horace Walpole, 'into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums, and creams, have long since given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees, meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver-tissue. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's, laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their housekeeper. At last, even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and it is known that a celebrated confectioner (Lord Albemarle's) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée. "*Imaginez vous*," said he, "*que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!*"

'The Intendant of Gascony,' adds Walpole, 'on the late birth of the Duke of Burgundy, amongst many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moved

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moved by clock-work, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy.'—*Lord Orford's Works*, vol. i. p. 149.

Fortunately there were men of taste on both sides of the Channel, who made art minister to other purposes than vanity, and amongst these the Regent Duke of Orleans most signally distinguished himself. His *petits soupers* conferred a celebrity on the scene of them, which it still preserves, sufficiently to justify the reply of the Frenchman, who, on being asked by a stranger in a remote part of Europe if he could tell him the direction of Paris, made answer, '*Monsieur, ce chemin-là vous conduira au Palais Royal.*' There is a vague tradition that the *chef* of the Regent was pre-eminent in a *dinde aux truffes*. Louis XV., amidst all his other luxuries, was not unmindful of that which, it has been sagaciously observed, harmonizes with all other pleasures, and remains to console us for their loss. It is generally understood that *tables volantes* were invented under his eye.

'At the petits soupérs of Choisy (says the most graceful and tasteful of poets) were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, a table and a side-board, which descended and rose again, covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life.'—*Rogers's Poems*, p. 135—*note.*

Louis XVI. is said to have been somewhat neglectful of his table, which may have been one amongst the many causes of his fall; for, as Johnson very properly observes, a man who is careless about his table will generally be found careless in other matters. In the case of Louis XVI. such carelessness was utterly inexcusable, as, for a time at least, the great Ude was a member of his establishment. Louis XVIII. (whom we mention now to obviate the necessity of returning to the dynasty) was a gastronome of the first water, and had the Duc d'Escar for his grand maître d'hotel; a man whose fortunes were hardly on a par with his deserts. He died inconsolable at not having given his name to a single dish, after devoting his whole life to the culinary art. When his best friends wished to wound him mortally, they had only to mention the *Veau à la Béchamel.* 'Gentlemen,' he would exclaim, 'say no more about it, or fancy me the author and inventor of the dish. This French Revolution was necessary—that, in the general break up, poor Béchamel should be decorated with this glory. *Entre nous*, he was wholly innocent of any invention whatever. But such is the way of the world!—he goes straight to posterity, and your most humble servant will end by leaving no token of remembrance behind him.'

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The Revolution bid fair at its commencement to bring back a long night of barbarism upon art; and the destruction of the pre-existing races of amphitryons and diners-out was actually and most efficiently accomplished by it. We allude not merely to the nobility, with their appendages the chevaliers and abbés, but to the financiers, who employed their ill-got fortunes so gloriously as almost to make gastronomic philosophers forgetful of their origin. What a host of pleasing associations arise at the bare mention of a dish *à la financière!* They were replaced, however, though slowly, by the inevitable consequences of the events that proved fatal to them. The upstart chiefs of the republic, the plundering marshals and *parvenus* nobles of Napoleon, proved no bad substitutes in this way for the financiers, though they tried in vain to ape the gallant bearing, as well as the arms and titles, of the old feudal nobility. Amongst the most successful of this *mushroom* generation was Cambacéres, second consul under the republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, who never suffered the cares of government to distract his attention from 'the great object of life.' On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner,—it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion,—he begged pardon for suspending the conference, but it was absolutely necessary for him to despatch a special messenger immediately; then seizing a pen, he wrote this billet to his cook: '*Sauvez les entremets—les entrées sont perdues.*' He risked, however, much less than may be supposed; for the well-known anecdote of the Geneva trout goes far to show that his table was in reality an important state-engine of Napoleon, to which all minor considerations were to succumb.

As some compensation, again, for the injurious influence of the revolution in its first stages upon cookery, it is right to mention that it contributed to emancipate the *cuisine* from prejudice, and added largely to its resources. *Pièces de résistance,* says Lady Morgan on Carème's authority, came in with the National Convention,—potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the Reign of Terror,—and it was under the Directory that tea-drinking commenced in France. But both her ladyship and Carème are clearly in error when they say that one house alone (*les Frères Robert*) preserved the sacred fire of the French kitchen through the shock. The error of this supposition will appear from the following sketch of far the most important change effected by the revolution,—a change bearing the strongest possible affinity to that which the spread of knowledge has effected in literature.

The time has been when a patron was almost as indispensable to an author as a publisher: Spenser waiting in Southampton's ante-room

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ante-room was a favourable illustration of the class; and so long as this state of things lasted, their independence of character, their position in society, their capacity for exertion, their style of thinking, were broken, lowered, contracted, and cramped. Circumstances, which it is beside the present purpose to dwell upon, have widened the field of enterprise, and led literary men to depend almost exclusively on the public for patronage, to the great manifest advantage of all parties. Precisely the same sort of change was effected in the state and prospects of French cookery by the revolution; which rapidly accelerated, if it did not altogether originate, the establishment of what now constitute the most distinctive excellence of Paris, its *restaurants*.

Boswell represents Johnson as expatiating on the felicity of England in her 'Mitres,' 'Turks' Heads, &c., and triumphing over the French for not having the tavern-life in any perfection. The English of the present day, who have been accustomed to consider domesticity as their national virtue, and the habit of living in public as the grand characteristic of the French, will read the parallel with astonishment; but it was perfectly well-founded at the time. The first restaurateur in Paris was *Champ d'Oiseau, Rue des Poulies*, who commenced business in 1770. In 1789 the number of restaurateurs had increased to a hundred; in 1804 (the date of the first appearance of the *Almanach des Gourmands*), to five or six hundred; and it now considerably exceeds a thousand. Three distinct causes are mentioned in the Almanach as having co-operated in the production and multiplication of these establishments. First, the rage for English fashions which prevailed amongst the French during the ten or fifteen years immediately preceding the revolution, 'for the English,' said the writer, 'as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns.' Secondly, 'the sudden inundation of undomiciled legislators, who, finishing by giving the *ton*, drew by their example all Paris to the *cabaret*.' We are all aware that a somewhat similar inundation has been brought upon London by the Reform Bill; but it is to be hoped that our new representatives will not also finish by 'setting the *ton*,' and drawing all London to such pothouses as are at present frequented by the English tag-rag and the Irish Tail. Thirdly, the breaking up of the domestic establishments of the rich secular and clerical nobility, whose cooks were thus driven to the public for support. Robert, for instance, one of the earliest and best of the profession, was ci-devant *chef* of the ci-devant Archbishop of Aix. A fourth cause has been suggested, on which we lay no particular stress: it has been thought that the new patriotic *millionaires*, who had enriched themselves by the plunder of the church and the nobility, were fearful, in those ticklish times, of letting the full extent of their opulence be known; and

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and thus, instead of setting up an establishment, preferred gratifying their Epicurean inclinations at an eating-house.* Be this as it may, at the commencement of the nineteenth century the culinary genius of France had become permanently fixed in the *restaurants*, and when the allied monarchs arrived in Paris in 1814, they were absolutely compelled to contract with a restaurateur (Véry) for the supply of their table, at the moderate sum of 3000 francs a day, exclusive of wine.

We despair of doing justice to a tithe of the distinguished personages who have grown rich and famous in the public practice of their art in France, but we must endeavour to signalise a few of them, and we shall excite no envy by mentioning such names as Rechaud, Merillion, Robert, Beauvilliers, Méot, Rose, Legacque, Léda, Brigaut, Naudet, Tailleur, Véry, Henneveu, and Baleine, because all and each of them are now generally regarded as historical. Of these, the three first have been ingeniously characterised as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery; and Beauvilliers was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school, so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carême is considered as the chief. Here again the philosophic observer will not fail to mark a close analogy between cookery and literature.†

Beauvilliers was a remarkable man in many ways, and we are fortunately enabled to furnish a few materials for his future biographer. He commenced the practice of his profession about 1782, in the Rue Richelieu, No. 20, which we record for the instruction of those who love to trace the historic sites of a metropolis. His reputation grew slowly, and did not arrive at its full height until the beginning of the present century, but it was never known to retrograde, and in 1814 and 1815 he fairly rivalled Véry in the favour of '*nos amis les ennemis*.' He made himself personally acquainted with all the marshals and generals of taste, without regard to country, and spoke so much of the language of each as was necessary for his own peculiar sort of intercourse. His memory, also, is reported to have been such, that, after a lapse

* It was not unusual amongst the English adventurers who had enriched themselves by the plunder of India, in the golden days of Paul Benfield and Lord Clive, to make a mystery of their wealth. 'What does —— mean (said a country gentleman) by buying that farm, which is at least five miles distant from his principal estate?'—'He means to join them at the proper season,' replied an old Indian, who proved right.

† Dugald Stewart was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts, as appears from the following passage:—'Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and bitter to be *relatively* pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in *the art of cookery*, correspond to that *composite beauty* which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create!'—*Philosophical Essays.*

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of twenty years, he could remember and address by name persons who had been two or three times at his house; and his mode of profiting by his knowledge was no less peculiar than his aptness in acquiring and retaining it. Divining, as it were by instinct, when a party of distinction were present, he was wont to approach their table with every token of the profoundest submission to their will and the warmest interest in their gratification. He would point out one dish to be avoided, another to be had without delay; he would himself order a third, of which no one had thought, or send for wine from a cellar of which he only had the key; in a word, he assumed so amiable and engaging a tone, that all these extra articles had the air of being so many benefactions from himself. But this Amphitryon-like character lasted but a moment; he vanished after having supported it, and the arrival of the bill gave ample evidence of the party's having dined at a *restaurant*. 'Beauvilliers,' says the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, 'made, unmade, and remade his fortune several times, nor is it exactly known in which of these phases he was surprised by death; but he had so many means of getting rid of his money, that no great prize could have devolved upon his heirs.' Shortly before his exit he discharged the debt which according to Lord Bacon every man owes to his profession (though we should not be sorry if it were less frequently paid), by the publication of his *L'Art du Cuisinier*, in two volumes octavo. He died a few months before Napoleon.

Carême, like his great rival, is an author; and an intrepid one, for in the preface to his *Maître d'Hôtel Français* he says, 'I have proved incontestably that all the books down to the present time on our *cuisine* are *mediocre* and full of errors;' and he then proceeds to give evidence of his own superior breeding, with his natural and acquired qualifications for the art. We have to thank himself and Lady Morgan, who prides herself on a personal acquaintance with him, for most of the leading particulars of his life.

Carême is a lineal descendant of that celebrated *chef* of Leo X., who received the name of *Jean de Carême* (*Jack of Lent*), for a soup-maigre which he invented for the pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by *our* Carême himself was a sauce for fast-dinners. He began his studies by attending a regular course of roasting under some of the leading roasters of the day; though it is a favourite belief amongst gastronomers that poets and roasters are in one and the same category;—*on se fait cuisinier, mais on est né rôtisseur—poëta nascitur, non fit.* He next placed himself under M. Richaut, '*fameux saucier de la maison de Condé,*' as Carême terms him, to learn the mystery of sauces; then under M. Asne, with a peculiar view to the *belles*

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*belles parties des froids;* and took his finishing degree under *Robert L'Ainé*, a professor of *l'élégance moderne.*

The competition for the services of an artist thus accomplished was of course unparalleled. Half the sovereigns of Europe were suitors to him. He was induced, by persevering solicitations and the promise of a salary of 1000*l.*, to become *chef* to George IV., then Regent, but left him at the end of a few months, complaining that it was a *ménage bourgeois.* We have heard that, during the time he condescended to stay at Carlton House, immense prices were given for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table. The Emperors of Russia and Austria made new advances to him on this occasion—but in vain;—*mon ame* (says he) *toute Française, ne peut vivre qu'en France;*—and he ended by accepting an engagement with Baron Rothschild of Paris, who nobly sustains the characteristic reputation of a *financier.*

Having spoken of Beauvilliers and Carème as chiefs of two rival schools of art, we may naturally enough be expected to distinguish them; yet how are we to fix by words such a Cynthia of the minute as the evanescent delicacy, the light, airy, volatile aroma of a dish?—*nequeo narrare, et sentio tantum.* But if compelled to draw distinctions between these two masters, we should say, that Beauvilliers was more remarkable for judgment, and Carème for invention,— that, if Beauvilliers exhausted the old world of art, Carème discovered a new one,—that Beauvilliers rigidly adhered to the unities, and Carème snatched a grace beyond them,—that there was more *à plomb* in the touch of Beauvilliers —more curious felicity in Carème's,— that Beauvilliers was great in an *entrée*, and Carème sublime in an *entremet*,—that we would bet Beauvilliers against the world for a *fricandeau*, but should wish Carème to prepare the sauce were we under the necessity of eating up an elephant.*

As example is always better than precept, we subjoin Lady Morgan's sketch of a dinner by Carème at the Baron Rothschild's villa:

'I did not hear the announcement of *Madame est servie* without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange trees: it was an elegant oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through

* 'Lorsque cette sauce est bien traitée, elle feroit manger un éléphant.'—*Almanach des Gourmands.*



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scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

'To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season,—that it was up to its time,—that it was in the spirit of the age,—that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish,—no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision—

"On tepid clouds of rising steam"—

formed the *fond* all. EVERY MEAT PRESENTED ITS OWN NATURAL AROMA—EVERY VEGETABLE ITS OWN SHADE OF VERDURE: the *mayonese* was fried in ice, (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of the *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fondu* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser flavour.

'With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen; humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême, and such Amphytrions as his employers!'—*France in* 1829-30, vol. ii. p. 414.

We have never denied Miladi's cleverness—and some parts of this description manifest no inconsiderable advance in taste since our last happy meeting in these pages. It was good taste in *M. le premier Baron Juif* to prefer porcelain; it was good taste in Lady Morgan to appreciate it; and the sentence which we have printed in capitals seems to indicate that she had some vague notions of the peculiar merit of Carême. But what means she by 'No dark-brown gravies?' Does she really mean to say that Carême was guilty of that worst of modern heresies, a service made up of *entrées blondes*, a tasteless, soul-less monotony of white? Then, 'flavour of cayenne

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cayenne and allspice! tincture of catsup and walnut pickle!' To avoid such atrocities made a feature in the glory of a Carème!

In the course of the evening, Lady Morgan requested Madame Rothschild to present Carème to her. The illustrious *chef* joined the circle in the *salon* accordingly: and we are sorry we have not space for the affecting and instructive interview which ensued—

'The feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

The leading restaurants of Paris at present are the Rocher de Cancale, Rue Mont Orgueil; Grignon's, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs; Café de Paris, Boulevards Italiens; Lointier's, Rue Richelieu; Les Trois Frères Provençaux, Perigord's, and Véry's, all three in the Palais Royal.

We have a few historical particulars of most of them to set down, always subject to one preliminary remark. In the preface to his Agricultural Chemistry, Sir Humphry Davy describes science as 'extending with such rapidity, that even while he was preparing his manuscript for the press, some alterations became necessary.' Now, not only does cookery advance and vary upon the same principle, but its professors are subject to changes from which the professors of other sciences are happily exempt. The fame of a restaurateur is always, in some sort, dependent upon fashion,—for a *plat*'s prosperity lies in the mouth of him who eats it; and the merit of a restaurateur is always in some sort dependent upon his fame;

'For they can conquer who believe they can;'

Confidence gives firmness, and a quick eye and steady hand are no less necessary to seize the exact moment of projection and infuse the last *soupçon* of piquancy, than to mark the changing fortunes of a battle, or execute a critical winning hazard at the billiard table. Besides, few will be public-spirited enough to keep a choice of rare things in readiness, unless the demand be both constant and discriminating. We must, therefore, be held blameless in case of any disappointment resulting from changes subsequently to the commencement of the present year, 1835.

The *Rocher de Cancale* first grew into reputation by its oysters, which, about the year 1804, M. Balaine, the founder of the establishment, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order at all seasons alike; thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include the canine letter.* He next applied himself with equal and well-merited success to fish and game; and at length taking courage to generalise his exertions, he aspired to and attained the eminence which the *Rocher* has ever since enjoyed without dispute. His fullness of reputation dates from Novem-

* Apicius is said to have supplied Trajan with fresh oysters at all seasons of the year.



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ber 28th, 1809, when he served a dinner of twenty-four covers in a style which made it the sole topic of conversation to gastronomic Paris for a month. The bill of fare, a most appetising document, preserved in the 'Almanach,' exhibits the harmonious and rich array of four *potages*, four *relevés*, twelve *entrées*, four *grosses pièces*, four *plats de rôt*, and eight *entremets*. To dine, indeed, in perfection at the Rocher, the student should order a dinner of ten covers, a week or ten days beforehand, at not less than forty francs a head, exclusive of wine; nor is this price by any means excessive, for three or four louis a head were ordinarily given at Tailleur's more than twenty years ago.* If you have not been able to make a party, or are compelled to *improvise* a dinner, you had better ask the *garçon* to specify the luxuries of the day; provided always you can converse with him with *connoissance de cause*, for otherwise he will hardly condescend to communicativeness. When he does condescend, it is really delightful to witness the quiet self-possessed manner, the *con amore* intelligent air, with which he dictates his instructions, invariably concluding with the same phrase, uttered in an exulting self-gratulatory tone—*Bien, Monsieur, vous avez-là un excellent dîner!* Never, too, shall we forget the dignity with which he once corrected a blunder made in our *ménu* by a tyro of the party, who had interpolated a *salmi* between the *potage à la bisque* and the *turbot à la crême et au gratin*. '*Messieurs*,' said he, as he brought in the turbot according to the pre-ordained order of things, '*le poisson est* NATURELLEMENT *le relevé du potage*.' Another instance of the zeal with which the whole establishment seems instinct, and we have done. A report had got about in the autumn of 1834, that the celebrated *chef* was dead, and a scientific friend of ours took the liberty to mention it to the *garçon*, avowing at the same time his own total incredulity. He left the room without a word, but within five minutes he hurriedly threw open the door, exclaiming, '*Messieurs, il vient se montrer;*' and sure enough the great artist in his own proper person presented himself, and our distinguished ally enjoyed the honour of a brief but pregnant conversation with a man whose works are more frequently in the mouths of his most enlightened contemporaries, than those of any other great artist that could be named. Fastidiousness itself has detected but a single fault in them, which it would be wrong, however—particularly as manifesting some distrust of the influence of his general character—to suppress. It has been thought, hypercritically perhaps, that the *entrées* and *entremets* at the *Rocher*, have a shade too much of the appearance of elaboration, and that the classic adage, '*ars est celare artem*,' has escaped the attention of the master. This fault, it is to be observed, is

* Cambacères was present at one of Tailleur's three louis a-head dinners, given by M. des Androuins, and exclaimed in a transport of enthusiasm: *M. Tailleur, on ne dîne pas mieux que cela chez moi.*

characteristic

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characteristic of the old régime, as may be collected from one of the best descriptions of a dinner on record, that of the Count de Bethune's in Lady Blessington's last and cleverest novel.*

We must not take leave of the *Rocher de Cancale*, without earnestly recommending its *rouges-gorges* and *grenouilles*, robin-redbreasts and frogs, to the special attention of the amateur. Frogs fried, with crisped parsley, such as is given with fried eels at Salisbury, are a dish for the gods; and we gladly take this opportunity of correcting the prevalent notion of their dearness. The *carte* is now before us, and *grenouilles frites* are marked at the moderate price of a franc and a half per *plat*. The affectionate interest taken by robin-redbreasts in the Children of the Wood, together with the commonly received notion of their amiability, has inspired Webster, Cowper, Wordsworth, and other poets, and has more than once occasioned our own simple-hearted praises of their flavour to be regarded as symptomatic of a latent tendency towards cannibalism. We must, therefore, endeavour to strengthen our recommendation by an authority:—

'Le rouge-gorge,' says the Almanach, 'est la triste preuve de cette vérité—que le gourmand est par essence un être inhumain et cruel! car il n'a aucune pitié de ce charmant petit oiseau de passage, que sa gentillesse et sa familiarité confiante devroient mettre à l'abri de nos atteintes. *Mais s'il falloit avoir compassion de tout le monde, on ne mangeroit personne;* et commisération à part, il faut convenir que le rouge-gorge, qui tient un rang distingué dans la classe des becs-figues, est un rôti très-succulent. On en fait à Metz et dans la Lorraine et l'Alsace, un assez grand commerce. Cet aimable oiseau se mange à la broche et en salmi.'

In our humble judgment the argument in italics is unanswerable. If any additional justification were necessary, we would appeal to Mr. Waterton himself whether the robin-redbreast be not the most quarrelsome and pugnacious of birds.

We shall run counter to a great many judgments, by taking *Grignon's* next; but on the present subject, as indeed on most others, we may apply Dryden's character of Buckingham, with the change of a single syllable, to ourselves—

'Stiff in opinions, always in the *right*.'

The time has been when Grignon's was the most popular house in Paris, though it must be owned, we fear, that its popularity was in some sort owing to an attraction a little alien from the proper purpose of a *restaurant:* two damsels of surpassing beauty presided at the comptoir. But it had and has other merits, of a kind that will be most particularly appreciated by an Englishman. All the simple dishes are exquisite, and the fish (the rarest of all things at Paris) is really fresh. Unfortunately, the recent diminution of visiters

* See 'The Two Friends,' (1835.) vol. ii. p. 42.

has

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has superinduced a bad habit of carelessness on the *chef*, who should be specially advised of the presence of an amateur. The best person for this purpose is the head *garçon* in the first large room of the suite, who is animated by the most energetic zeal for the honour of the establishment, and impressed with due notions of the dignity of the art. On one occasion—to give an illustration of his taste—he was apologising for the length of time a particular dish would take in dressing. '*Mais, Monsieur ne s'ennuiera point*,'—he added, presenting his neatly bound octavo volume of a *carte*—'*voilà une lecture très-agréable!*' On another occasion—to give an illustration of his good faith—a friend of ours resolved on finishing with the very best wine that could be had, and the *Clos de Vougeot* of 1819 was fixed on. The *garçon* took the order, but hesitated, and after moving a few paces as if to execute it, stood still. It was evident that conflicting emotions were struggling for mastery in his soul, but the struggle terminated in our friend's favour, for he suddenly stole back to the table, and with the most unqualified admission of the excellence of the *Clos de Vougeot*, which was very generally in request—still, if he might venture to hint a preference, he would recommend a trial of the *Richebourg* instead. Now, Richebourg is by no means in the first class of wines, and the wine in question was only five francs a bottle, whilst the *Clos de Vougeot* was twelve; but our correspondent found every reason to rejoice in the discovery. Remember, we do not vouch for the existence of this identical Richebourg at this present writing; for vintages are unfortunately not renewable like hogsheads—and in Paris, where even the best restaurateurs pay comparatively little attention to their cellars, a first rate wine of any sort may be described pretty nearly as a virtuous despot was by the late Emperor Alexander; who, when Madame de Staël was expatiating to him on the happiness of his subjects in the possession of such a czar, is said to have exclaimed pathetically:—'Alas! Madam, I am nothing but a happy accident.' When one of these happy accidents (the wine or the emperor) expires, it is seldom, very seldom, that the vacant place can be adequately supplied. It is therefore just as well to procrastinate the catastrophe, by making no imprudent disclosures which may accelerate it; and in the present instance our informant did not make up his mind to impart the secret, until fairly convinced that there was little prospect of his profiting by it again—pretty much as Jonathan Wild was once induced to be guilty of a good action, after fully satisfying himself, upon the maturest deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from it. Grignon's sherry (sherry being only taken as a *vin de liqueur* in France) will probably last our time, and we therefore do not hesitate to say that it is excellent. Another delicacy peculiar to the place,

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place, is *britsauce* (not *sauce de pain*) which, though no doubt imitated from the English composition called breadsauce, will be found to bear no greater resemblance, than one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of an old woman, to the original; all the harsher points being mellowed down, and an indescribable shading of seductive softness infused.

The early fame of the *Vérys* was gained by their judicious application of the *truffe*. Their *entrées truffées* were universally allowed to be inimitable from the first, and they gradually extended their reputation, till it embraced the whole known world of cookery. We have already mentioned a decisive indication of their greatness in 1814, when they were commissioned by the allied sovereigns to purvey for them during their stay; and so long as the establishment on the Tuileries was left standing, the name of Véry retained its talismanic powers of attraction, the delight and pride of gastronomy—

> 'Whilst stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> And whilst Rome stands, the world—'

But when the house in question was removed to make way for the public buildings which now rest upon its site, the presiding genius of the family deserted it—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*—and we seek in vain in their establishment in the Palais Royal, the charm which hung about its predecessor of the Tuileries. Death, too, had intervened, and carried off the most distinguished of the brothers. A magnificent monument has been erected to his memory in *Père la Chaise*, with an inscription concluding thus:—*Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles*. The house was put under a new system of management at the beginning of the last year, and bids fair to be once again a favourite with the connoisseur; unless the ignorant English, attracted thither by its former notoriety, should persevere in ruining it.

The ignorance occasionally displayed there is enough to ruin any artist in the world. For example, a friend of ours, two or three summers ago, had forced on his attention the proceedings of some bank clerks, enjoying their fortnight's furlough in France, who were attempting to order a dinner without knowing a syllable of French. Their mode of indicating their wishes was by copying at random sundry items from the *carte*, to the no small astonishment of the *garçon*, who saw *entremets* taking precedence of *entrées*, and a *vol-au-vent* postponed to the game. At length they wrote down as follows: for our authority begged and retains their dinner-bill as one of the most Upcottian of autographs—'Fricandeau à l'oseille *ou* à la chicorée.' This was a puzzler; the waiter begged for explanation, and was referred, as to an unimpugnable authority, to the *carte*, which had certainly been copied to the letter. '*Bien, Messieurs, mais qu'est-ce que vous voulez*,

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*voulez, à l'oseille* ou *à la chicorée?*' They stared by turns at one another and at him, but the matter of delay was a mystery, and the waiter no doubt desired the *chef* to send up what he could do quickest and easiest for two *bêtes Anglois.*

We find we must hurry over the rest upon our list. The *Café de Paris* is a delightful place to dine in during fine weather, by day-light; the rooms are the most splendid in Paris; and though the price of everything is nearly a third higher than the average rate even in the best houses, the tables are almost always full; so we need hardly add that it is completely *à la mode.* We have heard the cookery doubted by competent judges, and it is certainly exceedingly unequal; but some few of their dishes, as their *salmis* of game and *soles en matelotte Normande,* are allowed to be inimitable.

If you pass in front of *Perigord*'s, a few doors from Very's, in the Palais Royal, about seven, you will see a succession of small tables, occupied each by a single gastronome eating with all the gravity and precision becoming one of the most arduous duties of life—an unequivocal symptom of a *cuisine recherchée.* But the rooms, consisting merely of a ground floor and an *entresol,* are so hot and close, that it is always with fear and trembling that any English *savant* can venture to dine in them; a pure air being, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to the full enjoyment of the aroma of a dish.

*Lointier's* is an excellent house for a *dîner commandé,* but we would recommend him to be less prodigal of his *truffes;* the excessive use of which is quite destructive of the variety required in a well ordered *menu.*

The *Café Anglais,* on the Italian Boulevards, we recommend merely as the nearest good house to the *Variétés, Gymnase,* and *Porte St. Martin;* our own attention was first attracted to it by seeing a party, of which M. Thiers was the centre, in the constant habit of dining there. Now, M. Thiers is an hereditary judge of such matters; at least he was once described to us by another member of Louis Philippe's present Cabinet, as 'le fils aîné d'une *très-mauvaise* cuisinière,' and we are willing to reject the invidious part of the description as a pleasantry or a bit of malice most peculiarly and particularly French. Or it may have been added out of kindness, for it is told of a wit of other days, that when a friend asked him if he was really married to an actress, he replied, 'Yes, my dear fellow, but she was a . . . . . bad one'—meaning, evidently, that her vocation was for better things.

*Les Trois Frères Provençaux* gained their fame by *brandades de merluche, morue à l'ail,* and Provençal *ragouts,* but the best thing now to be tasted there is a *vol-au-vent.*

*Hardy* and *Riche* have been condemned to a very critical kind of notoriety by a pun—'Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche; et

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et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi.' We never were hardy enough to try Riche, but those who are rich enough to try Hardy, will still find a breakfast fully justifying the commendation of Mr. Robert Fudge:—

'I strut to the old café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette:*
Then, Dick, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;
But a sideboard, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the harem, and thence singles out
One's paté of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chicken, done *en papillote;*
One's erudite cutlets, *drest* always, but plain—
Or one's kidnies—imagine, Dick—done with champagne;
Then some glasses of Beaune, to dilute—or mayhap
Chambertin, which you know's the pet tipple of Nap.*
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then, Dick, 's
The coffee's ne'er failing, and glorious appendix—
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet tipp'd over one's lips.'

Tortoni, however, the Gunter of Paris, is the favourite, just at present, for a *déjeûner;* and *parfait-amour* is obsolete. Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes, was the decision of Johnson, and there can be no doubt that brandy is your true *chasse* for the heroes of gastronomy. If tempted to indulge in a liqueur, they generally confine themselves to *curaçoa.* Even with ladies, *parfait-amour,* notwithstanding the attraction of its name, is no longer in repute; they have adopted Maraschino in its place, and sip it with such evident symptoms of enjoyment, that once upon a time, when a certain eminent diplomatist was asked by his *voisine,* at a *petit-souper,* for a female toast, to parallel with the masculine one of *Women and Wine,* his excellency ventured to suggest *Men and Maraschino,* and the suggestion received the compliment of very general applause.

The following advice may still also be implicitly depended upon:

'If some who 're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick)—
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't?—*des Panoramas,*
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés,* as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.'

The place intended to be indicated, we presume, is *M. Felix's,*

* In justice to Napoleon, it ought to be remembered that *Chambertin* was not his 'pet tipple' on serious occasions. In his carriage, taken at Waterloo, were found two bottles nearly empty—the one of *Malaga,* and the other of *Rum,*

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who preserves his reputation in all its pristine purity. The demand for his *pâtés* is said to vary between twelve and fifteen thousand a day.

We have spoken of the important effects produced by the breaking out of the Revolution. We now proceed to mention the no less important effects produced by the conclusion of it—or rather of one of its great stages—which are most dramatically indicated by the author of the *Physiologie*.

'By the treaty of November, 1815,' says M. Brillat Savarin, France was bound to pay the sum of 50,000,000 francs within three years, besides claims for compensation and requisitions of various sorts, amounting to nearly as much more. The apprehension became general that a national bankruptcy must ensue; the more particularly as all was to be paid in specie. "Alas," said the good people of France, as they saw the fatal tumbrel go by on its way to be filled in the Rue Vivienne, "Alas, our money is emigrating; next year we shall go down on our knees before a five franc piece; we are about to fall into the condition of a ruined man; speculations of all sorts will fail; there will be no such thing as borrowing; it will be weakness, exhaustion, civil death." The event proved the apprehension to be false; and to the great astonishment of all engaged in finance-matters, the payments were made with facility, credit rose, loans were eagerly caught at, and during the whole time this superpurgation lasted, the balance of exchange was in favour of France; which proves that more money came into than went out of it. What is the power that came to our assistance? Who is the divinity that effected this miracle?—*Gourmandise*. When the Britons, Germans, Cimmerians, and Scythians, broke into France, they brought with them a rare voracity and stomachs of no ordinary calibre. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality supplied to them; they aspired to more refined enjoyments; and in a short time the queen city was little more than an immense refectory.

'The effect lasts still; foreigners flock from every quarter of Europe, to renew during peace the pleasing habits they contracted during the war; they *must* come to Paris; when there, they *must* eat and drink without regard to price; and if our funds obtain a preference, it is owing less to the higher interest they pay, than to the instinctive confidence it is impossible to help reposing in a people amongst whom gourmands are so happy!'—vol. i. p. 239.

To give an individual illustration of the principle—when the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moet of Epernay; but he considers himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the north having more than doubled since then. M. Moet's cellars, be it said in passing, are peculiarly deserving of attention, and he is always happy to do the honours to travellers. We ourselves visited them last autumn, and were presented, at parting, with a bottle

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bottle of the choicest wine—a custom, we understand, invariably observed in this munificent establishment.

We have introduced these particulars* to account for the universal diffusion of the French taste in cookery over Europe; but in all other countries it is mostly confined to private houses, so that, to avoid playing the Paul Pry of the kitchen, we shall be henceforth driven to be more general in our remarks. This, however, need not prevent our mentioning the hôtels and restaurateurs in Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries, where a *cuisine* peculiarly *recherchée* is to be found. To the best of our information, the following may be fairly placed in the first class:—*Jagor's*† at Berlin, the *Hôtel de France* at Dresden, the *Schwan* and the *Grand Duke Charles* at Vienna, the *Old Doel* or *Doelen* at the Hague, and *Rebechino Vecchio* at Milan, where the famous *minestra del riso* may be tasted in the highest perfection. We have observed excellent dinners at many other places, as at Aix la Chapelle, Baden, and Strasburg (which should be visited for the sake of the *foie gras*); but we are here speaking exclusively of places to be made objects in an artistical tour. If you take the St. Gothard road, the red trout from the lake near Andermatt must be studied; they are, we rather think, the very finest trout in Europe. In passing the Simplon, again, the tourist should not forget to ask for a *pâté de chamois* at the little inn upon the top; should he pass within a moderate distance of the lake of Como, we earnestly recommend him to try the trout; and at Rome the wild boar will be found worthy of its classical fame.‡ With regard to the national dishes of the countries above-mentioned, so little pains have been taken in cultivating them, that they will rarely, and then by accident, be found worthy of the attention of the connoisseur, when he has once made himself acquainted with their quality. A late eminent judge and traveller had the curiosity to inquire at the *Hôtel de France* at Dresden, to whom he was indebted for the enjoyment he had derived from a *fricandeau*, and learnt that the cook and the master of the hotel were one and the same person—a Frenchman; *ci-devant chef* of a Russian minister. He had been eighteen years in Germany, but knew not a word of any language but his own. *A quoi bon, Monsieur,* was his very natural reply to the great lawyer's expression of astonishment, *à quoi bon apprendre la langue d'un peuple qui ne possède pas une cuisine?*

* We have not room to touch on the French provinces: but the *coquille d'ecrévisse*, at the little inn bearing the sign of Petrarch and Laura, at *Vaucluse*, ought not to be wholly overlooked. The Album there is much fuller of the *plat* than of the poet.

† Jagor is famous for Champagne. We have been told, on good authority, that he sells not less than 30,000 bottles per annum, but we are not quite sure that the whole is consumed upon the premises.

‡ By the way, the only attraction of Athens in our time is the turkey fattened on the olives of Mount Hymettus.

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This seems to us, as it did to Sir John Leach, quite decisive against Germany.

In Italy, again, whenever the thoughts of the amateur turn on eating, the object is pretty certain to be French. Thus there is a well-known story in the Italian jest-books about a bet between two cardinals. The bet was a *dinde aux truffes*. The loser postpones the payment till the very eve of the carnival, when the winner reminds him of the debt. He excuses himself on the ground that truffles were worth nothing that year. 'Bah, bah,' says the other, 'that is a false report originating with the turkeys.' So very bad, indeed, is the native Italian cookery, that even the Germans cry shame on it. In the late work of Professor Nicolai, *Italien wie es wirklich ist*, a complaint of the dinner forms a regular item in the journal of the day. The Old World is not behindhand with the New in this enthusiasm for the cookery of France; amongst the other special missions entrusted to M. Armand de Brémont by Bolivar was that of bringing over the best French cook he could entice.

We have now cleared the way for England, but we shall experience a more than ordinary difficulty in treating of it, as we cannot well venture to illustrate by contemporary instances, and we are fearful of affording materials to injurious detraction by criticism. Our notice must, therefore, deal mostly in generals, and be brief. It seems allowed on all hands that a first-rate dinner in England is out of all comparison better than a dinner of the same class in any other country; for we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding highest for them, and we have cultivated certain national dishes to a point which makes them the envy of the world. In proof of this bold assertion, which is backed, moreover, by the unqualified admission of Ude,* we request attention to the *menu* of the dinner given in May last to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a-head; and the dinner was ordered by Comte d'Orsay, who stands without a rival amongst connoisseurs in this department of art:—

'*Premier Service.*

'*Potages.*—Printannier: à la reine: *turtle (two tureens.)*

'*Poissons.*—Turbot (*lobster and Dutch sauces*): saumon à la Tartare: rougets à la cardinal: friture de morue: *white bait.*

'*Relevés.*—Filet de bœuf à la Napolitaine: dindon à la chipolate: timballe de macaroni: *haunch of venison.*

'*Entrées.*—Croquettes de volaille: petits pâtés aux huîtres: côtelettes d'agneau: purée de champignons: côtelettes d'agneau aux pois d'asperge: fricandeau de veau à l'oseille: ris de veau piqué aux tomates: côtelettes de pigeons à la Dusselle: chartreuse de légumes

* 'I will venture to affirm that cookery in England, when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world.'—*Ude*, p. xliii.

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aux faisans: filets de cannetons à la Bigarrade: boudins à la Richelieu: sauté de volaille aux truffes: pâté de mouton monté.

'*Côté.*—Bœuf rôti: jambon: salade.

'*Second Service.*

'*Rôts.*—Chapons, quails, turkey poults, *green goose.*

'*Entremets.*—Asperges: haricot à la Française: mayonaise d'homard: gelée Macedoine: aspices d'œufs de pluvier: Charlotte Russe: gelée au Marasquin: crême marbre: corbeille de pâtisserie: vol-au-vent de rhubarb: tourte d'abricots: corbeille des meringues: dressed crab: salade au gélantine.—Champignons aux fines herbes.

'*Relévés.*—Soufflée à la vanille: Nesselrode pudding: Adelaide sandwiches: fondus. Pièces montées, &c. &c. &c.'

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes,—turtle, white bait, and venison,—relieve the French in this dinner; and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity they add to it. Green goose, also, may rank as English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French; but we think Comte d'Orsay did quite right in inserting it. The execution is said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiriting success. The moderation of the price must strike every one. A tradition has reached us of a dinner at *The Albion*, under the auspices of the late venerable Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a piece. We have also a vague recollection of a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York House (Bath) dinners, which was formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost, at each; or rather not decided, for it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York House in the second. But these are reminiscences, on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

It is very far from our intention to attempt a *catalogue raisonnë* of the different hotels and club-houses of London, similar to that which we have hazarded of the *restaurants* of France, nor can we pretend to balance the pretensions of the artists of acknowledged reputation amongst us. We shall merely enumerate a few very distinguished names for the enlightenment of the rising generation and of posterity. Such are Ude, Lefevre, Bony, Martin, Hall, Crepin, Francatelli, Collins and Loyer,—all at present residing in London; with whom Boyer, ci-devant cook to the Marquis of Worcester, and now master of the Bell at Leicester, richly merits to be associated. The celebrated *chef* of the late Marquis of Abercorn, who refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, at a salary of 400*l.* a year, on hearing that there was no Italian opera at Dublin, was burnt to death in Lisle Street some years ago, and we remember a fair friend of ours exultingly declaring that she had partaken

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partaken of one of his *posthumous* pies. These great artists, with others whose names are not now present to our memory, have raised cookery in England to a state which really does honour to the age; but they have introduced or sanctioned some heresies which we must take the liberty to note. In the first place, it is their bounden duty to protest against the mania for white entrées, which frequently abound to the total exclusion of brown; though good taste, and what Mr. Square would call the natural fitness of things, demand a judicious admixture of the two. Again, they should absolutely refuse to dress such a thing as *ris de veau à la chicorée*, or *tendons de veau aux épinais*, for it is the worst of barbarisms to combine these insipid vegetables with a meat already too insipid of itself,—as if no such things existed as sorrel (l'oseille) or the purée of tomatas, which are never used enough in such cases. Another most ill-assorted union is that which takes place in *poulets aux concombres*. But the worst of all profanations is the liberty taken with that exquisite production the truffle, in making it the basis of a purée,—thus ruthlessly sacrificing its characteristic excellence, which is most indubitably its *croquancy*. But to afford a practical illustration of sound principles and give the gentlemen above-named an opportunity for critical inquiry in their turn, which it is to be hoped will end in their entire conviction and speedy amendment, we shall here insert the *menu* of another dinner, lately ordered by a distinguished amateur, and executed by M. L. E. Ude—

'Service I.

'2 *Potages.*—Bisque d'écrevisse: consommé aux quenelles.

'2 *Poissons.*—Les tranches de saumon à la Genevoise: les rougets en caisse.

'2 *Relevés.*—Les poulardes à la jardinière: jambon glacé aux épinais.

'2 *Flancs.*—La casserolle au ris à la financière: le vol-au-vent de turbot à la crême.

'*Entrées.*—Le sauté de volaille au suprême, purée d'asperge: les cotelettes de porc à la Provençale: les tendons de veau à la Livernoise: les poulets à la Marengo: la noix de veau à la Lucullus, Macedoine de légumes: les escaloppes de volaille aux truffes: les cotelettes d'agneau, purée de tomate: les petits poulets à l'Algérine.

'Service II.

'Les poulardes au cressons: levreau piqué: les canetons: les pintades.

'2 Les asperges.

'2 Les pois nouveaux.

'La salade de homard à l'Italienne: la Macédoine de fruits nouveaux, pêches, &c.: la célestine de fraise à la Chantilly: plombière aux abricots: boudin de cabinet à la vanille: Charlotte Russe au chocolat: les Meringues: le baba au raisin de Corinthe: le soufflé au café blanc: les fondus ramequins.'

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Add the *pièces de résistance*, as a haunch of venison, or old Welsh mutton, roast beef, &c., and we think we may say with our old friend of the *Rocher*, '*Bien, Messieurs, vous avez-là un excellent dîner.*'

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our sketch of the history and present state of cookery, and have only a single cautionary observation to add. Without appliances and means to boot it is madness to attempt *entrées* and *entremets;* and 'better first in a village than second in Rome' is a maxim peculiarly applicable to cookery. 'A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor,—when he cannot get a better;'—so said the late accomplished Earl of Dudley—and we agree with him: but let peculiar attention be given to the accessaries. There was profound knowledge of character in the observation of the same statesman on a deceased Baron of the Exchequer,—'He was a good man, sir, an excellent man; he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life.'

In Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* there are some statistical results which may be found useful in the selection of cooks. By dint of a profound and disinterested study of the subject, he has been enabled to classify them by provinces. 'The best,' he says, 'are from Picardy; those from Orleans come next; then Flanders, Burgundy, Comtois, Lorraine; the Parisian last but one, and the Norman last of all.' But it is not enough to choose your cook; it is your bounden duty, and (what is more) your interest, sedulously and unceasingly to watch over his health. The orthodox doctrine, however, on this point could hardly be adequately conveyed without an extract from an elaborate essay entitled *De la Santé des Cuisiniers*, from the pen of no less a person than Grimaud de la Reynière, the editor of the Almanach—

'L'index d'un bon cuisinier doit cheminer sans cesse des casseroles à sa langue, et ce n'est qu'en dégustant ainsi à chaque minute ses ragoûts qu'il peut en déterminer l'assaisonnement d'une manière précise. Il faut donc que son palais soit d'une délicatesse extrême, et vierge en quelque sorte, pour qu'un rien le stimule et l'avertisse de ses fautes.

'Mais l'odeur continuelle des fourneaux, la nécessité de boire fréquemment et presque toujours de mauvais vin pour humecter un gosier incendié, la vapeur du charbon, les humeurs et la bile, qui, lorsqu'elles sont en mouvement, dénaturent nos facultés, tout concourt chez un cuisinier à altérer promptement les organes de la dégustation. Le palais s'encroûte en quelque sorte; il n'a plus ni ce tact, ni cette finesse, ni cette exquise sensibilité d'où dépend la susceptibilité de l'organe du goût; il finit par s'excorier, et par devenir aussi insensible que la conscience d'un vieux juge. *Le seul moyen de lui rendre cette fleur qu'il a perdue, de lui faire reprendre sa souplesse, sa délicatesse et ses forces, c'est de purger le cuisinier, telle résistance qu'il y oppose; car il en*

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*en est, qui, sourds à la voix de la gloire, n'apperçoivent point la nécessité de prendre médecine lorsqu'ils ne se sentent pas malades.'*

But we must now apply ourselves a little more critically to the literature most appropriately represented by the works named at the head of this article.

Mirabeau used to present Condorcet with *voilà ma théorie*, and the Abbé Maury with *voilà ma pratique*. We beg leave to present M. Brillat-Savarin as *our* theory, M. Ude as *our* practice; and we shall endeavour, by an account of their works, to justify the selection we have made. But we shall first give a short biographical sketch of the French author, whose life, conduct, and position in society did honour to gastronomy, and form an apt introduction to his work.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, judge of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honour, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of France, was born in 1755 at Belley. He was bred up to his father's profession of the law, and was practising with some distinction as an advocate, when (in 1789) he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, where he joined the moderate party, and did his best to avert the ruin that ensued. At the termination of his legislative duties, he was appointed President of the Civil Tribunal of the department of *L'Ain*, and on the establishment of the Court of Cassation was made a judge of it. During the reign of terror he found himself amongst the proscribed, and fled for refuge to Switzerland, where he contrived to while away the time in scientific, literary, and gastronomical pursuits. He was afterwards compelled to emigrate to America, where also his attention seems rarely to have been diverted from the study in which he was destined to immortalize himself. It is related of him, that once, on his return from a shooting expedition, in the course of which he had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, he fell into conversation with Jefferson, who began relating some interesting anecdotes about Washington and the war, when, observing the *air distrait* of M. Brillat-Savarin, he stopped, and was about to go away: 'My dear sir,' said our gastronomer, recovering himself by a strong effort, 'I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey.' He earned his subsistence by teaching French and music, an art in which he remarkably excelled. He returned to France in 1796, and after filling several employments of trust under the Directory, was re-appointed to his old office of judge of the Court of Cassation, in which he continued until his death in 1826. The *Physiologie du Goût* was published some time in the year 1825, and ran rapidly through five or six editions, besides reprints in Belgium. Its great charm consists in the singular *mélange* of wit, humour, learning, and knowledge of the world—

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*bons mots*, anecdotes, ingenious theories and instructive dissertations —which it presents; and if, as we are told and believe, Walton's Angler has made many of its readers turn fishermen, we should not be at all surprised to hear that the 'Physiology of Taste' had converted a fair portion of the reading public into gastronomers.

The book consists of a collection of aphorisms, a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication, a biographical notice of the friend, thirty meditations, and a concluding miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes. The Meditations (a term substituted for chapters) form the main body of the work, and relate to the following subjects:—1. *the senses;* 2. *the taste;* 3. *gastronomy*, definition, origin, and use; 4. *the appetite*, with illustrations of its capacity; 5. *alimentary substances in general;* 6. *specialities*, including game, fish, turkeys, truffles, sugar, coffee, chocolate, &c. &c.; 7. *frying*, its theory; 8. *thirst;* 9. *beverages;* 10. *episode on the end of the world;* 11. *gourmandise*, its power and consequences, particularly as regards conjugal happiness; 12. *gourmands*, by predestination, education, profession, &c.; 13. *éprouvettes gastronomiques;* 14. *on the pleasures of the table;* 15. *the halts in sporting;* 16. *digestion;* 17. *repose;* 18. *sleep;* 19. *dreams;* 20. *the influence of diet on repose, sleep, and dreams;* 21. *obesity;* 22. *treatment preventive or curative of obesity;* 23. *leanness;* 24. *fasts;* 25. *exhaustion;* 26. *death;* 27. *philosophical history of the kitchen;* 28. *restaurateurs;* 29. *classical gastronomy put in action;* 30. *gastronomic mythology*.

Such is the *menu* of this book, and we pity the man whose reading appetite is not excited by it. Amongst such a collection of dainties it is difficult to select, but we will do our best to extract some of the most characteristic passages. The following, on the pleasures of the table, may serve to dissipate some portion of the existing prejudice against *gourmands*, whose high vocation is too frequently associated in the minds of the unenlightened with gluttony and greediness.

'The pleasure of eating is common to us with animals; it merely supposes hunger, and that which is necessary to satisfy it. The pleasure of the table is peculiar to the human species; it supposes antecedent attention to the preparation of the repast, to the choice of place, and the assembling of the guests. The pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite; the pleasure of the table is most frequently independent of both.

'Some poets complained that the neck, by reason of its shortness, was opposed to the duration of the pleasure of tasting; others deplored the limited capacity of the stomach (which will not hold, upon the average, more than two quarts of pulp); and Roman dignitaries went the length of sparing it the trouble of digesting the first meal,



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to have the pleasure of swallowing a second.....The delicacy of our manners would not endure this practice; but we have done better, and we have arrived at the same end by means recognized by good taste. Dishes have been invented so attractive, that they unceasingly renew the appetite, and which are at the same time so light, that they flatter the palate without loading the stomach. Seneca would have called them *Nubes Esculentas*. We are, indeed, arrived at such a degree of alimentary progression, that if the calls of business did not compel us to rise from table, or if the want of sleep did not interpose, the duration of meals might be almost indefinite, and there would be no sure *data* for determining the time that might elapse between the first glass of Madeira * and the last glass of punch.'

In this place it may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that M. Brillat-Savarin was naturally of a sober, moderate, easily-satisfied disposition; so much so, indeed, that many have been misled into the supposition that his enthusiasm was unreal, and his book a piece of badinage written to amuse his leisure hours. He continues as follows—

'But, the impatient reader will probably exclaim, how then is a meal to be regulated, in order to unite all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table? I proceed to answer this question.

1. 'Let not the number of the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.

2. 'Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentations.

3. 'Let the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the cloth remarkably clean (!!), and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Réaumur.

4. 'Let the men be *spirituels* without pretension—the women pleasant without too much coquetry.†

5. 'Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of the first quality, each in its degree.

6. 'Let the order of progression be, for the first (the dishes), from the most substantial to the lightest; and for the second (the wines), from the simplest to the most perfumed.

7. 'Let the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and let the guests consider themselves as travellers who are to arrive together at the same place of destination.

8. 'Let the coffee be hot, and the liqueurs *chosen by the master*.

9. 'Let the saloon be large enough to admit of a game at cards for those who cannot do without it, and so that there may notwithstanding remain space enough for post-meridian colloquy.

10. 'Let the party be detained by the charms of society, and animated

* The custom of taking parmesan *with*, and Madeira *after*, soup, was introduced into France by M. Talleyrand, who was an acquaintance of our excellent author.

† 'I write,' says the author in a note, 'between the Palais Royal and the Chaussée d'Antin.'

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by the hope that the evening will not pass without some ulterior enjoyment.

11. 'Let the tea be not too strong; let the toast be scientifically buttered, and the punch carefully prepared.

12. 'Let not the retreat commence before eleven, but let every body be in bed by twelve.

'If any one has been present at a party uniting these twelve requisites, he may boast of having been present at his own apotheosis.'—vol. i. pp. 297-302.

M. Brillat-Savarin has here omitted one very important requisite, which it may be as well to supply without delay from another section of his book.

'APHORISM.—*Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality.*

'I shall support this grave maxim by the details of an observation made in a party of which I was one—*quorum pars magna fui*—and where the pleasure of observing saved me from the extremes of wretchedness.

'I was one day invited to dine with a high public functionary;* and at the appointed moment, half-past five, every body had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded the dilatory. I was struck on my arrival by the air of consternation that reigned in the assembly; they spoke aside, they looked into the court-yard; some faces announced stupefaction: something extraordinary had certainly come to pass. I approached one of the party whom I judged most capable of satisfying my curiosity, and inquired what had happened. "Alas!" replied he, with an accent of the deepest sorrow, "Monseigneur has been sent for to the Council of State; he has just set out, and who knows when he will return!" "Is that all?" I answered, with an air of indifference which was alien from my heart; "that is a matter of a quarter of an hour at the most; some information which they require; it is known that there is an official dinner here to-day—they can have no motive for making us fast." I spoke thus, but at the bottom of my soul I was not without inquietude, and I would fain have been somewhere else. The first hour passed pretty well; the guests sat down by those with whom they had interests in common, exhausted the topics of the day, and amused themselves in conjecturing the cause which had carried off our dear Amphitryon to the Tuileries. By the second hour, some symptoms of impatience began to be observable; we looked at one another with distrust; and the first to murmur were three or four of the party who, not having found room to sit down, were by no means in a convenient position for waiting. At the third hour, the discontent became general, and every body complained. "When *will* he come back?" said one. "What can he be thinking of?" said another. "It is enough to give one one's death," said a third. By the fourth hour, all the symptoms were aggravated; and I was not listened to

* No doubt Cambacères.



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when I ventured to say, that he whose absence rendered us so miserable was beyond a doubt the most miserable of all. Attention was distracted for a moment by an apparition. One of the party, better acquainted with the house than the others, penetrated to the kitchen; he returned quite overcome; his face announced the end of the world; and he exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, and in that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of making a noise and the desire of being heard: "Monseigneur set out without giving orders; and, however long his absence, dinner will not be served till his return." He spoke, and the alarm occasioned by his speech will not be surpassed by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all these martyrs, the most wretched was the good D'Aigrefeuille,* who is known to all Paris; his body was all over suffering, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, distracted, seeing nothing, he sat crouched upon an easy chair, crossed his little hands upon his large belly, and closed his eyes, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death. Death, however, came not. Towards ten, a carriage was heard rolling into the court; the whole party sprang spontaneously to their legs. Hilarity succeeded to sadness; and in five minutes we were at table. But, alas! the hour of appetite was past! All had the air of being surprised at beginning dinner at so late an hour; the jaws had not that isochronous (*isochrone*) movement which announces a regular work; and I know that many guests were seriously inconvenienced by the delay.'—vol. i. pp. 93-96.

The Meditation entitled *Gourmandise* is replete with instructive remark; but we must confine ourselves to that part of it which relates to the ladies, who, since Lord Byron's† silly prejudices upon the subject were made public, think it prettiest and most becoming to profess a total indifference as to what they eat. Let them hear our professor on this subject—

'*Gourmandise* is by no means unbecoming in women; it agrees with the delicacy of their organs, and serves to compensate them for some pleasures from which they are obliged to abstain, and for some evils to which nature appears to have condemned them. Nothing is more pleasant than to see a pretty *gourmande* under arms: her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands is rested on the table; the other conveys to her mouth little morsels elegantly carved, or the wing of a partridge which it is necessary to pick; her eyes are sparkling, her lips glossy, her conversation agreeable, all her movements gracious; she is not devoid of that spice of *coquetterie* which women infuse into everything. With so many advantages she is irresistible; and Cato the Censor himself would yield to the influence.

'The penchant of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it somewhat of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favourable to beauty. A

* The friend and principal gastronomic aide-de-camp of Cambacères.

† It is a strange coincidence that Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, expresses a similar dislike to seeing women eat.

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train of exact and rigid observations have demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length of time, the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology, that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *cæteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science. The painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for they never represent those who practise abstinence by choice or duty, as misers and anchorites, without giving them the paleness of disease, the leanness of poverty, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

'Again, *gourmandise*, when partaken, has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair endowed with this taste have once a day, at least, an agreeable cause of meeting. Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who love it; but it is necessary to set about it,—it is an exertion. Moreover, one may have a cold, the music is not at hand, the instruments are out of tune, one has the blue devils, or it is a day of rest. In *gourmandise*, on the contrary, a common want summons the pair to table; the same inclination retains them there; they naturally practise towards one another those little attentions, which show a wish to oblige; and the manner in which their meals are conducted enters materially into the happiness of life. This observation, new enough in France, had not escaped the English novelist Fielding; and he has developed it by painting in his novel of 'Pamela' the different manner in which two married couples finish their day.

'Does *gourmandise* become gluttony, voracity, intemperance? it loses its name, escapes from our jurisdiction, and falls within that of the moralist, who will deal with it by his precepts, or of the physician, who will cure it by his remedies. *Gourmandise*, characterised as in this article, has a name in French alone; it can be designated neither by the Latin *gula*, nor the English *gluttony*, nor the German *lüsternheit*; we, therefore, recommend to those who may be tempted to translate this instructive book, to preserve the substantive and simply change the article; it is what all natious have done for *coquetterie* and everything relating to it.'—vol. i. pp. 244-251.

Considering the high privileges attached to the character of a *gourmand*, we are not surprised at finding that it is not to be assumed at will. The next Meditation accordingly is headed *N'est pas Gourmand qui veut*, and begins as follows:—

'There are individuals to whom nature has denied a refinement of organs, or a continuity of attention, without which the most succulent dishes pass unobserved. Physiology has already recognised the first of these varieties, by showing us the tongue of these unfortunates, badly provided with nerves for inhaling and appreciating flavours. These excite in them but an obtuse sentiment; such persons are, with regard

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regard to objects of taste, what the blind are with regard to light. The second is composed of *distraits*, chatter-boxes, persons engaged in business, the ambitious, and others, who seek to occupy themselves with two things at once, and eat only to be filled. Such, for instance, was Napoleon; he was irregular in his meals, and ate fast and ill; but there again was to be traced that absolute will which he carried into everything he did. The moment appetite was felt, it was necessary that it should be satisfied, and his establishment was so arranged that in all places and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee, might be forthcoming at a word.'—vol. i. p. 252.

The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life,—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions—a dish only to be paralleled by the pork chops which Messrs. Thurtell and Co. regaled on after completing the murder of their friend Mr. Weare.

The gifted beings predestined to *gourmandise* are thus described:—

'They have broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips, and round chins. The females are plump, rather pretty than handsome, with a tendency to *embonpoint*. It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are to be found; they accept all that is offered, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They never hurry away from the places where they have been well treated; and you are sure of them for the evening, because they know all the games and pastimes which form the ordinary accessaries of a gastronomic meeting.

'Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and large eyes; whatever their height, they have always in their *tournure* a character of elongation. They have black and straight hair, and are above all deficient in *embonpoint: it is they who invented trowsers.* The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal.'—vol. i. p. 254.

Out of the many modes proposed of testing this theory, we shall confine ourselves to one—the judicious employment of *eprouvettes*:—

'We understand, by *eprouvettes*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence, that their bare appearance ought to excite in a human being, properly organised, all the faculties of taste; so that

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that all those in whom, in such cases, we perceive neither the flush of desire nor the radiance of ecstacy, may be justly noted as unworthy of the honours of the sitting and the pleasures attached to it.'

A distinguished gastronomer, refining on this invention, proposes *eprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities. We will illustrate this matter by an anecdote which our author has forgotten to note.

Cardinal Fesch, a name of honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would appear ridiculous, but the Cardinal was, notwithstanding, most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*—'Be of good faith, your Eminence:' was the reply, 'both shall appear: both shall enjoy the reception which is their due.' The dinner was served: one of the turbots relieved the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, religious, gastronomical—it was the moment of the *eprouvette positive*. The maître d'hôtel advances: two attendants raise the monster and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight, the assembled Cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *eprouvette negative*—but the maître d'hôtel suddenly turns to the attendant—'Bring another turbot,' said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other appeared, and the *eprouvette positive* was gloriously renewed.

'You shall see what a book of cookery I shall make'—said Dr. Johnson, and the reader will not fail to observe that this is the fourth time we have been enabled to appeal to him as an authority—'Women can spin very well, but they cannot write a good book of cookery.* I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles.' What the great moralist contemplated, Ude has done. 'The French Cook' is founded on the purest principles of practical philosophy, and comprises almost everything that could be desired in a publication of the sort:—

'In offering to the public,' (says the advertisement,) 'the twelfth edition of his work, the author is anxious to express his grateful sense

* See Croker's *Boswell*, vol. iv. p. 143.—Mrs. Glasse's book was written by Dr. Hunter; but we believe Mrs. Rundell's more recent *opus magnum* was entirely her own.

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of the favour which it has received. He reflects with pride that he has been the instrument, however humble, of extensively introducing into this country a taste for, as he conceives, a better and certainly a more scientific species of cookery. That he is warranted in making this assertion, the circulation of upwards of twelve thousand copies of "The French Cook" is abundant proof. To render the work still more deserving of public favour, and more generally useful to all classes of society, he has in the present edition thoroughly revised, and in some measure re-written, every receipt—remodelled his plan of arrangement so as to present the most obvious facilities of reference—and translated every French term, so far as it was possible (some of the technical phrases being incapable of translation). He has also added much new matter, especially an appendix of observations on the meals of the day; with his mode of giving suppers at routs and soirées, as practised when the author was in the employ of Lord Sefton; suppers which were at the time admired and attempted to be imitated by the maîtres d'hotel of several ladies of rank.'

We turn at once to the section in which these 'admired and attempted-to-be-imitated' suppers are described:—

'I found that the ladies used to regard with dread those narrow benches which disordered the pleasing arrangement of their dresses, and that those who had the misfortune to be seated in the centre of the forms found themselves absolutely imprisoned, not being willing to disturb the company seated on either side of them; and at other times, when the two ends of the seats were filled, they were prevented by decency from clambering over the middle of the benches, for which reason many persons went without supper, notwithstanding the immense expense which the Amphitryons had incurred for their convenience and gratification.

'I ventured, therefore, to suggest to the nobleman whom I had then the honour of serving, that a supper might be given which should satisfy at once the guest by the excellence of the repast and the novelty of the arrangement, and the host by the smallness of the expense incurred.

'My plan for a ball is to ornament the sideboard with a basket of fruit, instead of insignificant pieces of pastry, which are at once expensive in making and objects of ridicule to the connoisseur. Place in their stead things that can be eaten,—such as jelly, plates of mixed pastry, and sandwiches of a superior kind; and if the founder of the feast be great and generous, avail yourself of his generosity and make excellent articles, but never in too great confusion. The chief fault of all cooks is that they are too profuse in their preparations. The persons who attend a ball given by one of the nobility are it is to be presumed of the same class, and have the same customs,—dining at a late hour, and are not to be tempted even by the most enticing assemblage of aspic of fowls, of lobsters, of fillet of sole, of ham, &c.

'Take care not to load the sideboard with anything but dishes agreeably but simply prepared. The lovers of good cheer do not like objects which

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which present a *handled* appearance. Affix a label to each plate, indicating its contents, and you will find that this arrangement will give the guests an opportunity of taking refreshments without being obliged to seat themselves at a table, from whence the ladies cannot rise without disordering their dresses, *which to them is matter of far greater moment than the best supper in the world.*'—

Than the best supper, certainly, but not than the best flirtation, for which a supper of the old school affords the prettiest opportunities, it being always understood that the sexes are to be intermingled as at a dinner party, and that it is a gross breach of the *convenances* for any lady—old or young, by word or look—to ask a gentleman for his place, when it is obvious that by surrendering it he will sacrifice the happiness of his *voisine*. But we beg M. Ude's pardon for this interruption. He proceeds:—

'I have known balls where, the next day, in spite of the pillage of a pack of footmen, which was enormous, I have really seen twenty or thirty hams, one hundred and fifty or two hundred carved fowls, and forty or fifty tongues given away, jellies melted on all the tables, pastry, patés, aspics, and lobster salads—all these heaped up in the kitchen, and strewed about the passages, completely disfigured by the manner in which it was necessary to take them from the dishes in which they had been served! And this extravagance had been of use to no human being! for even the servants would not consider it a legitimate repast were they obliged to dine on the remains of a former day's banquet! This class of persons assimilate no little to cats, enjoying what they can pilfer, but very difficult to please in what is given to them.'—*Ude*, p. 433.

Receipts are ill adapted for quotation, and we shall therefore merely call attention to one contained in the body of the work, and involving no less a subject than the skinning of eels:—

'Take one or two live eels; throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the only method of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable and indigestible. Cut the eel in pieces without ripping the belly, then run your knife into the hollow part, and turn it round to take out the inside.

'Several reviewers (he adds in a note to this edition) have accused me of cruelty because I recommend in this work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of taste and the preservation of health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and oil which remain, when the eels are skinned, render them highly indigestible. If any of these reviewers would make trial of both methods, they would find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin.'—*Ude*, p. 242.

The *argumentum ad gulam* is here very happily applied, but M. Ude

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M. Ude might have taken higher ground, and urged not merely that the eel was used to skinning,* but gloried in it. It was only necessary for him to endow the eel with the same noble endurance that has been attributed to the goose. 'To obtain these livers (the *foies gras* of Strasbourg) of the size required, it is necessary,' says a writer in the Almanach, 'to sacrifice the person of the animal. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, and fixed near a great fire, before which it is nailed by its feet upon a plank, this goose passes, it must be owned, an uncomfortable life. The torment would indeed be altogether intolerable if the idea of the lot which awaits him did not serve as a consolation. But this perspective makes him endure his sufferings with courage; and when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific paté, will, through the instrumentality of M. Corcellet, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow.'

Should it, notwithstanding, be thought that the conduct of M. Ude or M. Corcellet, as regards eels or geese, is indefensible, we may still say of them as Berchoux says of Nero,—

'Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur,
Mais de son estomac je distingue son cœur.'

M. Ude has committed a few errors in judgment, however, which we defy his greatest admirers (and we profess ourselves to be of the number) to palliate. He has recommended *purée aux truffes*, the inherent impropriety of which has been already demonstrated; and he has intrusted the task of translating (perhaps of editing) his book to some person or persons equally ignorant of the French language and of the culinary art. The following instances are extracted from his Vocabulary of terms:—

'*Entremets*—is the second course which comes between the roast meat and the dessert.

'*Sautez*—is to mix or unite all the parts of a ragout by shaking it about.

'*Piqué*—is to lard with a needle game, fowls, and all sorts of meat.

'*Farce*. This word is used in speaking of chopped meat, fish, or herbs, with which poultry and other things are stuffed before they are cooked.'

This word, M. Ude may depend upon it, will be applied to something else, if he suffers such glaring ignorance to remain much longer a blot upon his book. Neither do we at all like the mode of translating the names of dishes, which are really untranslate-

* One of the most important services rendered by Mr. Bentham and his disciples to the world is a formal refutation of the common fallacy as to eels. 'No eel is used to be skinned successively by several persons; but one and the same person is used successively to skin several eels.' So says the sage in the last of his works, the pamphlet entitled *Boa Constrictor*, which he wrote to strangle Lord Brougham.

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able; as *Boudin à la Bourgeoise, Pudding Citizen's Wife's way; Matelotte à la Marinière, Sea-Wife's Matelot; à la Maître d'Hôtel, with Steward's Sauce,* &c. In the Index also we found '*Soup, au Lait d'Amant (the Lover's Soup).*' Being somewhat puzzled to know what this could be, we turned to the recipe, (p. 55,) which is headed '*Potage au Lait d'Almond—(the Lover's Soup).*' Whether it stood *Amant* or *Almond* seems to have been a matter of indifference to the translator; but he was resolved at all events that the soup should be dedicated to love.*

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Art. VII.—1. *Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient,* 1832, 1833. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine. 4 vols. Paris. 1835.

2. *A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, &c.* By Alphonse de Lamartine. 3 vols. London. 1835.

IN our last Number we introduced an historian as a traveller in the Holy Land and in other parts of the East:—we have now to pass over some of the same scenes as described by a poet. M. de Lamartine has obtained a high name in the modern French school of poetry. That school, like all revolutionists in taste, as in other matters, in attempting to burst through the rigid conventional forms established by the older Parisian critics, has, in many instances, rushed away into the wildest excess and extravagance—the breaking up of the ice has thrown the waters into the strangest eddies and maddest whirlpools. Yet it was long ago suspected, that if the French language could ever come to be animated to a high tone of poetry, it must have been previously set free by some such violent convulsion; that it could never flow in a high, full, and regular tide till its thraldom had been burst by some strong effort of nature, which for a time must, as at present, lash it into a condition of fierce and ungovernable fury. Even their drama, we would fain hope, will at length work itself clear, and retaining the strength and fulness, work off the pollutions of its present turbid course. The taste of Paris cannot, we trust, be completely and permanently vitiated down to its present state of raving for unnatural excitement. Victor Hugo and his followers *may* be but the Marlows of a higher race of dramatists;—the 'Lucrece Borgia' and the 'Marie Tudor' the 'Titus Andronicus' or the 'Lust's Dominion,' of a stage—hereafter to produce works, we will not quite venture to say—

'To rival all but Shakspeare's here below.'

* Since this article was written, we have been informed that a *General* History of Cookery, in ten portly volumes, 8vo., has just appeared at Leipsig; but we regret that we have not as yet been able to procure a copy.

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To adduce a more modern illustration, they may be the representatives of that diablerie and overstrained passion which preceded the dawn of Schiller on the German stage, and which Schiller's earlier dramas eclipsed and ennobled. But from all these frenzies of the existing French dramatists, the poetry of M. de Lamartine has constantly kept at a sacred, a religious distance; even where it has not raised the poet to a high place in our admiration, and we are far from insensible to its real beauties, it has always done honour to the man. Indeed, in reading the poetry of M. de Lamartine, and of most of his contemporaries, who have attempted to force the artificial French verse to the expression of more varied, picturesque, and natural imagery, of profounder and more impassioned sentiment, we have been constantly thrown back on the old but unexhausted question, whether the French language is indeed capable of poetry in its highest sense—whether it could have a Dante, a Milton, or a Shakspeare, or even a Byron or a Wordsworth? M. de Lamartine acknowledges the trammels in which he is compelled to move:—'*Ah! si l'on avait une langue! mais il n'y a pas de langue, surtout pour nous Français; non, il n'y a pas de langue pour la philosophie, l'amour, la religion, la poësie; les mathématiques sont la langue de ce peuple; ses mots sont secs, précis, décolorés comme des chiffres—Allons dormir.*'

Yet inadequate as the French language is, and as he feels it to be, to express the sublimest and most varied poetic emotions, it is the native tongue of M. de Lamartine, and we cannot but think that great injustice has been done to his present work by the publication of an English translation before the arrival of the original in this country. It is altogether a curious specimen of the European book-trade; and however flattering to the author as a testimony to his popularity, is not likely to be of advantage at least to the first impression which may be made by his work among English readers. The translation is ready to be published here simultaneously, if not rather before the French text in Paris; in the mean time, the activity of the Brusselles pirates is at work, and the first volume of the original reached us in a spurious edition from that quarter, before the Paris copy had made its appearance. The English translation, on the whole, considering the haste in which it has no doubt been made, is creditably executed. Many pages are rendered with spirit and fidelity. We might indeed point out some passages in which French words and idioms still linger and perplex the English style; the translator, having been anxious to elude some difficulty in finding an equivalent expression, has left the turn of the sentence, and even the very words, in the original French. The part in which the language approaches nearest to poetry, as might be expected, is that in which the translator

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lator usually fails—sometimes in the descriptions of scenery, more often in the expression of the author's feelings and religious sentiments; in the more prosaic, the narrative, and argumentative parts, the version flows in a much more natural and equable current. We regret to say, that we cannot extend this praise to the translation of the French *verses* scattered through the book. Whether from haste or carelessness (we cannot suppose, in an accomplished young lady, an imperfect knowledge of French), it must be acknowledged, that almost all the grace, the delicacy, the felicity of expression, which characterise M. de Lamartine's poetry, have evaporated in the translation; which is sometimes hard and literal —in general vague, loose, and unfaithful; sometimes, by rigidly adhering to the text, it stiffens into nonsense—sometimes it wanders away into words with little meaning, certainly not the meaning of the original. This is the more unfortunate, since the fair translatress has not in most cases trammelled herself with the difficulties of rhyme; her translations are in general neither lyric stanzas nor blank verse—they are rhyming verses in their construction without the rhyme at the end. The editor, indeed, appears to have had some misgiving as to the success with which the poetical translation has been executed; he has subjoined, in justice to M. de Lamartine, the original French. The following pleasing stanzas would scarcely be recognized in the English version.

'*Non, je laisse en pleurant, aux flancs d'une vallée,*
*Des arbres chargées d'ombre, un champ, une maison,*
*De tièdes souvenirs encor toute peuplée*
*Que maint regard ami salue à l'horizon.*
*J'ai sous l'abri des bois des paisibles asiles*
*Où ne retentit pas le bruit des factions,*
*Où je n'entends, au lieu des tempêtes civiles,*
*Que joie et bénédictions!*

'*Un vieux père, entouré de nos douces images,*
*Y tressaille au bruit sourd du vent dans les créneaux,*
*Et prie, en se levant, le maître des orages*
*De mesurer la brise à l'aile des vaisseaux;*
*Des pieux laboureurs, des serviteurs sans maître,*
*Cherchent du pied nos pas absens sur le gazon,*
*Et mes chiens au soleil, couchés sous ma fenêtre,*
*Hurlent de tendresse à mon nom.*'—

'No! I leave, weeping in a valley's depths,
Trees heavy with green shadow, fields, a home
Yet warm with memory—peopled with the past,
That many a friendly eye looks round to bless.
I have a shelter deep in quiet woods,
Where party clamour is a sound unknown;
I only hear, instead of social strife,
The voice of joy and blessing.

'An

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'An aged father, whom our image haunts,
Starts at the wind amid the battlements,
And trembling prays the Master of the storm
To temper to the vessel's need the breeze.
Labourer and servant with no master now
Seek for our absent footsteps in the grass.
My dogs beneath our window in the sun
Howl when they hear my name.'—vol. i. pp. 7, 8.

But the strangest misconception or negligence appears in this passage, in which the translator seems totally to have overlooked the allusion to the artificial rules of French rhyme—

'*N'attends donc plus de moi ces vers où la pensée,*
*Comme d'un arc sonore avec grâce élancée,*
*Et sur deux mots pareils vibrant à l'unisson,*
*Dansent complaisamment aux caprices du son!*
*Ce froid écho des vers répugne à mon oreille.*'

'From me expect no more the verse, where thought
Glances in grace, as from the sounding bow,
When two words vibrating in unison
Complacent dance to the caprice of sound.
Now verse in its cold echo shocks my ear.'—*Ibid.* p. 88.

We are sorry that Miss Landon should have thus misapplied her talents—but the truth is, however fairly the version of the prose part of the work may be executed, few writers suffer more by translation than M. de Lamartine. His whole mind, his tone of expression, his sentiments, his poetry, even though he may yearn after a richer, a more imaginative, and more picturesque vehicle for his creations than his own tongue, are essentially French. To read him in any other language, at all events in English, gives a kind of forced and unnatural character to sentiments and to expressions, which in the original are sometimes full of beauty and eloquence, at least have nothing to startle or to perplex the reader. There is a sort of idiom of thought and feeling—as of language: generous sentiments, philosophical thoughts, even the social feelings which belong to universal human nature, religion itself has its national tone and characteristic manner of expressing itself. It is not merely that the words, and the form of the sentences, are in one case French, in the other English;—there is something which seems to flow more directly from the national mind; an idiosyncracy in the way of seeing, of apprehending external objects, and of developing internal emotions. Our own modern poets have left us little right to charge French writers with the egotistical display of their personal feelings and emotions, but still we feel that there is an indefinite, an indescribable difference between that of Byron, for instance, and of De Lamartine. There is something in the deep and earnest tenderness with which our author dwells on his domestic

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mestic relations, his hopes, his joys—we grieve to add—his bitter and unexpected afflictions, which, habituated as we are to be introduced into the privacy, the inmost sanctuary of a poet's home, in *English* has something glaring, as it were, something of effect and parade, whilst in *French* it reads like the natural manner in which such emotions would find their vent. In some respects this may be owing to the almost inevitable infidelity of translation; one word, one phrase, too strong, one epithet not tempered down to the precise sense of the original, will give a false and theatrical effect to the whole; yet, even where this is not the case, it is impossible to translate French feeling or French passion into literal English, so as to produce the same impression which it conveys in its original tongue.

Of all powerful emotions, religion, though it has a common language, varies most strongly in its peculiar and national dialect. In many respects the French mind—we might almost have written, the mind of Continental Europe, among men of intellect, where it has retained its reverence and its love for the Christian faith—is in very remarkable state. Its creed, its forms, its tastes, its feelings, are Roman Catholic; but the enlightened and instructed mind cannot but perceive how much of human superstition is mingled up with the doctrinal forms, and incorporated with the ceremonial of the church. The latter it receives and, indeed, admires, as the old poetic garb or outward investiture of Christianity,—from the other it escapes into an undefined and general admission of the Christian doctrines. Thus, in many cases, it unites a vague and philosophical rationalism of creed with an ardent and profound devotional spirit; all this, we need not state, is so diametrically opposite to the tone of religious feeling in this country, which still adheres with rigid tenacity, not only to the established theological tenets, but to the reverent simplicity of *scriptural* phraseology, as not merely to be out of harmony with the religious sentiment, but to be incongruous with the ordinary English language of religion. In French, in a foreign tongue, at least to those who are habituated to a different tone of feeling and thought, this new terminology reads as the natural expression of our common emotions; in English, it is like the introduction of a new religious vocabulary—and often revolts more than the ear:—'God, love, and poetry, are the three words which I would wish engraved on my tomb, if ever I merit a tomb:' there is something hard and forced in this sentence, though it is a literal translation of 'Dieu, Amour, et Poésie sont les trois mots que je voudrais seuls graver sur ma pierre, si je mérite jamais une pierre.' The following passage maintains, it is true, much of its religious beauty in the translation, but in the original it is far more vivid, striking, and *natural*.

'To

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'To explain to myself why, verging already on the close of my youth—on that period of life when man withdraws from the ideal world to enter into that of material interests, I have quitted a comfortable and peaceful existence at Saint-Point and all the innocent delights of the domestic circle surrounded by a beloved wife and a darling child—to explain to myself, I repeat it, why at present I venture on the vast sea, steering my course to shores unknown—I am obliged to go back to the source of all my thoughts, to seek there the causes of my sympathies and my taste for travelling, and find that the imagination had also its wants and its passions! I was born a poet, that is, with more or less intelligence of that beautiful language in which God speaks to all men, but to some more clearly than to others, through the medium of his works.

'When young, I had heard this *logos* of nature, this *word*, formed of images, and not of sounds, in the mountains, in the forests, in the lakes, on the borders of the abysses and the torrents of my country, and of the Alps. I had even translated into written language some of the accents which had moved me, and which in their turn moved other souls; but those accents no longer sufficed to me; I had exhausted the small portion of divine words which the land of Europe furnished to man; I thirsted to hear on other shores accents more sonorous and more brilliant. My imagination was enamoured of the sea, the deserts, the mountains, the manners, and the traces of the Deity in the east. All my life the east had been the waking dream of my darksome days, in the autumnal and winter fogs of my natal valley. My body, like my soul, is the child of the sun: it requires light, it requires that ray of life which the splendid orb darts, not from the shattered bosom of our western clouds, but from the depths of that sky of purple which resembles the mouth of a furnace; those rays which are not merely a glimmer, but which descend burning hot—which, in falling, calcine the white rocks and sparkling pinnacles of the mountains, and which tinge the ocean with scarlet as if a fire were kindled in its waves! I felt a strong wish to handle a little of that earth which was the land of our first family, the land of prodigies; to see, to wander over this evangelical scene, whereon was represented the great drama of divine wisdom struggling with error and human perversity; where moral truth suffered martyrdom to fertilize with its blood a more perfect civilization. Besides I was, and had almost always been, a Christian in heart and in imagination: my mother had made me such. Sometimes, indeed, in the less pure days of my early youth, I had ceased to be so; misfortune and love, perfect love, which purifies all that it inflames, had driven me back at a later period into this first asylum of my thoughts, into those consolations demanded alike by memory and hope, when the heart dies away within us; when all the emptiness of life appears, after a passion extinguished, or a death which leaves us nothing to love. This Christianity of sentiment was become the sweet soother of my thoughts; I often asked myself, where is perfect, evident, uncontestable truth to be found?—If it exists anywhere, it is in

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in the heart, it is in conscious evidence against which no reasoning can prevail. But truth in the mind is never complete; it is with God, and not with us; the human eye is too small to absorb a single ray of it: for us all truth is only relative; that which will be the most useful to man will be also the most true. The doctrine the most fertile in divine virtues will therefore also be that which contains the greatest number of divine truths; for what is good is true. This was the sum of my religious logic; my philosophy ascended no higher; it forbade me both doubt and the endless dialogues which reason holds with itself; it left me that religion of the heart which associates so well with all the infinite sentiments of the soul, which resolves nothing, but which soothes all.'—pp. 18—21.

Every one must feel that such passages as these are miserably maltreated by the English translator. While, however, in justice to M. de Lamartine we strongly urge our readers to peruse the work in the original, we shall not depart from the usual practice of periodical journals like our own, in making our selections in English from the version at hand.

M. de Lamartine set sail from Marseilles; his voyage was at first slow; his vessel lingering on the shores of Provence afforded the poet the opportunity of introducing much very pleasing description of the scenery on that coast, and a great deal of picturesque sea effect; at length he came in view of the African shore, where

Giace l' alta Carthago.

But Carthage does not waken in him the same deep feeling as in the older Christian poet.

'I never loved the Romans; I never felt any interest at heart for Carthage, notwithstanding its glory and its misfortunes. Hannibal never appeared to me more than a general of the East India Company, making a campaign of business, a brilliant and heroic commercial operation in the plains of Thrasymene. This people, ungrateful, like all egotists, rewarded him by exile and death! As to his death, it was fine, it was pathetic, it reconciles me to his triumphs.'—p. 55.

'I discovered, at a later period, the secret of my sympathies and antipathies for the memory of certain nations; it lay in the very nature of the institutions and actions of those people. Nations like the Phenicians, Tyre, Sidon, Carthage—commercial societies, exploring the earth for their profit, and measuring the grandeur of their enterprise only by the material and actual utility of the result—I feel towards them like Dante, I glance at them and pass on.

"Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!"

Let us forget them—they were rich and prospered, that is all—they laboured only for the present, the future had nothing to do with them. *Receperunt mercedem.*'—p. 56.

We are not the declared advocates of the 'utilitarians' of antiquity, yet Carthage, surely, and the commercial nations of the



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older world, have their poetic point of view. What lofty mind can contemplate without admiration the navigators who, in the infancy of the art, first dared to explore the mysteries of the great deep; who, however the motives of their perilous enterprise may have been the base desire of gold, urged their frail barks at least as far as Cape Bojador, on the African coast, if we are to surrender their circumnavigation of Africa to the sceptical geographer, and forced their way through the perilous surf which beats on the western shores of Britain, and even unto the bleak and foggy bosom of the Baltic. Theirs were mighty energies, leading to the eventual elevation of mankind.

Our author's criticism on the Dido of Virgil is remarkable, as an illustration of the total revolution in French taste. It is a countryman of Racine animadverting on the 'cold gallantries' introduced by Virgil.

'Virgil, like all poets who wish to surpass truth, history, and nature, has rather spoiled than embellished the image of Dido. The historical Dido, widow of Sicheus, and faithful to the manes of her first husband, caused her funereal pile to be erected on the Cape of Carthage, and ascended it, the sublime and voluntary victim of pure love and fidelity even to death! This is more beautiful, more pathetic, more holy, than the cold gallantries which the Roman poet attributes to her, with his ridiculous and pious Eneas, and her amorous despair, in which the reader cannot sympathize.—But the *Anna Soror*, and the magnificent adieu, and the immortal imprecation which follows it, will always cause Virgil to be pardoned.'—p. 59.

But the ordinary temperament of M. de Lamartine's mind is little inclined to a debasing or disparaging tone of criticism. It is the peculiar charm—it must be acknowledged that it rather causes a distrust of the faithful accuracy—of his descriptions, that he is always inclined to see the brighter and more effective parts of the picture before him: in scenery it is the soft, the luxuriant, the splendid, the awful forms of nature; in human character, it is the lofty and the generous which are congenial to his taste, and awaken his fancy. He gives an imaginative colouring to some of the most ordinary circumstances; and discovers beauty, and even magnificence, in sights which many persons have beheld without emotion. It is amusing to contrast Byron's splenetic description of that 'military hothouse' Malta, with the brother poet's graphic and imposing outline of its architectural effect and the picturesquely mingled character of the inhabitants. His account of the ordinary courtesies of his reception by a gentlemanly governor and his lady, and by the superior class of residents, partakes of the same high tone of colouring. Even the civility of the captain of an English man-of-war in taking his lagging vessel into tow, through parts of the

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the sea infested by pirates, which probably the good-natured seaman considered a mere affair of every-day occurrence, appears to the grateful feelings of M. de Lamartine as an act of the most unprecedented and disinterested generosity. He is fortunate enough, for we consider it fortunate, to be gifted with the faculty of multiplying and enhancing all innocent enjoyments of this nature. He discovers, for instance, great beauty of outline in parts of the shores of Greece which ordinary travellers have passed without observation. After all, indeed, the beauty of scenery almost entirely depends upon the aspect under which it is viewed, and the thousand circumstances of atmospheric effect, which develope or conceal, harmonize or break into bolder and more abrupt forms, the rocks or mountains—upon the time of year or of the day, the meridian sun or the grey twilight, the sleepy calm or the all-awakening tempest—even upon the casual fact of the direction in which the traveller is journeying. Hence the descriptions of the same scene by different travellers may be each perfectly true to nature, yet diametrically opposite to each other. But the temperament of mind under which they are seen invests them in an infinitely greater variety even than these countless 'skiey influences;' and the traveller is to be envied who, like M. de Lamartine, bears about with him as it were a perpetual sunshine of the imagination, which gilds up all that is intrinsically beautiful to its highest tone of splendour, and brings out new beauties latent or unperceived by the common eye. Nor does this imaginative or creative faculty confine itself to the inanimate forms of nature: his Syrian paradise is peopled with Houris; he describes in the most glowing language the extraordinary beauty both of the Arab and Christian races of peasantry, particularly in the neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon. His account of a sister of M. Malagamba, the Sardinian Vice-Consul at the miserable village of Caipha, near Mount Carmel, is in the most rapturous language of poetry.

But we must proceed more regularly with our traveller, or rather hasten at once with him to Syria.

M. de Lamartine was enabled to travel in a more splendid manner than falls to the lot of most pilgrims, who either from curiosity or devotion visit the Holy Land. He was accompanied by his wife, and by his only daughter, to the parent's eye a child of extraordinary beauty and promise, whom, we grieve to say, he lost on those shores which he had fondly hoped would give strength to her constitution, and imprint upon her young mind deep and lasting piety. There is something very affecting, considering the melancholy close of the domestic history, in reading the results which his ardent imagination anticipated from this disastrous journey.



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'Kept awake by agitation of mind, I heard, through the ill-joined boards which separated my cabin from that of Julia's, the breathings of my sleeping child; and my whole heart rested upon her. I hoped that, perhaps, to-morrow I should sleep more free from anxiety for a life so dear to me, which I repented having thus hazarded at sea—which a storm might destroy in its bloom! I inwardly besought heaven to pardon me that act of imprudence, and not punish my too great confidence in asking more than I had a right to expect from it. I composed my mind by this consolation: she is a visible angel, who at once protects her own destiny and ours. Heaven will accept of her innocence and purity for our ransom; He will see us safe to shore, and bring us back in safety, for her sake. In the prime of life, at an age when every impression becomes, as it were, incorporated with our existence, and forms its very element, she will have seen all that is beauteous in nature and in creation; for the recollections of her infancy, she will have had the wonderful monuments of Italy, with its master-pieces of art; Athens and the Parthenon will be engraven in her memory, as paternal sites; the fine islands of the Archipelago, Mount Taurus, the mountains of Lebanon, and Jerusalem—the Pyramids, the Desert, the tents of Arabia, the palm-trees of Mesopotamia, will form subjects of conversation for her more advanced age. God has gifted her with beauty, innocence, a genius, and a heart where everything kindles into generous and sublime sentiments; I shall have afforded her, on my part, what it was in my power to add to these celestial gifts—the sight of the most wonderful, the most enchanting scenes in the world! What a treasure will she not be at twenty! her life will have been a combination of happiness, of piety, of affection, and of wonders! who shall then be worthy of crowning it by the addition of genuine love? I shed tears, and prayed with fervour and confidence, for no strong emotion can ever reach my heart without expanding beyond bounds, and venting itself in a hymn, or invocation to that Being who is the end of all our sentiments, who produces and absorbs them all, to the Supreme God.'—vol. i. p. 159-161.

M. de Lamartine was accompanied, moreover, by three friends, and enlisted in his service immediately on his arrival in Syria a number of attendants. His first purchase was fourteen horses, and throughout his progress his imagination seems to have kindled towards the high qualities and the beauty of his Arab steeds, as ardently as to all other objects of his admiration. As a book of travels, indeed, the present work is chiefly valuable for its descriptions of Syria, of the whole neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon and Baalbec and their different races of inhabitants, rather than of that which is, strictly speaking, the Holy Land. He established himself at a short distance from the town of Baireut (Berytus), from whence he made several excursions, and where he left his wife and child during his journey to Jerusalem.

The following enchanting prospect was seen from the terrace roof of their house in the environs. 'Nothing

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'Nothing could be more delightful than our awaking after the first night's rest in our own dwelling. Our breakfast was served up on the broadest of our terraces, and our eye embraced and became familiarised with the surrounding country.

'At some hundred paces below us the sea encroaches upon the land, and viewed from this spot, over the green heads of lemon-trees and aloes, it resembles a fine inland lake or the strip of a broad river. Some Arab barks are at anchor, and are gently tossed to and fro by its imperceptible undulations. If we ascend the upper terrace, this fine lake is transformed into an immense gulph, enclosed on one side by the Moorish castle of Baireut, and on the other by the gigantic dark walls of the chain of mountains in the direction of Tripoli. Before us, however, the horizon is of far greater extent, running at first over an expanse of fields in admirable cultivation, planted with trees which completely conceal the earth, and strewed here and there with houses like our own, with elevated roofs resembling white sails over a sea of verdure; it then contracts itself in a long and graceful hillock, on the summit of which a Greek convent shows its white walls and blue domes; some tops of pine-trees of a parasol shape flit, at a still higher elevation, over the very domes of the convent. The hillock ends in a gentle slope, supported by stone walls, and bearing forests of olive and mulberry trees. The lower steps are bathed by the waves, which afterwards recede, and another more distant plain assumes a curved form, and deepens to make way for a river meandering a certain space amongst woods of green oak, and discharging its waters on the edge of the gulph grown yellow by the contact.

'This plain only terminates at the gilded sides of the mountains which rise up by degrees, presenting at first enormous hills, bearing the aspect of large heavy masses alternately square or curved; a slight vegetation covers the summit of those hills, and each of them bears a monastery or a village reflecting the sun's light, and prominent to view. The face of the hills glitters like gold: it is lined with walls of yellow freestone pounded by earthquakes, each part of which reflects and darts the sun-beams. Above these first hillocks, the gradual ascent of Lebanon becomes broader; some of the plateaux are two leagues in extent; uneven, hollowed, furrowed, ploughed up with ravines, with deep beds of torrents, with dark gorges which the eye cannot penetrate. After these plateaux, the lofty mountains again stand up almost perpendicularly erect; one may, however, discern black spots indicating the cedar and fir-trees with which they are lined, and some inaccessible convents, some unknown villages, seeming to hang over their precipices. On the most pointed summits of this second chain trees of gigantic appearance may be likened to hair scantily spread over a bald forehead. Their uneven and indented tops may be seen at this distance, resembling pinnacles on the crest of a citadel.

'The real Mount Lebanon rises at last behind the second chain; the eye fails, at so great a distance, to distinguish whether its flanks are

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are of a rapid or gradual ascent—whether naked or covered with vegetation. Its sides are lost, by the transparency of the air, in the air itself, of which they seem to form a part. Nothing is seen but the ambient reflection of the sun's rays, which envelopes them; and their fiery crests, blended with the purple morning clouds, and floating, like inaccessible islands, through the waves of the firmament.

'If we cast a look downward from this sublime horizon of the mountains, our eyes rest, in all directions, upon majestic groups of palm-trees, planted here and there through the country, in the vicinity of Arab habitations, with green undulations of fir-tops, strewed in small clusters about the plain or on the slopes of the hills, of hedges of the cochineal or other oily plants, whose heavy leaves drop like stone ornaments upon the low walls which support the terraces. These walls are so completely covered with lichens in bloom, with ivy, vines, bulbous plants bearing flowers of all colours, and bunches of every form, that it is impossible to discern the stones with which the walls are constructed. We behold a uniform rampart of flowers and verdure.

'Close upon us, at last, and under our eyes, two or three houses like our own, half sheltered by the domes of orange-trees in bloom or bearing fruit, present to the sight those animated and picturesque scenes which are the life of every landscape. Arabs, squatted upon mats, are smoking upon the roofs of the houses. Some women are leaning out of the windows to see us, and hide themselves when they perceive that they have attracted our notice. Beneath our very terrace, two Arab families, fathers, brothers, wives, and children, are taking their repast under the shade of a small plantain, at the threshold of their habitations. A few steps farther on, under another tree, two Syrian girls, of extraordinary beauty, are decking themselves in the open air, and ornamenting their hair with white and red flowers. The hair of one of them is so long and bushy that it completely covers her, like the branches of a weeping willow falling in all directions over its trunk: all that can be seen, when she shakes her undulating hair, is her fine forehead, and her eyes, sparkling with undisguised cheerfulness, and darting for a moment through this natural veil. She seems to enjoy our admiration. I throw her a handful of ghazis, small pieces of gold, which the Syrian women turn to collars and bracelets, by stringing them on a silken twist. She joins her hands and places them on her head, by way of thanking me, and returns to her lone apartment, to exhibit them to her mother and sister.'—*Ibid.* p. 175—179.

There was something French, though by no means inconsistent with the manners of a perfect French gentleman, in the way in which M. de Lamartine obtained his interview with Lady Hester Stanhope: this, perhaps the most remarkable passage in his volumes, has been already widely circulated by the periodical press in this country. We are rather inclined to M. de Lamartine's view

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of the character of this singular woman. She has so long been acting a part, at first probably assumed for the purpose of obtaining interest over the wild and superstitious clans among whom she has settled in her mountain palace-citadel on Lebanon, that she has begun to act it in earnest. A great master of human nature has drawn, in two pregnant words, the history of religious imposture, *fingunt creduntque.* Lady Hester now, if M. de Lamartine's report of their conversation be accurate, believes, or persuades herself that she believes, in the wild jumble of astrology, fatalism, Judaism, and (shall we call it?) *Christianity*, which forms her avowed creed—even in the advent of a new Messiah, whose steed is already foaled, with its supernatural saddle on its back, and kept in its stall of honour in Lady Hester's stables, ready for its high office!

There are persons, we fear, who will look upon M. de Lamartine's visions of the regeneration of European and even of Asiatic society, by the civilizing influence of a pure and spiritual Christianity, as equal evidence of an over-exalted imagination. We must acknowledge, however, that we entirely concur with M. de Lamartine,—we believe with him,—and this view, at least as a speculative tenet, prevails to a great extent among the enlightened and philosophic writers of the Continent—that the counteracting influence of Christianity can alone maintain the uninterrupted progress of social order and improvement. It must be some widely predominant motive, acting upon the imagination and the feelings of men with an awakening, and at the same time a tranquillizing power, something that looks beyond the enjoyments and interests of the present hour, which can alone counterbalance in the older civilized societies the selfish and isolating principle of advancing democracy; or, if the present moral and intellectual ferment shall reach the East, give a peaceful, an undestructive bias to the conflicting elements which will thus be let loose. But this is not the opportunity we should choose for the more complete development of these views, which the reader will find expounded with much eloquence in many passages of the work before us.

We shall likewise pass over the interview, characteristic as it is of the manners of the clime, between the *Emir Frangi*, for such was the appellation which our author's imposing appearance and numerous *cortège* obtained for him, with the Emir Beschir, the most powerful chieftain amongst the tribes of Lebanon: we are anxious to proceed without delay into the Holy Land. Our traveller passed where Tyrus is become 'a place for the drying of nets;' he relates the following striking circumstance:—

'We travelled on in silence, occupied by the thoughts of this desolation, and of the dust of empire which we trod under our feet. Passing along a path, between the ruins and the grey and naked hills of

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of Lebanon, which here descend to the plain, we arrived at the city, now flanked by a sand-bank, which seems its only existing rampart, but which will doubtless, ere long, bury the town under its mass. I thought of the prophecies, and endeavoured to bring to my recollection some of those eloquent warnings with which the divine spirit inspired Ezekiel. I could not recall the words, but I discovered the meaning in the deplorable reality before my eyes. A few lines which I had traced at random on my departure for the East came fresh into my mind—[We must give them in the French]:—

" Je n'ai pas entendu sous les cèdres antiques,
Les cris des nations monter et retentir—
Ni vu du noir Liban les aigles prophétiques
Descendre au doigt de Dieu sur les palais de Tyre."

'I had now before me the "black" Lebanon; but, I said to myself, my imagination has deceived me: I see neither the eagles nor the vultures, which, according to the prophecies, were to descend unceasingly from the mountains, to despoil even the remains of the city, accursed of God, and the enemy of his people. At the moment I made these reflections, something huge, grotesque, and motionless, appeared at our left, on the summit of a pointed rock, which advanced into the plain not far distant, close to the route of the caravans. It looked to me like five statues of black stone, placed on the rock as on a pedestal; but from certain motions almost imperceptible of these colossal figures, we fancied, on approaching nearer, that they were five Bedouin Arabs, clothed in their sacks of black goat's hair, who were looking at us as we passed. When, however, we came at the distance of fifty paces from the rock, we saw one of the five figures display a pair of immense wings, which it flapped with a noise resembling that of a sail shaking in the breeze, and it now became clear that the figures were those of five eagles, of the largest kind I had ever seen in the Alps, or in the menageries of our cities. They did not take flight, but remained unmoved at our approach. Seated like kings of the desert, they seemed to regard Tyre as their proper prey, whereunto they were going to return. They appeared conscious of possessing it by divine right; as if they were willing instruments of a prophetic vengeance, which they were determined to execute upon man and in spite of man.

'I could not cease from contemplating this prophecy in action—this wonderful fulfilment of the divine menaces, of which chance had rendered us witnesses. Never had anything more supernatural struck my eyes, or riveted my mind; and it required an effort of reason not to see, behind these five gigantic eagles, the great and terrible figure of the poet of vengeance—of Ezekiel—rising above them, and pointing out to them, with eye and hand, the city which God had given them as a prey—while the wind of divine wrath agitated the flowing snowy beard of the prophet, and the fire of celestial indignation sparkled in his eyes.

'We halted at the distance of forty paces; the eagles merely turned their heads, as if disdainfully regardless of us. Two individuals belonging

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longing to the caravan galloped to the foot of the rock, armed with their guns. The eagles paid no attention to this; the guns were loaded with ball, and several shots were fired, which made them fly heavily away for a moment, but they voluntarily returned to the fire, and hovered long over our heads, without being struck by either of the balls—as if they meant to say, "Your efforts against us are powerless; we are the eagles of God."

'I now found that my poetical imagination had exhibited to me the eagles of Tyre less faithfully, less impressively, less supernaturally, than the fact warranted; and that there is ever in the most obscure rays of the *mens divinior* of poets something of that divining and prophetic instinct which utters the truth without knowing it.'—pp. 300-303.

We should recommend this passage to the modern interpreters of prophecy;—but to say the truth, we have great doubts whether, in the present instance, our author's memory has not played the bond-slave to his imagination;—we cannot call to mind, in the whole of Ezekiel's magnificent denunciation against Tyre, the image of the eagle or vulture to which he alludes. Perhaps he was misled by a vague recollection of the eagle with the branch from Lebanon, in Ezekiel xvii. 3, which has no relation to Tyre.

M. de Lamartine has made another singular mistake, in speaking of Nazareth as the *birth*-place of our Saviour; and we will take this opportunity of pointing out one or two of those faults in the translation which we noticed at the commencement of this article. The translator has literally retained the expression *l'homme modèle*, as applied to our Saviour, in the awkward phrase *the man-model*—instead of adhering to our own ordinary religious language, *our great example in righteousness*. We will not transcribe the strange expressions with which he has rendered the following sentence:—'Nous descendîmes de cheval devant la porte même de l'église, où fut autrefois l'humble maison de cette mère, *qui prêta son sein à l'hôte immortel, qui donna son lait à un Dieu.*' In general the translator is least successful in representing the religious sentiments of M. de Lamartine.

There is a great deal of very picturesque delineation of scenery in this part of our author's travels, particularly of the opening of the Holy Land, and the first appearance of the spacious and luxuriant plains of Galilee, which he, by the way, should not call *Judea*. The Sea of Galilee has often been described, but rarely with so much clearness and apparent fidelity:—

'The Sea of Galilee is about a league broad at its southern extremity, where we visited it; it then widens insensibly as far as Emmaus, the extremity of the promontory which concealed from us the city of Tiberias. The mountains which had confined it thus far suddenly open

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open into large gulphs on both sides, and form a vast and nearly circular basin, from whence the waters extend and develope themselves in a bed from thirty to forty miles in circuit. This basin is not regular in its form; the mountains do not descend in every part to its waves; sometimes they leave between them and the sea a little low plain, green and fertile as the plains of Gennesareth: sometimes they separate and open, to give a passage to the blue waves in the gulphs excavated at their feet, and darkened by their shade. The hand of the most graceful painter would not be able to sketch outlines more vivid and picturesque than the creating hand has given to these waters and these mountains; they seem to have prepared the evangelical scene for the work of grace, of peace, of reconciliation and love, which work was, in the fulness of time, to be accomplished! On the east, the mountains form, from the summits of Jeboa, which are perceived on the south, to the summits of Lebanon, which display themselves on the north, a confined but undulating and flexible chain, whose sombre circles seem ready to open and break here and there to give us a glimpse of the sky between.

'These mountains are not terminated at their summits by those sharp points and rugged inequalities which give to the high chains an idea of something old, terrible, and in ruins—which sadden the heart while they elevate the mind. They present a gentle, undulating outline of rounded hills of steep or mild ascent, some studded with green oaks, others with shrubs, others naked but fertile, and offering various traces of cultivation. Others, in fine, merely borrowed and reflected the various tints of morning and evening, by shades of pale yellow, blue, and violet, in richer hues than ever painter's pallet produced. Their sides, which give birth to no valleys, form an irregular rampart; they are torn in different parts by deep ravines, as if the mountains had burst asunder by their own gravity; and the natural accidents of light and shade, which render these ravines luminous or dark, produce a fine effect. Lower down, they lessen in size, and form a mass of mounds, dispersed here and there over the soil, making a charming contrast with the water which reflects them. Scarcely anywhere, on the eastern side, does the rock pierce the thick rich vegetation which covers it; and this Arcadia of Judea, therefore, always unites, with the majesty and gravity of mountainous countries, the smiling image of fertility, and a varied abundance of productions. Ah, if the dews of Hermon still fell upon its bosom!

'At the end of the lake, towards the north, this chain of mountains declines in elevation as the distance increases. We can distinguish a plain which unites with the lake in one unbroken line. At the extremity of this plain we perceive a white mass of foam, apparently rolling from a height into the sea: it is the Jordan, precipitating itself from thence into the lake, which it traverses without the waters being mingled. It leaves this lake tranquil, silent, and pure, at the spot we have described.

'The whole of this northern extremity of the Sea of Galilee is bordered

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dered by a line of fields which appear to be cultivated. We can perceive the yellow stubble of the last harvest, and immense fields of rushes, which the Arabs cultivate wherever the ground is marshy. I have already described the volcanic hills on the western side, along which we have journeyed since the morning; they extend without interruption as far as Tiberias. Avalanches of black stones, hurled from the still open craters of a hundred extinguished volcanic cones, every instant intersect our path along the precipitous side of this sombre and funereal hill. The road presented no variety save in the singular forms and the great masses of hardened lava, which surrounded us on every side, and in the remains of walls, gates of destroyed cities, and columns lying on the ground over which our horses were at every instant obliged to pass. The borders of the Sea of Galilee, on this side of Judea, have presented, so to speak, only one continued city. These fragments accumulated under our feet, the multitude of towns, and the magnificent constructions which their mutilated fragments prove, recalled to my mind the road which leads along the foot of Mount Vesuvius, from Castellamare to Portici. As there, the borders of the Lake of Gennesareth seem to have borne cities instead of harvests and forests.'—p. 340-343.

The latter observation may illustrate the inconceivable number of cities and large open towns, the least of which contained a population of fifteen hundred inhabitants, which Josephus assigns to the provinces of Galilee.

A great disappointment awaited M. de Lamartine; the plague raged with such violence in Jerusalem, that it was thought almost an act of madness to approach its walls. The traveller was obliged to content himself with a residence in the Convent of St. John, in the desert, and a tent pitched near the walls of the city; from these quarters he visited all the sacred spots on the outside of the city, and ventured in, to pay his adorations in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. If we could have presumed to dictate a series of questions, relating to some interesting particulars in the history of the Jews, a traveller situated like M. de Lamartine would have been just the person who might have afforded us satisfactory information. There are many points connected with the earlier period of the annals, and some which belong to the last fatal siege, which would derive great elucidation from an accurate survey of the environs of Jerusalem; especially by a traveller fully imbued with a knowledge of eastern antiquities, and able to discriminate between the different ages and styles of the few architectural remains. But we must content ourselves with what we have. We select the following description of the site assigned to the palace of King David on Mount Sion:—

'To the left of the platform, the Temple, and the walls of Jerusalem, the hill which supports the city suddenly sinks, stretches itself, and

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and descends in gentle slopes, sometimes broken by terraces of falling stones. On its summit, at some hundred paces from Jerusalem, stand a mosque, and a group of Turkish edifices, not unlike a European hamlet, crowned with its church and steeple. This is Sion! the palace, the tomb of David! the seat of his inspiration and of his joys, of his life and his repose! A spot doubly sacred to me, who have so often felt my heart touched, and my thoughts rapt by the sweet singer of Israel! the first poet of sentiment! the king of lyrics! Never have human fibres vibrated to harmonies so deep, so penetrating, so solemn. Never has the imagination of poet been set so high, never has its expression been so true. Never has the soul of man expanded itself before man, and before God, in tones and sentiments so tender, so sympathetic, and so heartfelt! All the most secret murmurs of the human heart found their voice, and their note, on the lips and the harp of this minstrel! And if we revert to the remote period when such chants were first echoed on the earth; if we consider that at the same period the lyric poetry of the most cultivated nations sang only of wine, love, war, and the victories of the Muses, or of the coursers at the Eleian games, we dwell with profound astonishment on the mystic accents of the prophet-king, who addresses God the Creator as friend talks to friend; comprehends and adores his wonders, admires his judgments, implores his mercies; and seems to be an anticipatory echo of the evangelic poetry, repeating the mild accents of Christ before they had been heard. Prophet or not, as he is contemplated by the *philosopher** or the Christian, neither of them can deny the poet-king an inspiration bestowed on no other man! Read Horace or Pindar after a psalm!—for my part, I cannot!

'I, the feeble poet of an age of silence and decay, had I domesticated at Jerusalem, should have selected for my residence and abiding place precisely the spot which David chose for his at Sion. Here is the most beautiful view in all Judea, Palestine, or Galilee. To the left lies Jerusalem, with its Temple and its edifices, over which the eyes of the king or of the poet might rove at large without his being seen from thence. Before him fertile gardens, descending in steep declivities, lead to the bed of that torrent, in the roar and foam of which he delights. Lower down, the valley opens and extends itself; fig-trees, pomegranates, and olives overshadowing it. On one of these rocks, suspended over the rolling tide—in one of these sonorous grottos, refreshed by the breeze and by the murmur of the waters—or at the foot of a trebinthus, ancestor of that which shelters me—the divine poet doubtless awaited those inspirations which he so melodiously poured forth! And why will they not here also visit me, that I might recount in song the griefs of my heart, and of the hearts of all men, in these days of perplexity, even as he sang of his hopes in an era of youth and of faith? Song, alas! no longer survives in the heart of man, for despair sings not! And until some new beam shall descend upon the obscurity of our times, terrestrial lyres will remain

* We think on all such occasions the French *Philosophe* should be retained.

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mute, and mankind will pass in silence from one abyss of doubt to another, having neither loved, nor prayed, nor sung.

'But to return to the palace of David. Here the eye rests upon the once verdant and watered Valley of Jehoshaphat; a large opening in the eastern hills conducts it from steep to steep, from height to height, from undulation to undulation, even to the basin of the Dead Sea; which, in the far distance, reflects the evening sunbeams in its dull and heavy waters, giving, like the thick Venetian crystal, an unpolished and leaden tint to the light which gleams upon it. This sea is not, however, what the imagination may picture it—a petrified lake, amidst a dull and colourless horizon! It resembles one of the most beautiful lakes of Switzerland or Italy, as it is seen from hence, reposing its tranquil waters beneath the shadow of the lofty mountains of Arabia (which stretch like the Alps as far as the eye can reach behind its waves), and amidst the projecting, pyramidical, conical, unequal, jagged, and sparkling ridges of the most distant mountains of Judea. Such is the view from Sion.'—vol. ii. p. 18-21.

There are many interesting particulars with regard to the scenery on the shores of the Dead Sea, for which we must refer to the volume itself. But we are arrested by a charming passage which places us on the banks of the Jordan, at no great distance from Jericho:—

'After a five hours' march, during which the stream seemed to me to get farther and farther from us, we arrived at the last ledge, at the foot of which we were to find it; but though at a distance from it of only two or three hundred paces, we saw nothing but the desert and the plain in front, without a single trace of valley or of stream. I imagine it is this illusion that has caused some travellers to say and think that the Jordan rolls its muddy waters in a bed of pebbles, between banks of sand, in the Desert of Jericho. Those travellers had not been able to attain the river, and seeing from a distance one vast sea of sand, they could not fancy that a cool, deep, shady, and delicious *oasis* was hollowed between the platforms of this monotonous desert, and invested the full waves and murmuring bed of Jordan with curtains of verdure that the Thames itself might envy. This is the truth, however. We were first confounded by it, then charmed. When arrived on the edge of the last platform, which terminates very abruptly, we had before our eyes one of the loveliest valleys that ever man beheld: we rushed down into it at full gallop, attracted by the novelty of the spectacle, and by the moisture, coolness, and shade that reigned within it: it was one continued grass-plat of the brightest green, where here and there grew tufts of rushes in blossom, and bulbous plants, whose large and brilliant corollas enamelled the grass and the foot of the trees with stars of every colour. There were groves of tall and slender shrubs, whose branches fell back like plumes over their numerous trunks; lofty Persian poplars, with light foliage, not rising into pyramids like ours, but spreading their branches freely on every side, as nervous as the oak, and with bark which glittered smooth and white in the changing rays of the morning sun; forests

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forests of willow of every species; and tall osiers so thick that it was impossible to penetrate them, so closely were they interwoven by innumerable liane plants (a sort of convolvolus), which crept round their roots, and twisting from stem to stem, formed an inextricable network between them.

'These forests extended, as far as we could see, along the sides and on both shores of the river. We were obliged to alight from our horses, and establish our camp in one of the glades of the forest, to penetrate on foot to the edge of the Jordan, which we heard but did not yet see. We advanced with difficulty, sometimes in the thick brushwood, sometimes in the long grass, and sometimes through the tall stems of the rushes. At length we found a spot where grass alone bordered the edge of the water, and here we dipped our hands and feet in the flood. It might be from a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet wide; its depth appeared considerable, and its course as rapid as that of the Rhone at Geneva; its waters are of a pale blue colour, slightly tinged by the mixture of grey earths which it flows over and scoops up, and great masses of which we heard to give way from time to time. The banks are perpendicular, but filled up to the rushes and trees which cover them. These trees are continually undermined by the water, and frequently hang over it; they are, therefore, often uprooted, and wanting sufficient support for their weight in the earth, they lean over the stream with all their branches and all their leaves, which dip into it, and stretch like verdant arches from one side to the other. Occasionally, one of these trees is carried away, with the portion of soil that it grows on, and floats in full leaf down the stream, its liane plants torn up and twisting amidst its branches, its nests under water, and its birds still perched upon its sprays. We saw several of these pass during the few hours that we rested in this charming oasis. The forest follows all the sinuosities of the Jordan, and weaves for it a perpetual garland of leaves and branches, which dip in the water, and cause its light waves to murmur.'—vol. ii. p. 61-63.

The editor closes the account of our author's visit to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem with some very pathetic verses (most especially marred in the translation), in which the poet afterwards moulded up his reminiscences of those hallowed scenes, with the heavy affliction which awaited him on his return to Syria, in the loss of his beautiful and beloved daughter. With this child he made an excursion upon the terraced slopes of Lebanon; which, if not very highly tinted by the prismatic colours of the author's imagination, must display some of the most exquisite scenery in the whole world. But we can only find room for a scanty notice of his visit to Baalbec, the ruins of which he has surveyed with the eye of a poet; but the extraordinary magnificence of which we should like to see illustrated by the pencil of an accurate painter, and the pen of a profound scholar. All we have heard of the magnitude and the different styles of architecture presented by these ruins,

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as well as the different engravings of them in the older volumes of Pococke, and the later more elaborate publication of Wood, only stimulate our curiosity. In the religious, as well as the civil history of mankind, to the mythologist and to the historian, it would be equally interesting to trace, in its architectural remains, the history of this ancient seat of the great Syrian worship—a worship, in its different forms, at least as old as the time of Solomon, if not older than the settlement of the Israelites in Judea; and which, under the race of Roman emperors which followed the Antonines, made a rapid progress in the west; and, in the person of the infamous Elagabalus, saw one of its priests ascend the throne of the world. The variety of styles belonging to all ages, and apparently to all nations, struck the eye of M. de Lamartine; who, however, makes no pretensions to what we may presume to call scientific scholarship:—

'We beheld before us a hill of architecture, which suddenly rose above the plain at some distance from the hills of the Anti-Libanus. We passed along one of the sides of this hill of ruins, upon which rises a forest of graceful columns. These were now gilded by the setting sun, and presented the dead yellow tints of the marble of the Parthenon, or the tuffo of the Coliseum at Rome. Among these columns there are some still retaining uninjured their richly carved capitals and cornices; they are ranged in long and elegant files along the walls which enclose the sanctuaries. Some are reclining against the walls, and are supported by them, like trees whose roots are decayed, whilst their trunks still remain sound and vigorous. Others, more numerous, are scattered here and there, forming immense masses of marble or stone on the slopes of the hill, in the deep hollows round it, and even in the bed of the river which flows at its feet.

'On the level summit of the mountain of stone, not far from the inferior temple, there rise six pillars of gigantic dimensions, still adorned with their colossal cornices. We continued our course by the foot of the mountains, until the columns and architecture ended, and we saw only gigantic walls built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture:—these are the wrecks of another age, and were employed at a subsequent but now remote period for the erection of the temples at present lying in ruins.'—pp. 242, 243.

On reaching the summit of the breach, he knew not where to fix his eyes. On every side he beheld marble doors of prodigious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, richly ornamented arches, fragments of cornices, entablatures, and capitals:—

'The master-works of art, the wrecks of ages, lay scattered as thickly as the grains of dust beneath our feet. All was mystery, confusion, inexplicable wonder. No sooner had we cast an admiring glance on one side, than some new prodigy attracted us on the others. Every attempt we made to interpret the religious meaning of the monuments

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monuments was immediately defeated by some newly discerned object. We fruitlessly groped about in this labyrinth of conjecture: one cannot re-construct in one's fancy the sacred edifices of an age or a people, of whose religion or manners nothing certain is known. Time carries his secrets away with him, and leaves his enigmas as sports for human knowledge. We speedily renounced all our attempts to build any system out of these ruins; we were content to gaze and to admire, without comprehending anything beyond the colossal power of human genius, and the strength of religious feeling, which had moved such masses of stone and wrought so many masterpieces.'

The travellers were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by some internal structures, which intercepted their view of the temples. The spot which they had now reached was to all appearance the abode of the priests, or the site of some private chapels.

'We passed these monumental buildings, which were much richer than the surrounding wall, and the second scene of the ruins unfolded itself to our eyes. This was much broader, much longer, much fuller of rich ornament, than the first scene which we had just quitted. It was a vast platform, of an oblong form, whose level was frequently interrupted by fragments of more elevated pavements, which seemed to have belonged to temples entirely destroyed, or to temples without roofs, where the sun, which is worshipped at Baalbec, might see his own altar. Round this platform is ranged a series of chapels, decorated with niches, admirably sculptured friezes, cornices, and vaulted arches, all displaying the most finished workmanship, but evidently belonging to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance of ornament which marked the decline of the Greeks and Romans. But this impression can only be felt by those whose eyes have been previously exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Athens and Rome; every other eye would be fascinated by the splendour of the forms and the finish of the ornaments. The only fault is too much richness; the stone groans beneath the weight of its own luxuriance, and the walls are overspread with a lace-work of marble.'

About eight or ten of the chapels appear to be in a perfect state, for they bear no traces of dilapidation. They are open to the oblong platform, round the edge of which they stand, and where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were probably performed in the open air:—

'I will not attempt to describe the thousand objects of surprise and admiration which each of these chapels presents to the eye of the observer. I am neither a sculptor nor an architect. I scarcely know the terms applied to the different portions of a building: but that universal language which the beautiful in art addresses to the eye, even of the ignorant—which the mysterious and the antique address to the understanding and the soul of the philosopher—I do understand; and I never understood it so forcibly as in this chaos of marbles.

'But

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'By multiplying in imagination the remains of the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and of the Parthenon, some notion may be formed of this architectural scene: its wonders consisted in the prodigious accumulation of so many richly-executed monuments in a single spot, so that the eye could embrace them at a single glance, in the midst of a desert, and above the ruins of an almost unknown city.

'At length we arrived at the feet of the six columns. Silence is the only language of man when what he feels outstrips the ordinary measure of his impressions. We stood in mute contemplation. Their diameter is six feet, and their height upwards of seventy feet. They are formed out of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together, that the junction lines are scarcely discernible. When we saw them, the sun lighted them only on one side; and we sat down for a few moments in their shade. Large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our footsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the columns, where they have built their nests; and returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings, like living ornaments amidst these inanimate wonders.'—vol. ii. p. 249-253.

'At a little distance from the entrance to the temple, we found some immense openings and subterranean staircases, which led us down to lower buildings, the destinations of which we were unable to guess. Here, too, all was on a vast and magnificent scale. They were probably the abodes of the pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation—perhaps also royal dwellings. They were lighted from their roofs, or from the sides of the platform under which they were built. Fearing lest we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we entered only a small portion of them—they seemed to extend over the whole of the hill.

'The temple I have just described stands at the south-western extremity of the hill of Baalbec, and forms the angle of the platform.

'On leaving the peristyle, we found ourselves on the very edge of the precipice. We could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is thirty feet above the level of the plain of Baalbec. When it is considered that some of these blocks of hewn granite are twenty feet long, fifteen or sixteen wide, and of inconceivable thickness; when it is borne in mind that these huge masses are raised one above another to the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground—that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to so vast a height to form the pavement of the temples—the mind is overwhelmed by such an example of human power. The science of modern times cannot help us to explain it.'—vol. ii. pp. 256, 257.

M. de Lamartine has furnished us with some very curious accounts of the various races which people Syria, particularly the Maronite and other Christian tribes. Of the moral qualities of the Christian races he entertains a high opinion, and conceives that they would make an excellent groundwork for the future regeneration and re-christianization of the East. We have likewise some agreeable sketches of Arabian life, some passages of Ara-



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bian poetry, and rather copious extracts from Antar. Our author seems at one time to intimate that he is the first person who has attempted to introduce this singular poem to the notice of European readers,—just at the close, however, of his observations, he declares his knowledge of the existence of Mr. Hamilton's translation. We should have thought that, in the present general cultivation of the English language on the Continent, a work could scarcely be considered unknown in Europe, of which an able and spirited version is to be found in our language. But we must prepare to close these delightful volumes. We have, we presume, afforded our readers sufficient specimens of the style of description which forms their principal charm and interest. From the pages devoted to Constantinople, the Bosphorus, the palace and villa life of the Turkish grandees, and the amiable and enlightened Frank society of Pera, we should have quoted largely, had we been dealing with a book less certain of popularity. M. de Lamartine's European reputation will be infinitely heightened by this publication: but this is not all—he will, we may safely predict, be found to have advanced the general estimation of the scope and tendency of the intellect and sentiment now predominating in the upper literature of France.

The 'Political Reflections' with which the book closes relate chiefly to the policy of Europe with regard to those splendid provinces which still nominally constitute the empire of the Turks. They are strongly coloured by the imaginative cast of his mind, but they are those of a man of thought and observation, of liberal and of *peaceful* sentiment. To one important point alone we shall direct our readers' attention, in which our author concurs with the general statements of most intelligent travellers, but concerning which he enters into more details than any that we have elsewhere met with. Statistics in the East can only, it is clear, be obtained on vague and conjectural evidence. But if our traveller's views approximate to the truth, the present proportion of the *Turkish* population to the *Asiatic* territory nominally under their sway is the most remarkable instance of the rapid decrease of one particular race over a large surface of the earth, and of the inert power exercised by the religious supremacy with which the sultan is invested, which maintains him in acknowledged dominion over such vast regions, crowded with an infinitely more numerous population, almost all of hostile faith, few, excepting some Turcoman tribes, of a kindred race. It is, he says, a very small armed, or rather once-armed aristocracy, an aristocracy resting on the pride and power of conquests some centuries past, which holds in subjugation what once were all the flourishing empires of the world. M. de Lamartine believes, and gives his reasons for believing, from the relative proportions of the population in the cities and provinces

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vinces of the Ottoman empire, that on sixty thousand square leagues the actual *Ottoman* population cannot be estimated at more than *two or three millions of souls!* This calculation, we must confess, goes below what we can for a moment believe to be the truth*. M. de Lamartine adds:—

'It would be hardihood or madness to say to Europe—Efface from the map an existing empire, full of life—lift an immense weight from the ill-adjusted equilibrium of the body politic; the world will not perceive the change. But the Ottoman empire no longer exists except in name; its life is extinct—its weight no longer sways the balance; it is nothing but a vast void, which your anti-human policy wishes to leave vacant, instead of filling it with a healthy and living population, which nature has already planted there, and which you might replenish and propagate yourselves. Do not precipitate the fall of the Ottoman empire—do not usurp the office of fate—do not assume the responsibility of Providence; but do not sustain by an illusory and culpable policy that phantom to which you can at best give only an appearance and attitude of life,—for it is dead. Do not become the allies of barbarism and Islamism, against the more advanced stages of civilization, reason, and religion, which they oppress; nor the accomplices of the slavery and depopulation of the finest parts of the world. Let destiny accomplish its purposes—observe, wait, and be ready.

'When at length the empire shall sink of itself, and, undermined by Ibrahim, or some other pasha, shall be dismembered alike in its northern and southern provinces, you will have a very simple question to decide,—Will you make war upon Russia, to prevent her inheriting Constantinople and the coasts of the Black Sea? Will you make war upon Austria, to prevent her inheriting one-half of Turkey in Europe? Will you make war upon England, to prevent her inheriting Egypt and the route to India by the Red Sea?—upon France, to prevent her colonizing Syria and the Island of Cyprus?—upon Greece, to prevent her completing her territories by the addition of the coasts of the Mediterranean, and the beautiful isles which bear her name, and are inhabited by her own people?—on all the world, in short, lest any one should profit by these magnificent ruins? Or must we come to a mutual understanding, and divide them amongst the human race; under the patronage of Europe, that the human race may multiply and flourish in this beautiful climate, and that civilization may resume its station there? These are the two questions which a congress of the powers of Europe will have to decide. Truly, the answer is not doubtful.

'If you resolve on war, you will have war, with all the evils—all the ruin that attend it: you will injure Europe, Asia, and yourselves; and the war having ended from utter weariness, nothing which you intended to prevent will be prevented. The force of circumstances—the irresistible march of events—the influence of national sympathies and religion—the power of territorial positions, will have their inevi-

* As we have not taken any extracts from M. de Lamartine's chapters on his residence in European Turkey, we may probably make his third volume the subject of a separate article in a future number of this Journal—and then examine in detail some of the startling statements now quoted from his concluding essay.



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table effect: Russia will occupy the coasts of the Black Sea and Constantinople—the Black Sea is a Russian lake, of which Constantinople is the key; Austria will spread herself over Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, to keep pace with Russia; France, England, and Greece, after disputing the road for some time, will respectively take possession of Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and the Islands. The effect will be the same; but, meanwhile, torrents of blood will have flowed by sea and land; the chances of battle will have substituted forced and arbitrary, for natural and rational division of territory; years of useful colonization will have been lost; and during these perhaps lengthened years, Turkey in Europe and Asia will have been the prey of anarchy and incalculable calamities.'—p. 372—374.

M. de Lamartine appears to us to be rather innocently in the dark as to the past and present policy of Russia—into that wide subject, however, we shall not now enter. But he has no political or religious hostility to the Turks themselves:—he does ample justice to their nobler qualities:—

'As a race of men, they are still, in my estimation, the first and most worthy amongst the numerous races that people their vast empire; their character is the noblest and most dignified, their courage is unimpeachable, and their virtues, religious, civil, and domestic, are calculated to inspire every martial mind with esteem and admiration. Magnanimity is inscribed on their foreheads, and displayed in their actions: if they had better laws and a more enlightened government, they would be one of the greatest peoples the world has seen. All their instincts are generous. They are a people of patriarchs, of contemplatists, of adorers, of philosophers,—and when their cause is that of religion, they are a people of heroes and martyrs. God forbid that I should instigate the extermination of such a race, whom I believe to confer honour on humanity! But as a nation they are, or soon will be, no more.'—vol. iii. pp. 380, 381.

With the destiny of nations, as with that of individuals—

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus.

But certainly, whether by colonization from the west, which our author seems to think might disburthen its redundant population on these once fertile regions—(he even suggests a plan of settling a colony of French agriculturists on the rich plains of Zebulon)—or by the development of the native races, under the protection of some one, or of a congress of the European powers, as proposed by our poetic statesman—or by the action of some purely native influence as yet undeveloped—it is impossible to doubt but that many years will hardly pass without some remarkable changes being wrought in these countries, which have long slumbered in peaceful, but not we conceive happy ignorance of political vicissitude; which have known no other alteration than the rule of a more or less tyrannical Pasha, the more lax or severer exaction of the taxes levied by a distant and haughty government.

ART.

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ART. VIII.—*Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems.* By William Wordsworth. 12mo. pp. 349. London. 1835.

WE so recently called the attention of our readers to what appear to us to be the characteristic features of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, that our present notice is of course strictly confined to the contents of the beautiful volume before us. Nor, circumstanced as we are, can we enter into the merits even of this single volume with the particularity which would be so delightful to us. The truth is, that a publication like this is almost without the reach of periodical criticism; it wants nothing from us in the way of advertisement: every mature lover of poetry already possesses it as a matter of course; and when we simply say, that in our judgment it worthily supports an established fame, we say what may be acceptable to those younger persons who do us the honour to look for our opinion, but which to the poet himself can only be, as it is designed to be, a tribute of our unfeigned admiration and respect.

We said that this volume supported the author's fame; in point of fact, we think it will add to it. There is, as it seems to us, a spirit of elegance in these poems, more prominently and uniformly prevailing, than in any equal portion of Mr. Wordsworth's former works. We mean an elegance, such as Quinctilian ascribes to several of the Greek and Roman writers—'a nobleness of thought and feeling made vocal in perfectly pure and appropriate language.' It struck us at first as being an odd remark of Coleridge's, that Goethe and Wordsworth were something alike: the point of resemblance mentioned by him is beside our present purpose; but we have been exceedingly impressed with what that *obiter dictum* led us to notice—the similarity of some of the smaller pieces of these great poets in an almost sculptural precision of outline—a completeness and totality of impression rarely to be found elsewhere in the modern literature of Europe. Take as an instance this little poem:—

'A JEWISH FAMILY.

(*In a small valley opposite St. Goar, upon the Rhine.*)

'Genius of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring
And all his majesty, [Rhine,
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

'The Mother—her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
Thy inspirations give:
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predestined here to live.

'Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

'I see

'I see the dark brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
*The grace of parting Infancy,*
*By blushes yet untamed;*
*Age faithful to the mother's knee,*
*Nor of her arms ashamed.*

'Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

'Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!'—p. 89-91.

We have marked in *italics* a quatrain which will fix itself for ever in every memory; nor need less be predicted of the three that we subjoin from 'The Russian Fugitive'—perhaps the most *elegant* narrative poem that ever came from the pen of this poet—

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
"The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,"*
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove.

'Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen;
And Poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and Conquerors thanked the Gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned.

'Into the mists of fabling Time
So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation—power defies,
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.'
—pp. 133, 134.

We venture to say that our ballad-stanza—that stanza for which in skilful hands nothing is too lofty—was never made the vehicle of more exquisite poetry than in the lines entitled

'Incident at Bruges.

'In Brugès town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Flung from a convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

'The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words
Had fallen upon the ear.

'It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

'Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the Maiden at my side;
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gaily o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?—p. 86—88.

* Sandys's Ovid.

Let

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Let any one try to alter so much as a single word in these eight lines:—

'If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear and to forbear!'

The following extract from 'The Romance of the Water Lily,' though somewhat different in the mood of feeling, is equally illustrative of the artist-like finish of most of the pieces in this volume:—

'Next came Sir Galahad;
He paused, and stood entranced by that still face
Whose features he had seen in noontide vision.
'For late as near a murmuring stream
He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady,
Nina, the good enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed;
And, at her call, a waking dream
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian lady.
'Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,
As o'er the insensate body hung
The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,
Belief sank deep into the crowd
That he the solemn issue would determine.
'Nor deem it strange; the youth had worn
That very mantle on a day of glory,
The day when he achieved that matchless feat,
The marvel of the Perilous Seat,
Which whosoe'er approached of strength was shorn,
Though king or knight the most renowned in story.
'He touched with hesitating hand,
And lo! those birds, far-famed through love's dominions,
The swans, in triumph clap their wings;
And their necks play, involved in rings,
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land;—
"Mine is she," cried the knight;—again they clapped their pinions.
'"Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,
And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;"
Whereat, a tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the damsel's cheek;
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

'Deep

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'Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,
When, to the mouth, relenting death
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
Precursor to a timid sigh,
To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.'—pp. 63—65.

And in adding to all these the exquisite lines following, we cannot but notice the resemblance to the tone of Shakspeare's sonnets:—

'Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre, that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more deary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!'
—p. 145.

The perusal of this volume has affected us in many ways; amongst others, with a sense that it is the work of the autumn day of a great poet's honoured life. It is streaked with all the tints of the season—the bright and the sombre, the massy and the evanescent—with a deep repose brooding over and attempering all. It would be most inappropriate criticism to say that a spirit of *melancholy* pervades these poems; not so—but a profound *pensiveness*, nevertheless, bursting occasionally into devotional rapture, is the foundation of every one of them. That kindly fellowship with nature—

'With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman——'

which marked Mr. Wordsworth's earliest poetry, most impressively distinguishes his latest; now, as in his brilliant youth, *poetando va*, seeing, extracting, communicating beauty and power; nothing is lost; nothing sere, drooping, or imperfect; but a tint, a shade, is fallen on his imagination, whilst a forecasting, almost a prelibation of some sublimer vision, has flung a solemn glory around and in the midst of it. There will be no sermons printed this year in England so soul-subduing as many of these poems.

'Adieu, Rydalian Laurels!' cries the poet, as he leaves his sweet home for a short tour in Scotland, knowing that—see what he

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he might to admire—he could meet nothing he should ever love so well :—

> 'Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
> And spread as if ye knew that days might come
> When ye would shelter in a happy home,
> On this fair Mount, a poet of your own,
> One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
> To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
> All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
> Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown.
> Farewell! no minstrels now with harp new-strung
> For summer wandering quit their household bowers;
> Yet not for this wants poesy a tongue
> To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours
> Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
> Or musing sits forsaken halls among.'—p. 187.

All things impartially considered, is the *Peninsularum Sirmio* of Catullus better than this? Is it purer, finer, terser?

There are two or three poems in this collection, of a very high, even abstract cast of thought and feeling—as much so, perhaps, as any of the more celebrated efforts of Mr. Wordsworth's former years. We especially allude—and can only allude—to 'Liberty,' p. 151—'The Lines on a Portrait,' p. 301—and 'Stanzas on the Power of Sound,' p. 311; and we scarcely think that any verses but Dryden's have equalled the energy of parts of 'The Warning,' and 'Humanity;' but where in Dryden shall we find his political shafts winged with such purity and thoughtful patriotism? We also earnestly recommend a patient and reflective perusal of the *postscript* to the poems. The part treating of the New Poor Law is written throughout in a deep spirit of humanity, and with a profound insight into the subject, and deserves study, as the evidence of one who, in such matters, can have no interest to serve but that of charity, and who knows the condition and real feelings, needs, and aspirations of the unspoilt peasantry and poor of England, a thousand times better than any of our flashy legislators, who rarely speak to a labourer but at an election.

We close our hasty notice of this volume with regret. The affectionate remembrances of Sir W. Scott, Sir G. Beaumont, and others, are very pleasing; and, indeed, there is no volume of Mr. Wordsworth's works in which so much of himself, as a man, comes forth for the delight and the instruction of his readers.

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ART. IX.—1. *Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal.* By Lieut.-Col. Badcock. 8vo. London, 1835.
2. *Recollections of a few Days spent with the Queen's Army in Spain, in Sept.* 1834. 12mo. (Privately printed.) London. 1835.
3. *Recollections of a Visit to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha.* By the Author of 'Vathek.' 8vo. London, 1835. pp. 228.

IT is an extraordinary feature in the modern annals of the Peninsula, that though, during the last thirty years, it has been the scene of some of the fiercest struggles which have agitated Europe, it has produced no great man in any one department. This fact is the more remarkable when taken in connexion with the number of distinguished names that grace the earlier pages of its history. The statesmen and generals who dictated to the old, and conquered the new world, were the denizens of kingdoms which now occupy but a third-rate place in the eyes of Europe, and maintain their character as independent states only by the aid of borrowed gold and foreign mercenaries.

The causes which have led to so melancholy a change may partly be discovered in those very successes which gave to Spain and Portugal their original celebrity. Each had established vast colonies in remote regions, and the immense sums transmitted by these to the mother country, arising in a great measure from mines and monopolies, were the property of the crown, and divided amongst a nobility which alone possessed its ear. This same privileged class, moreover, retained in their own hands all the offices of government. They commanded the army, sat at the council board, and presided in the courts of law, and possessing a power as irresponsible as it was immense, made it minister to their avarice by offering up place, patronage, even justice to open sale. The wealth arising from such various sources naturally awakened an appetite for pleasure, and led to excesses which, operating upon generation after generation, insensibly but effectually destroyed the physical powers of the aristocracy. On their mental faculties the Inquisition exercised an influence no less fatal. That tribunal, originally established as an engine not less of political than of ecclesiastical rule, had remained true to the intentions of its founder, and instead of confining its exertions to the extirpation of heresy, directed them against everything that was calculated for the development of the human mind. Books, not simply on religion, but on law, politics, and even history, were prohibited,—knowledge rendered a forbidden thing, and the highest classes of the community limited to an education hardly superior to that enjoyed by their meanest domestics. To such a system few were bold enough to offer any opposition; and upon these descended so unhesitatingly the

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the thunders of the holy office, that the great mass, terrified by their fate, yielded unresistingly to the restrictions imposed on them, and afraid to exchange ideas, or institute investigation upon subjects which might by possibility come within the range of suspicion, gradually sunk into apathy, or took refuge in that circle of libertinage and intrigue within whose narrow limits alone they could exercise free will with safety.

From these vices, and their consequences, the peasantry were exempt. Too humble to be permitted to share the emoluments of office, or to be an object of jealousy to the inquisitorial government, they were exposed neither to the corruptions of the one nor to the surveillance of the other; and engaged in the culture of their paternal fields, and the discharge of their domestic duties, retained an energy of body, and a frank, open healthiness of mind, which formed a striking contrast to the demoralization of their superiors. But this very insignificance, that made their position in life a safe and honest one, necessarily prevented their rising beyond it. They had been so long habituated to see the reins of authority, both in the civil and military departments, monopolized by a particular class, that they never dreamed that their own hands could be taught to guide them;—or if some, more enterprising than the rest, aspired to the vacant seat, they were instantly thrown back by that barrier of caste with which the higher classes in the peninsula hedged round everything that could confer either emolument or power.

Thus the population—divided between those who were too degraded to feel the stimulus of an honourable ambition and those who, by circumstances, were debarred from gratifying it—played but a secondary part in that struggle in which, from interest and locality, they ought to have been the leaders; the one portion too much occupied with their sensual pleasures to feel anything but indifference as to who should prove their future master,—and the other, though fighting with the most desperate heroism, strictly confining themselves to the limits which habit had rendered natural, and seeking no glory higher than what could be conferred by the capture of a convoy or the combats of a Guerilla.

Yet this system, effective as it was in destroying or nullifying the energies of the people both in Spain and Portugal, does not appear to have proved so injurious, as might have been anticipated, to their happiness. The higher classes, engrossing in their own hands honours and immunities,—the dignities of the church, the army, and the state,—were naturally satisfied with things as they were. No change, no reform in the government could be of any benefit to them, none could add to the influence they already possessed, or to their present sources of enjoyment. Nor were the lower orders,

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orders, with apparently better reason for dissatisfaction, discontented. The agricultural population of the Peninsula is decidedly optimist. The fineness of their climate, the easy fertility of their soil, the breath of heaven 'smelling sweet and wooingly,' have all had a soothing influence on their feelings. Unaffected by those commercial changes which in this country raise to sudden opulence or depress to great poverty, their lot if not a wealthy was an even one; and sitting under their vine and under their fig tree, they did not for a moment doubt the excellence of the despotism to which their fathers had so long submitted. The abuses that from time to time made themselves felt, produced little change in these sentiments. They were attributed to the malversation of individual officers,—not to the badness of the system; and the loyal population, taught by their priests that it was under the flag of an absolute dynasty that had been enacted those great deeds of the past, on which a Spaniard and Portuguese loves to dwell, drew the natural deduction that a future not less brilliant might be expected under a similar government.

It was from this contentment with existing institutions that the Spaniards, at the termination of the Peninsular war, did not, as a people, evince any disposition to employ the power with which events had invested them, to impose restrictions on the royal authority. Civil rights, it is true, were demanded in their name, and a compact entered into with the sovereign; but these were the acts of a 'clique,' who had devised the introduction of a new system merely from a view to their own personal advantage, and could retain their place only by its continuance. With *their* cause the great mass of the nation felt no sympathy, and Ferdinand VII., on returning to his throne, trampled under foot the constitution that was presented for his signature, without a single arm being raised in its defence. Precisely similar was the state of public opinion in Portugal, and such, also, was the result. Twice within twenty years did a small body of discontented courtiers establish a constitutional government, and twice did Dom Miguel overturn it without striking a blow.

Under these circumstances it may appear extraordinary that so general a belief should have sprung up of late in this country, as to the strength of the popular feeling in the Peninsula; but the mystery is of easy explanation. The succession to the thrones of the kingdoms which are comprised within its limits became disputed—and the weaker claimants, unable to advance their pretensions with a prospect of success upon any other ground, found it convenient to affect a violent attachment for popular rights, and to raise the standard of constitutional liberty. The radical press in England found it equally convenient to espouse their cause. The

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The expedition of Pedro and the claims of Isabella formed an admirable text for homilies in favour of democratic power; and enabled them, under pretence of attacking the antagonists of freedom, to preach a crusade against legitimacy. In their zeal for such a cause neither truth nor consistency were regarded. The acts of Miguel's government were falsified, its severities exaggerated, and himself branded as a tyrant and a monster: while the will of Ferdinand VII., *which broke through a law of succession nearly as ancient as any by which the House of Hanover holds the crown of these realms,* was recognised as valid—that will which, bequeathing nine millions of people, like so many goods and chattels, to the heiress of his illegal caprice, would under any other circumstances have been to the liberal party an object of equal contempt and horror. These arts, however, and the declamation by which they were accompanied, produced their effect;—and the English public gradually adopted the belief that the great majority of the inhabitants of the Peninsula were animated by one feeling—a detestation of the legitimate cause, and an ardent attachment to popular privileges and a free scheme of government.

Unfortunately for the adherents of such a theory, has appeared the brief and very unpretending work of Colonel Badcock. At the commencement of the struggle this distinguished officer was despatched to the seat of war by Earl Grey's ministry, for the purpose of watching the course of events, and transmitting exact intelligence to the government at home. In the discharge of the duties of this mission he ran over a considerable part of Spain, was present at the siege of Oporto, and attended Dom Pedro to the camp before Santarem; and his 'Rough Leaves,' as they are modestly termed, are filled with interesting details of the various events which met his eyes amidst such stirring scenes. With the lighter portion of the narrative much valuable information has been mixed up; but one fact stands pre-eminent in its importance—not hinted at in a corner, but honestly and repeatedly avowed—viz., that during the contest which has just closed, the great majority of the Portuguese were opposed to the queen's cause; and that Miguel, had the 'vox populi' not been silenced by Whig intervention and foreign bayonets, would, as far as it is possible to form an opinion from circumstances, have been at the present day, and by national consent, King of Portugal.

These are grave facts, which, vouched as they are by a gentleman of high character and great experience, who was the chosen agent of Lord Grey's cabinet, stand above the possibility of suspicion, and must force themselves upon the credence of the most unbelieving of those constitution-hatchers, who imagine that a passion for civil rights is an innate principle in man.

In truth, those theories of liberty which hold so high a place in the

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the public mind in England, seem never to have been entertained by the combatants on either side. The very officers of the constitutional army, by the evidence of Colonel Badcock, neither assented to nor understood them; and the great body of the people, so far from receiving them with enthusiasm, adhered steadily to the old system which habit had rendered familiar, and the cause of their absolute king. Nor was this fidelity exhibited only at the commencement of the contest, when the invading army was penned up in Oporto, and when it might have been alleged that their choice of a side had been dictated by interest;—the Colonel is obliged to acknowledge (p. 364) that it was equally remarkable after the destruction of the fleet and the loss of the capital—when Miguel, shut up within the lines at Santarem, was powerless beyond the ground occupied by his army, and had no means of enforcing an unwilling obedience.

The fact is, that Donna Maria was indebted for her throne, neither to the sympathies nor the constitutional predilections of her present subjects, but to her possessing a force of five thousand of the greatest blackguards and the best troops in Europe, the refuse of the British veterans and the *vieilles moustaches* of the French camp. These fellows, unmanagable when out of action, were heroes under fire, and admirably led by captains who had been trained under Napoleon or Wellington, and as feebly opposed by the intrigues and blunders of the Miguelite chiefs, succeeded in making head against their opponents till the advance of the Spanish forces brought the contest to a summary termination.

To this result, however, the conduct of the British government, as a government, did not meanly contribute. It was a curious specimen of political coquetry. Anxious to give all possible aid to the Pedroite cause, but afraid to compromise themselves by too decided an act of intervention, they were continually advancing and retrograding, and opposing the conduct of one employé to that of another. Thus their agent on shore rode round the lines, suggested measures of defence, and attended councils of war and meetings of the queen's officers; while their representative on shipboard would not even allow his sailors to save the lives of some wretches whom the Miguelites had driven into the water, 'as they could render no assistance without committing themselves as partisans.' Again, the British men-of-war, when Pedro left Oporto with his squadron, saluted his flag, or, in other words, recognised him as the ally of England; while, at the same time, the ex-emperor himself was refused the use of the bar-boat to carry him to his vessel, 'that no direct countenance might be given to his cause.' Such miserable affectations of impartiality deceived no one; they might be very convenient to a foreign

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a foreign secretary when called on to repel a charge of intervention, as citable evidence of the good faith of his government; but they did not for a moment veil its decided predilections.

The moral aid thus afforded to the Pedroites was immense. In Portugal, as in every country during a civil war, the neutral, the indifferent, and the cautious formed a considerable body: wise in their generation, these worthies were anxious to offer their adhesion only to the victorious party, and guessing shrewdly enough that the cause which received the support of the English government must ultimately triumph, they wearied its representative with inquiries as to the line of policy which it would adopt. 'For God's sake,' said they, in the agony of their interested apprehensions, 'tell us only what England wishes done.' To such waiters upon Providence, the salute of the British fleet was sufficiently explanatory of the intentions of our ministry. They immediately chose their side, and threw their whole weight into the constitutional scale; and thus the reports of our guns in the Tagus, innocent as their echoes might appear of positive evil to Dom Miguel, decided the fate of his capital, and probably of the war.

'Lisbon had been evacuated by the Miguelite troops as well as by the police—but before the Duke de Terceira entered, there was still a *pause*; the flag of Donna Maria was hoisted, pulled down, and again rehoisted:—great doubt still remained, but some foreigners assisting, and hiring a few gallegos, rehoisted the flag of the queen at St. George and some other conspicuous places, upon which the British squadron in the Tagus immediately fired a salute. A salute from the British squadron to a Portuguese flag had not been heard for years. The Portuguese, too happy to be quiet, said, "Oh! the English have at length decided, and, consequently, we will not stir." Lisbon, therefore, became constitutional.'—*Badcock*, pp. 307, 308.

The most interesting portion of the Colonel's book, is that devoted to the siege of Oporto, the details of which are extremely graphic, and admit us completely behind the scenes at this faithful representation of a beleaguered town. It is curious to observe the terror felt by the inhabitants at the commencement of the attack gradually exchanged for indifference, and this feeling—or rather no-feeling—as the siege was prolonged and the chances of successful resistance increased, warming in its turn into heroism:—to remark the recurrence of the citizens to their natural habits;—the almost unconsciousness of danger with which, after a time, they parade the familiar streets, while shot and shell are falling around them;—their passion for flowers, which must be gratified, though the seeds are sown between the fascines of the batteries—and that attachment to a favourite spot which makes a valiant

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a valiant old cobler retain his seat, and composedly follow his vocation, while exposed to all the fury of the Miguelite fire. The same spirit animates the softer sex—the ruling passion sometimes displaying itself even amidst such scenes:—

'In one of the most exposed angles of the place, and where the shot were continually touching the parapet, I was amused at observing an artillery officer and his wife dining together—she sitting full dressed in the Moorish style, with gold chains, ear-rings, and other ornaments, as if for a grand entertainment.'—p. 290, &c. &c.

'One woman, with a barrel of powder on her head, had her arm taken off by a cannon-shot; others were returning after delivering their load: she called to one to take her charge from her head, whilst she returned to have the stump amputated.'—p. 305, &c. &c.

To add to these miseries, famine was rife in the town. Cats and dogs were eagerly sought after; asses' flesh brought a high price—fowls were sold for 30*s.* a piece—and the ex-emperor himself was pressed for a dinner. Amid such scenes of distress, the natural good feeling of the Portuguese, their forbearance from complaint, and their patience under suffering, were singularly remarkable, and some anecdotes of their honesty are so creditable to their national character, that we cannot resist giving the passage at full length: the observation with which it closes, when we consider from whom it comes, is worthy of some notice:—

'A German gentleman, about a year and a half before, previously to the investment of the place, had given a poor peasant woman a piece of linen to make shirts; and, to his astonishment, she made and brought them all to him, having conveyed them safely through the midst of the Miguelite soldiery, at a time when troops in general would be too apt to appropriate so useful an article to themselves. On mentioning this to an English lady in Porto, she said, "Oh! that is nothing;—a poor woman has brought me back all the thread I gave her to make tape, saying that she could not make the tape, as the soldiers had burned her machinery." There were numberless instances of servants and others begging in the streets rather than make any use of the property entrusted to their charge. I am confident that if I returned to Porto, I should find a few things that I gave to some poor people, telling them to keep them till I returned, most faithfully guarded. Such is the fidelity of these people. *I doubt if any virtues the constitution may produce will make amends for those they will lose, even if they should arrive at penny papers every morning at breakfast, and have the beautiful clearness of their atmosphere destroyed by the vapours and smoke of manufactories.*'—pp. 324, 325.

The great resource of the queen's government in such a time of scarcity was the wine. It formed the chief support of the inhabitants, and was served out in liberal rations to the foreign levies. To the John Bull portion of them it was only too agreeable, and

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was consumed with an avidity which sometimes materially interfered with their military duties. The Colonel's account of their appearance when first reviewed by Solignac is characteristic.

'I never beheld such a motley crew as this corps, having been accustomed to see our well-clothed and well-appointed regular troops; and if there had not been something of the devil's daring in their eyes, I could not have supposed them my countrymen: they were true pictures of Falstaff's corps. They were mostly in rags and tatters; some almost without breeches; few with shoes and stockings; some in uniform, others partly so: a few had shacos; they were armed with muskets and bayonets without scabbards; in short, they wanted all the necessary appointments and accoutrements for the field.

'The Marshal had made all the corps go through the motions of priming, loading, and firing, in his route, a necessary part of such an army's instruction. He desired the British to do the same. The officer in command came forward and said he could not venture to let them do so; some had not learnt the use of arms, many had their pieces loaded with ball-cartridge, and a large portion were drunk.

'The Marshal paused a moment, and then said, 'Croisez les baionettes.' He had dismounted and was in front; I recommended him to retire a little distance, knowing what sort of fellows they would be with that arm (indeed the Marshal had felt that formerly, as he was one of the French generals in Porto, when we crossed the Douro under the Duke of Wellington). The men immediately charged, and put all the spectators to flight, who ran till the lines stopped them, the Marshal skipping out of their way as fast as he could. He observed their mettle, and turning to me, said, "Mon brave Colonel, voilà des loups."'—p. 184-6.

The loss of life at Oporto was immense, 16,000 civilians and 7000 soldiers having perished; but the fiercest part of the struggle, and the whole of its interest was comprised within or around the walls. For a few months, indeed, after the raising of the siege, Dom Miguel maintained his ground at Santarem, but the formation of the Quadruple Treaty gave a fatal blow to his cause, and the approach of the army sent against him by one of the contracting parties at once broke down his enfeebled resources, and terminated a war of which, from the mutual exhaustion of the combatants, it would have been otherwise difficult to have foreseen the issue.

It is not probable that the present contest in Spain will be brought so speedily to a close. Portugal was too isolated and too insignificant to make any interference in its affairs a matter of jealousy to the great military powers. But the sister kingdom, more formidable from her position and the number of her inhabitants, has for three centuries occupied a prominent place in the foreign policy of those States which have felt an apprehension of French



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supremacy. Her motions have been watched, her alliances scrutinized, and neither blood nor treasure has been spared to prevent too intimate a sympathy between her cabinet and that of the Tuileries. Recent events have contributed to increase this jealousy. The ultra-liberal government which has sprung up in the Spanish capital, emanating directly from the spirit of propagandism in France, and clinging to it for support, has created a link between the two countries which formerly did not exist; and the great dynasties of central Europe have become exposed, through its agency, not merely to that combination of physical force which was the object of terror to their predecessors, but to that still more formidable moral danger arising from the spread of opinions which threaten the very basis of their authority. They have consequently at the present moment a double interest in preventing any measure calculated to rivet such a connexion, or increase the power of France in the Peninsula. Accordingly, if we may judge from events, they have taken the alarm, and put their veto upon any national intervention, either by Louis Philippe or his humble ally, the Whig-radical Ministry of England, in favour of the constitutional cause in Spain; and the Queen's government, instead of enjoying the whole benefit of the Quadruple Treaty, will be obliged to rest satisfied with that very limited performance of its stipulations, which is contained in the grant of a few thousand pounds, a few ship-loads of arms, and permission to avail itself of the aid of military adventurers and private levies.

On the advantage to be derived from such succours, it would be hazardous to speculate. In the Portuguese struggle, it is true, they acted a prominent part; but, putting out of the question the different character of the ground in which the contest is now to be carried on, it may be observed that Portugal has long looked up with reverence to England, and has adopted with alacrity her discipline, and followed her officers; while the Spaniards, under the influence of their extravagant national vanity, have ever obstinately refused to benefit by either; and will probably adhere now, as they adhered during the Peninsular war, to their own wretched system of strategy, notwithstanding the anxiety of their allies for its reform, and the almost constant reverses that have attended its retention.

But we have no intention to enter into a political discussion. We proceed simply to quote, from the Journal named after that of Colonel Badcock, some details of the sort of men and scenery by whom and amongst which the war is carried on in the Basque provinces.

Our Journalist, a graduate of Cambridge, who had been suffering from bad health, was ordered by his physician to try the effect of

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of exercise and change of air. He proceeded accordingly to the Continent, and chose the Pyrenees as the *locale* of his journey, partly from a wish to become acquainted with those magnificent mountain ranges, and partly to ascertain, by personal observation, the sentiments of the inhabitants towards the rival candidates for the Spanish crown. On arriving at the frontier, he found it impossible to cross it without an escort, and proceeded by sea to St. Sebastian, where he joined a detachment of El Pastor's troops on their march to Tolosa. In that town he fell in with the main body of the constitutional army, under Rodil, which he accompanied for some days to Eybar; but on his presence being reported at head-quarters, the jealous temper of the commander-in-chief took fire, and he was arrested as a spy, and would have been cast into some dungeon, had it not been for the good offices of an Irish colonel in the Spanish service, who procured his enlargement on condition of his quitting the country. His homeward route was by Bergara (where he again joined the army of El Pastor), Villa Franca, Tolosa, and Irun.

His details of what he saw, though he affects neither depth nor originality, are curious, as containing some sketches of the general officers whose names have been trumpeted in England, and of those harrowing scenes which are the necessary accompaniments of a civil war. Occasionally, too, there are passages of a gayer character: but we will allow the tourist to speak for himself. He is leaving St. Sebastian :—

'I had engaged a soldier of the guard to awaken me an hour before the departure of the escort; but as my only chance of seeing the interior depended on my being on foot in time to accompany it, I was too anxious to trust to his vigilance, and kept pacing my room till his arrival. He made his appearance at two in the morning; and, taking my knapsack in his hand, we started for the square. My activity was altogether superfluous. We did not, in short, march till half-past six, and four weary hours did I pace backwards and forwards under the arcade opposite the gate.

'I had a companion in my petty miseries. Major Arago, the officer who held the keys of the fortress, was on foot to let us out, and he indulged in divers emphatic oaths on the cruelty of unnecessarily taking him out of his bed, just at the moment when, from the freshness of the morning air, a good Spaniard was most disposed to enjoy it.

'During the two first hours of my pilgrimage the town was quite dark, and perfectly silent, except when disturbed by the howls of the watchmen. About four things became more animated. Near us, and close by the gate, was a fountain, whither the maid-servants of the town came for the purpose of drawing water. Each carried a lantern in her hand, and a stone-ware pitcher on her head; and as she moved along with that slow, stately pace and haughty air, common even to women of the lowest ranks in Spain, she formed no bad representation



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of one of the priestesses of Cybele. Some soldiers of the guard had taken their places by the side of the fountain for the purpose of assisting the damsels in their operations. We could not see through the gloom how far they were just allies and true; but from the screams and laughter which broke occasionally on our ear, I should have guessed that their presence did as much to retard as to forward the labours of the fair Gibeonites.

'About five the men who were to form the escort began to arrive singly; but, better accustomed than myself to the delays of their commander, on finding no symptoms of departure, took off their wallets, and placing them as pillows below their heads, were in a few minutes asleep under the arches of the piazza. At last appeared our commandant. He was an important-looking little man, about forty-five, and was mounted on an animal hardly larger than a Shetland pony, which, in addition to its master, carried two well-filled saddle-bags. Behind him was a bullock-cart laden with a bag of money and yellow leather shoes for the army, and several mules followed, carrying sacks-full of similar commodities. On his appearance under the archway the guard was turned out, and the gate being opened with much ceremony, we started for the interior.

'Our escort consisted of about thirty rank and file, and six or seven light troopers. An officer, on horseback, going to join his regiment at Pampeluna, and myself, were originally the only volunteers of the party; but about one hundred yards from the gate we were overtaken by two ladies on a mule, riding *en cacolet*. This is the usual mode of travelling in the Basque provinces. The arrangement is very simple, consisting of a pair of panniers thrown across a pack-saddle, with the side cut away towards the head of the animal. In these panniers the travellers take their seats, the legs hanging down unsupported, and a good deal exposed to the view of the bystanders; a circumstance which ought to make them carefully avoided by any young lady who is not well assured of the beauty of her ancles. It is a mode of conveyance admirably adapted to a hilly country, where the cross-roads are execrable, and is in universal use at Briaritz, a fashionable watering-place, two miles south of Bayonne, where it formed the favourite amusement of the unfortunate, but very prettily-ancled, Duchess of Berri, in those happy days of frolic-fun when she contented herself with meaner baubles than crowns and kingdoms.'—*Recollections*, p. 25.

After a long and fatiguing march, they reach the town of Villa Buona, where they halt to refresh:—

'We had much difficulty in getting what we wanted; but this was not the first occasion on which I had observed a strongly-marked dislike to the Queen's troops. In the villages through which we had passed, no one bade God bless us; on the contrary, the lowering brows and sulky looks of the peasantry that were lounging in the streets, gave evident proof of the hostility of their feelings. Nor were the soldiery behindhand in showing their attachment to their party. Wherever the enmity of the Basquese assumed the most decided

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cided character, there loudest and most insultingly was raised the chaunt of the Constitutional Hymn — for the evident purpose of marking to the Carlists their contempt: a conduct that naturally engendered in both parties a mutual hatred, which, scrupling at no means, however dishonourable, of effecting its object, made their combats, upon every occasion when combating became inevitable, a war to the knife, and every prisoner a victim.'—*Ibid.* p. 38.

An easy march of an hour brought the party to Tolosa, where El Pastor was quartered with his division. The town was crowded, and our Journalist would have had great difficulty in obtaining a bed, had he not been fortunate enough to meet with an old French dragoon, resident in the place. The War of the Independence, as the Spaniards delight to call it, has left many traces behind it in the Peninsula. In addition to the Irish officers, who at the conclusion of that contest, from an honourable wish for employment, entered the Spanish service, many animals of a grosser clay, attracted by the wine and the oil, were left behind on the retreat of the intrusive army. Of these, a considerable number, more complaisant and attentive than the natives, had found favour in the eyes of the fair Spaniards—had formed wealthy connexions, and effecting individually, what they had failed to accomplish *en masse*, had established themselves in the country. Among them was Moullet, the host of our traveller, who having fascinated the heart of a portly dame, the heiress of a cook-shop at Bilboa, had abandoned the dragoon-saddle for the counter, and settled himself down as umbrella-maker in Tolosa. Finding our Journalist a stranger, and unable, from the crowded state of the inns, to obtain quarters, he acted the part of the good Samaritan, took him into his house, and installed him in its first floor.

The apartment, in addition to its other *agrémens*, was nearly opposite that occupied by El Pastor, who during the forenoon makes his appearance in the balcony:—

'Jaureguy, or, as they pronounce the name in Spain, *Howrĭghee*, is about forty-five, and of the middle size, with a face round and rather heavy. The chin and mouth had a good deal of decision about them, but the forehead was open, and the eye frank and good-humoured. In person he was very stout; indeed, his paunch would have done honour to an alderman, and deranged considerably his military costume; for the broad white belt to which his sabre was attached, unable to find a local habitation in the place for which it was intended, had sunk down to the pit of his belly, where, supporting the huge mass of flesh above, it gave to its master rather a Sir John Falstaff appearance. He was dressed in a dark-blue coat, richly embroidered on the collar and cuffs, but otherwise without ornament, as no officer above the rank of captain in the Spanish service wears epaulettes. The trowsers were of Waterloo blue, disappearing below in a pair of huge boots,

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boots, which protected the knees, but, unlike those worn by the Life-guards on state occasions, fitted to the calf and ancle. I never could exactly understand how they were got on. A pair of enormous spurs decorated their heels. Altogether, the impression produced by his appearance was extremely pleasing; though he had much more the look and manner of a jolly English country gentleman than that of an officer of light troops.

'Few men have undergone greater vicissitudes of fortune than Jaureguy. Originally a shepherd of the Pyrenees, he was drawn from his peaceful employment to aid his country in the struggle with Napoleon. Assisted by some mountaineers of like spirit, he became distinguished, in the early part of the war, by his success in cutting off several valuable French convoys. The *éclat* flattered his ambition—the booty his avarice; and he abandoned, for a more stirring profession, his original occupation, without losing the soubriquet of *El Pastor*, which it had conferred.

'During the War of Independence, his talents gradually developed themselves; and, at its close, his name was almost as celebrated as that of Mina. On the establishment of the constitutional government, he embraced with fervour the new system, and was consequently among those who, on the restoration of Ferdinand's authority, were obliged to seek safety in France. From this asylum he had been called by the young Queen's party to take the rank of general of division, and the command of the province of Guipuiscoa.

'It would have been difficult to have found a man better qualified for the trust. To great courage and activity, Jaureguy added manners singularly popular, and a knowledge of the language of the people over whom he came to rule; but what, above all, fitted him for conducting a partisan warfare, was that acquaintance with the wild country in which it was carried on, derived from the wandering life and Guerilla campaigns of his youth;—an acquaintance so intimate, that I was assured there was hardly a pass or defile of the Pyrenees with which he was not personally familiar.

'It is honourable to this "Shepherd of Men" that, in a war in which blood has been spilt on the earth like water, all parties concur in speaking in high terms of his moderation and humanity. I was informed at Tolosa that he had caused only two men to be shot. One was a personal friend of his own, the mayor of a little town at no great distance. The man was a Carlist; and some of his intrigues in favour of his party had been brought under Jaureguy's observation. The general went to the village, called his friend into a private room, and produced his charges and their proofs. "This first offence," said he to the terrified magistrate, "I will pass over for old acquaintance' sake; but duty has its claims as well as friendship; so beware for the future." Two days after, the unfortunate partisan of Don Carlos sent information to Zumalacarreguy of the movements of the Queen's army. His messenger was intercepted or proved faithless, and the letter was put into El Pastor's hands. He kept his word. His old playmate was immediately

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diately seized, tried by a court-martial, condemned on the evidence of his own handwriting, and shot.

'Though now holding a distinguished rank in the army and in society, Jaureguy retains the simplicity of his early manners, and his attachment to his relations, who are in the lowest ranks of life. The two red bonnets who now lounged familiarly beside him over the railings of the balcony, were, as I was informed, his cousins. They were mere private soldiers, and like their comrades they had their trowsers turned up nearly to the knees, but could show no stockings, yet their three-tailed bashaw relative, perfectly unconcerned at these little deficiencies of costume, chatted with them on terms of intimacy and equality, and laughed heartily at their jokes and his own.'—*Ibid.* p. 42-4.

The anecdote that follows is very particularly characteristic of the place and the people:—

'Nor is this frankness confined to those who can count kith and kin with himself. My host, Moullet, had been a dragoon in Napoleon's army, and twice had come into hostile contact with Jaureguy. The last occasion, if I recollect aright, was on the retreat of the French before the battle of Vittoria. Moullet, with a sergeant and comrade of his squadron, were attached to the rear guard, but had loitered behind to discuss some bottles of wine at a small inn. On mounting their horses they pushed on to recover their places, and proceeded unmolested, till, on turning an angle of the road, they beheld Jaureguy and eight of his guerillas ranged across the path. For a moment the parties contemplated each other in silence, which was broken by *the Shepherd* shouting out, "Frenchmen, surrender, and I offer you fair quarter." "Son of a sow," politely replied his sergeant antagonist, "take us if you can." So saying he put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his two comrades, passed through his opponents at full gallop, and all three, though a volley was fired after them, reached in safety the rear guard. This, and another similar skirmish, were the only occasions on which El Pastor had seen Moullet, and it is difficult to understand how, in the bustle of such a moment, it was possible to collect the sum total of a private dragoon's features; but such was his regal tenacity of memory, that many years afterwards, when reviewing some troops in the neighbourhood of Tolosa, he saw Moullet in the crowd of lookers on, and instantly recognised him. Delighted with a face which reminded him of old times, he beckoned him to approach, dismounted from his horse, and sitting down on the grass, to the horror of his far-descended hidalgo officers, made the umbrella-maker take a place by his side. There, for a full hour, did they discuss former adventures and fight their battles o'er again.

'On leaving mine host, El Pastor assured him that if he were ever in difficulties he had only to apply to him for aid; and that on all occasions, where he had the power, he would have the will to assist him. At an after period Moullet had an opportunity of putting his friendship to the test. An officer of considerable rank had long lodged in his house, and,

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and, after putting him to great expense, refused to remunerate him. Justice is not even-handed in Spain, and to proceed with success against such a culprit a patron was necessary. Moullet bethought him of El Pastor's promises, and, though with but little hope of their being fulfilled, proceeded to the quarters of the general and made his complaint. On finding it well founded Jaureguy sent for the officer, gave him in Moullet's presence a severe reprimand, and with his own hand wrote an order on the paymaster of the forces for the sum due, with directions to stop it from the officer's pay.

'This "*bonhommie*" is in fact the hinge on which his power rests. For it is notorious that he has better information than any of the queen's generals, and that he owes it to the circumstance that in a war which has divided father against son, and brother against brother, his popular manners have retained for him, even in the Carlist ranks, many warm friends, who, from present affection or a regard to "auld lang syne," transmit him information that would be conceded neither to Rodil's menaces nor his gold. In short, I heard him highly extolled everywhere except in the army of Rodil. There the officers, men of high birth and old family, could neither forget his origin nor forgive him his rise. Conscious of his superiority in partisan warfare, they affected to look on the whole system with contempt; but aware of his want of professional education, they spoke in raptures of scientific knowledge, seemed to believe that experience could be gained entirely from books, and that a good general was nothing more than a bundle of dogmas.'—*Ibid.* p. 45-49.

In the afternoon El Pastor left the town with his division. The corps of light troops which composed its advanced guard was the most formidable in the queen's army, and had been raised to act against the Carlists in the defiles, where, from their superior agility, and acquaintance with mountain warfare, they had been found more than a match for the regulars. It was composed of about 800 men of broken fortunes, deserters from the French regiments on the frontiers, or inhabitants of the Basque provinces, who had been attracted by the reputation of its commander, and the high pay, amounting to six reals, or 1*s.* 3*d.* per day,—'an extravagant sum,' says our author, 'in a country where provisions are so cheap as in Spain, and arguing a consciousness on the part of the queen's government of a necessity for supporting, by golden arguments, the sinking loyalty of the few Navarrese who felt an inclination for her majesty's cause.' These fellows are dressed much like our own rifles,—in a short, green jacket, a cartouche belt buckled round the waist, and a light musket with a strap beneath the barrel, and are called *Chapel Gorris, i. e.*, in *Basque*, '*red bonnets*,' from the colour of their head dress, the only circumstance in which their costume differs materially from that of the Carlists, who wear the blue bonnet of the country, 'precisely similar

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similar in shape and material to that common in the border counties of Scotland.' The regulars who followed were, for the most part, fine-looking men, but their clothing was in wretched order, officers, as well as soldiers, having patches on it of every shape, and size, and hue.

It is a curious fact, in evidence of the complete manner in which the towns held by the queen's party were blockaded by the Carlists, that for twelve hours after the departure of this large body of about 3200 men, no one knew whither they had gone. The road by which they had left the town split into two branches about a mile and a half from the walls, and it was the belief of the inhabitants that on reaching the point of separation, El Pastor had turned to the right, and taken the route to Ascoytia; whereas, in fact, as it was ascertained in the sequel, he kept to the left, and went to Villa Franca. But this state of siege was common to all the places occupied by the Christinos; and even at Saint Sebastian, which boasted of a garrison 1000 strong, regulars and militia, the inhabitants did not dare to venture beyond the gun range of the fortress.

On the following day arrived the main body of the constitutional army, and their commander-in-chief, Rodil:—

'He is a handsome man, about forty-two years of age, with a thin pale face, and high, almost Roman, features. The eye is cold and haughty, and the countenance stern: it has resolution marked in every line, but there is a slight shade of heaviness about the lower part of it, which seems to indicate a want of active energy. He has, in short, the look of one who would die at his post, but would not make a single step in advance for the purpose of striking a blow. He was dressed in a dark-blue coat, richly embroidered on the collar and cuffs. There was a single star on his left breast, but he enjoys the reputation of having more orders and grand-crosses than any man in Spain. Rodil distinguished himself in the royal cause in South America, particularly by his obstinate defence of the Castle of Callao against the patriots, on which occasion he was reported not to have surrendered till every rat and mouse in the fortress had been devoured. Of his military talents, considerable as they are allowed to be, he is said to be extravagantly vain, and not unfrequently to fancy himself a second Buonaparte. In one respect, at least, he resembled him, as his hat was of the three-cornered shape which was such a favourite with Napoleon, and, like the emperor's, was worn across the head. He rode a mule covered with a silk netting, and was followed by about 100 light cavalry, all, men and horses, in good fighting order.

'The infantry succeeded. Never did I see troops in so wretched a condition. They were generally dressed in grey great coats and duck trowsers, but the coats were hanging loose in tatters, or at best placarded all over with patches, and the dirty trowsers, folded up to the knees, displayed below a pair of bare legs blackened by the sun. Some few

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few had gaiters, but none had stockings. Some gloried in two shoes, while others had only two sandals, and many, with a laudable impartiality, had a shoe on one foot and a sandal on the other. The natural consequence of this state of things was, that a considerable number were dead lame, and hobbled as they best could along the road. Not a few were wounded and carried their arms in slings.

'In the rear came the baggage mules, about 300 in number, an extraordinary contrast to the simplicity of Jaureguy's arrangements, who had not more than twenty attached to his corps. The whole force was composed of the third and fifth divisions, commanded by Generals Cordova and Bedoya, and amounted, independently of camp followers, to about 7500 infantry and 800 horse. The only artillery consisted of two small brass guns, each about thirty inches long in the barrel, and carried by a mule. Their carriages formed the load of two more of these useful animals.'—*Ibid.* p. 64.

On the following morning the troops resumed their march, and crossing a lofty mountain range, through scenery of the most magnificent description, approached the town of Ascoytia, and the monastery of St. Ignacio de Loyola. This building, formerly the head-quarters of the Order of the Jesuits, and perhaps, after the Escurial, the most celebrated of the residences of the regular clergy in Spain, excited so strongly the curiosity of our traveller, that, accompanied by one of the officers with whom he had messed in the mountains, he left the division for the purpose of paying it a visit. But he was unable to obtain access to its interior, and was returning in despair, when chance threw him in the way of a young cornet, to whom one of the monks was acting *Cicerone.* Under his auspices he entered the gilded chamber, the holiest of the holies, where Loyola breathed his last.

'I was expressing to my friend of the 18th, my admiration of the magnificence of the sanctuary, when, to my surprise, I was addressed by the young officer, not merely in English, but in that pure English accent which can only be acquired by a long and early residence in the country. His history was a short one. His father, Colonel Gaurea, had, in the days of Ferdinand the Seventh, been a Constitutionalist, and obliged, on account of his political creed, to leave the Peninsula, had with his son taken refuge in England. On the establishment of the Queen's Government, both had returned to Spain, and received employment from the Regency, the father commanding the advanced guard, and my new acquaintance holding a commission in the same corps. This was the body which I had seen bivouacking in front of the gate, and it was now in attendance on its chief, who had been sent by Rodil to levy a fine on the monks of Loyola. It appeared that these unfortunate fathers had a few days before displayed their zeal in favour of Don Carlos, and for this ebullition of loyalty they were now called on to pay 100,000 reals. Young Gaurea had been educated at a boarding-school at Blackheath, and as my own "seminary for young gentlemen'

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gentlemen" flourished in the same neighbourhood, we became friends in a moment. As we left the oratory, I mentioned to him the attempt I had made to see the interior of the church, and the disappointment I had felt at being unable to gain admittance. "I will easily manage that for you," said he, and turning to the friar, communicated our wishes and his own. The poor priest, with an officious start that would have done honour to Malvolio's imaginary dependants, instantly expressed his anxiety to gratify our curiosity, and with a hurried step led the way.

'We left the confessional by a different route from that by which we had entered it, doors at which we had thundered in vain, turning obedient on their hinges before the "*open sesamé*" of the heir apparent.'

We have not room for a very lively description of the church of this great convent, its splendid marbles, and its, with rare exceptions, very bad pictures. The portrait of the founder is thus spoken of:—

'He is represented as a pale, handsome man, about 45 years of age, with something in his manner that bespeaks the consciousness of a Hidalgo descent. His hair is sandy, with what Master Slender would have called "a cane-coloured beard." The blue eye is well opened and singularly mild; and it was in vain that I looked either there or at the mouth for those strong passions that marked his character. The debaucheries of the soldier, the energies of the priest, and the duplicity of the statesman, all are veiled under a calm serenity of countenance that defies scrutiny.'

On regaining the high road with young Gaurea, our countryman found that the troops had marched on to Ascoytia. This appeared a matter of not much consequence, and great was his astonishment when his new ally expressed his opinion that they might probably enough be cut off.

'A division, consisting of several thousand men, was only about a mile and a half before us—a body of equal force occupied a village not more distant in our rear—we had just left cavalry at the gate of the monastery—and the road, if on one side it was skirted by forest and brushwood, was perfectly open on the other. I pointed out these circumstances to the cornet's notice, but he only shook his head, and bade me mend my pace. When we had got to the top of the knoll, and within sight of the town, he began to move more leisurely, and took the trouble to defend his conduct. He assured me that the rear of the army was generally accompanied by Carlist light troops, who, the moment that a straggler was left behind, only waited till a turn of the road had hid him from his companions, to rush out and overpower him. "But," added he, "if we had merely to struggle with the regular army, we could manage easily enough. Our chief losses arise from the circumstance that almost every peasant is more or less of a soldier, and hardly

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hardly one can be trusted. See," said he, pointing to some five or six husbandmen, who were cutting off the maize heads with their sickles, "those fellows appear sufficiently well disposed, but they have probably arms concealed beside them, and if we had been further removed from the troops, would not have hesitated to massacre and rob us."

'I confess I thought all this at the time only words of course to cover poltroonery, but similar statements were afterwards made to me repeatedly, and similar fears of ambuscade expressed by officers whose courage was undoubted, and who one and all concurred in the fact, that beyond the walls of the fortified towns the Queen had hardly a friend in the four provinces; and that such was the persevering hostility of the peasantry, that it was a matter of danger leaving a man 200 yards in the rear. In Guipuscoa the evil was not so much felt, but in Navarre, where the defiles are long and narrow, and the forest and brush thick on both sides the road, they had frequently lost five and six men a day, independently of the wounded—and the number of *these* in the army bore evidence, if not to the accuracy of the Carlist fire, at least to the frequency of their attacks.'—*Ibid.* p. 75.

From the top of a knoll in the neighbourhood of Ascoytia, the travellers had a view of that town, and the ground that lay between it and Aspeytia, the village they had left behind them. It was famous as the scene of a battle between the Queen's troops and Zumalacarreguy, at an earlier stage of the contest. The Carlists' spies had for once misled him, and while he was waiting for a detachment he suddenly found himself in presence of the Queen's main army, commanded by El Pastor himself.

'Nothing can better show the difficulties with which the Queen's government have to contend in attempting to carry on a war with regular troops in a mountainous country, and against mountaineers, than the result of this action. Here, with position, numerical superiority, everything in their favour, they failed in obtaining even a nominal advantage; while the Carlists, hemmed in on both sides, made good their retreat in face of El Pastor, their most dreaded opponent, by a path which, to any other troops but their own, would have appeared impracticable, and with the loss of *one single man*, who had been brought down by Bob Acres' approved expedient of a long shot.' —p. 80.

The town of Ascoytia, like Tolosa, is so completely crowded with the military, that our tourist finds it impossible to get quarters:—

'In this dilemma I entered the handsomest shop I saw, and asked the master if he knew of any house in which I could have a bed, intimating at the same time my indifference as to how much I paid for it. But the shop was crowded with customers,—the man did not seem disposed to interrupt his varied avocations in my favour, and answered, gruffly enough, that in the present state of the town, to get a lodging was

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was impossible. I was moving off, muttering to myself, that though it might be impossible in Spain, yet in England money would always secure rooms were soldiers as plenty as blackberries, when the word *England* seemed to arrest his attention, and his manner instantly changing from indifference to politeness, he asked me in my own language if I was of that country; and on my answering in the affirmative, told me, that if I would accept of his hospitality I was most welcome. I said, that stranger as I was, I was unwilling to levy such a tax upon his kindness; but if he would allow me to remunerate him for any expense I might occasion, I should be happy to profit by the invitation. A Frenchman or a Dutchman would have grasped at the offer, but a Spaniard's pride is stronger than his avarice, and my ally of the counter was indignant at the proposal, telling me bluntly, that if I did not choose to come as his guest, I should not come at all. I had no wish to offend him, and I accepted his hospitality.

'His dwelling-house consisted of the two highest stories of the tenement, of which his shop occupied the ground floor. The lower of the two he had reserved for the use of his family; and to prevent intrusion had locked the door. I was consequently unable to gain admittance till he could leave his numerous employers below; and to obtain a resting-place in the interim, I mounted to the other and highest story, which my host had given up to the military quartered on him by the authorities of the place. These celestial regions were on the present occasion occupied by General Bedoya, the commander of the fifth division, and his friend General Iriarte; two men so much attached to each other as to be a sort of proverb in the army, yet it would have been difficult to have found a Damon and Pythias differing more in manners and appearance.

'Don Ramono Gomez Bedoya, the handsomest man in the Spanish army, was about eight-and-thirty; tall and pale, with high noble features and a piercing dark eye—he was one of those on whom Nature has written gentleman. Frank, gay, and high-spirited, he was universally popular; and was distinguished alike in the field, and, if report spoke truly, in other and softer campaigns. But if he had gained the smiles of the fair, it was evident that he had laboured to deserve them. Amidst thousands of torn, patched, and ill-shaped habiliments, his coat shone forth in all the glory of newness: richly embroidered on the collar and cuffs, on the points of the skirts, and below the buttons of his waist, it was fitted to his shape with a care and precision that showed the anxiety of the wearer that he should lose none of his symmetry; while his huge cocked-hat, edged with lace, like those of Buonaparte's marshals, was worn with that slight twist across the head which was affected by the bucks of the last century. But the frankness of his manners formed an agreeable contrast to the coxcombry which otherwise, at his age, would have verged on the ridiculous; and the few who indulged in an occasional sneer at the dandy, always ended by speaking in affectionate eulogy of the man.

'Very

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'Very different was the estimate formed of his companion, Don Firmin Iriarte. He was a man of about fifty, of the middle size, and of a thick and square make. The face was round and heavy, with prominent bushy eye-brows, and a sulky suspicious eye. A single-breasted coat, with small yellow conical buttons, and a high glazed shako, completed, though they did not add to the grace of, his appearance. Few men in the army were more disliked—brute and beast being the terms which generally accompanied his name. As, on all hands, he was allowed to be a brave officer, and no charge was ever brought against him of cruelty or misconduct, I was surprised at an unpopularity so general, and apparently so undeserved. But the two friends had not entered their quarters above a few minutes before I was able to guess the cause of the different places which they held in men's likings. The recess in which I had deposited myself formed part of the passage which connected the front and back of the mansion. The quarters of Bedoya were towards the street, those of Iriarte behind; and the two generals, on their way to each other's rooms, moved repeatedly along the gallery. Bedoya, every time he passed me, smiled and made me a sort of half-bow; while Iriarte lowered his head like a bull in career, scowled at me from beneath his thick eye-brows, and passed on without taking any notice. This last omission would not have been remarkable in England; but in Spain, where the Gil Blas fashion of "saluting the company" still exists, it was a piece of positive rudeness; and easily explained to me how a man may make himself extremely unpopular, without doing anything that may be questioned either on the score of meanness or immorality.'—p. 96.

But we are summoned to a Spanish dinner, or, as it would be more legitimately termed in the Peninsula, supper; dinner being seldom later than twelve o'clock. The table of Lycurgus could not have exceeded its Spartan simplicity. First course, cheese; second course, cheese; third course, cheese: varied, it is true, by bits of bread, hard-boiled eggs, and roast fowls, but preserving throughout, in its condiments and flavour, its great characteristic of unity, cheese. The purveyor of these good things was a Cuba creole, who had been educated at Philadelphia, and was a true *elève* of Brother Jonathan's.

'My host had been too long in America not to have thoroughly imbibed the doctrines of radicalism, and was of course a violent enemy to Don Carlos. He did not, however, seem to have acquired a proportionate attachment to the queen, but appeared to belong to the Catalonian, or republican, party. Long obliged, by motives of prudence, to conceal his sentiments, it appeared to him quite a relief to find a stranger before whom he could safely give them utterance, and on politics he spoke his mind freely. He did not augur well for the Carlist cause: he remarked, "That though the priesthood had done much to aid it, by rousing the peasantry in its favour, yet their very

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very adherence had alienated the middle and educated classes, who looked with horror to the restoration of ecclesiastical rule, and those scenes of lust and cruelty over which the Inquisition had spread its broad mantle." Of the constitutional cause, he alleged, "that the profligacy of the queen had disgusted many who might otherwise have wished to support her;" and he concluded by asserting, "that it was only in a republic that the country could find a government free from the bigotry of the one party, and the shuffling and favoritism of the other. In the mean time," said he, "the provinces are pillaged and exhausted. One day comes Zumalacarreguy, and we are called on to raise a loan, as a mode of showing our zeal for our legitimate sovereign: on the next appears Rodil, and imposes on us a fine, as a punishment for the aid which we have given to Don Carlos. But this is not the worst. In this province the great majority are Carlists; but some of course are of a different opinion—amongst these I am known to be one; and though I have endeavoured to give them no hold of me, either by word or deed, yet for these last six months I have not spent a day, nay, not an hour, without being under apprehension of being arrested and shot. I am sick of such an existence, and intend leaving Ascoytia, with the army, to-morrow, for some fortified place, where I can remain till my property is disposed of, and I can leave the country.'"—p. 102.

The towns of Ascoytia and Aspeytia, and their immediate neighbourhood, are remarkable for possessing the handsomest women in the north of Spain; a fact which it is difficult to explain, as the females of the surrounding districts are by no means celebrated for their personal charms. Our tourist analyzes their individual claims to excellence, and endeavours to account for their superiority over their countrywomen; but we confess we are disposed to consider his mode of reasoning as rather ingenious than just:—

'As far as I was able to judge, the women of Ascoytia were taller than those of St. Sebastian, and possessing, with a waist as taper, more of *embonpoint;* the nose, a feature which in Guipuscoa is occasionally coarse enough, was small, delicate, and beautifully chiselled about the nostril; their eyes were darker, larger, and more languishing, and beneath were those rich pouting lips that are the inheritance of the daughters of the sun—the upper one covered with that slight shade of down which it would be sacrilege to call a moustache, and which, according well with the dark brown skin, gave to their faces so luxurious and oriental a character, that I was almost tempted to believe that the fair subjects of old Pelayo had not entertained the same violent aversion as their chief for their Saracen invaders. Seriously, we are indebted for the best parts of Spanish beauty to such liaisons, which, in other families besides that of Donna Julia, though they injured the purity of the pedigree, marvellously improved the breed. The superior handsomeness arising from this mixture of the races is particularly remarkable in the inhabitants of Granada and Andalusia, the provinces where the Moors last lingered; and

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and it is only by supposing that a small colony of Arabs had, on their way to the French frontier, established themselves in the mountains of Navarre, that I was able to account for those brilliant specimens of local beauty which I found isolated in the north of Spain, amid the legitimate ugliness of a Gothic neighbourhood.'—p. 110.

In the afternoon of the following day the troops are again in motion, and General Bedoya, the handsome and gallant gentleman of whom such honourable mention has already been made, prepares to put himself at their head. He was, as we have seen, billeted on our Journalist's Anglo-American friend; and we doubt if Sir Charles Grandison himself, on leaving his lodgings, could have made a better exit:—

'His charger, which waited for him at the door, was a short-tailed bay horse of great size and beauty, and was covered with a white silk net to keep off the flies. The general was said to pay great attention to his stable; and the gray horse which he rode the day before, and the bay on which he was now mounted, were both from England, and the finest I saw in the army.

'My hostess went to the balcony to see him depart. She was, certainly, a woman of great beauty, and her charms seemed to have had their effect upon Bedoya. Twice did the gallant general, as he took off his hat to bid her adieu, regard her with a look of the most passionate admiration. Twice bending his head, till its well-curled ringlets mingled with the mane of his Bucephalus, did he make her a reverence worthy of the Cavalier of La Mancha. But the lady played her part as well as the gentleman: it was another novelty in Spanish manners. Had a countrywoman of my own, in the class of a second-rate shopkeeper's wife, been called on to bid adieu to a man of Bedoya's rank—a nobleman and a general of division—she would have done too little or too much; and would either have rudely shuffled out of the way, or overwhelmed him with her forwardness and the number of her courtesies. In Spain, as in most other parts of the Continent, these matters are differently managed; my landlady of Ascoytia received without discomposure the general's farewell, and returned it with a smile, a courtsey, and an inclination of the head that would have done honour to the *Camerera mayor*.'—*Ibid.* p. 115.

On the second day after leaving Ascoytia, the army reaches Eybar, remarkable as being perhaps the only town in the Basque provinces whose inhabitants were attached to the Queen's cause. One of her most zealous supporters was a Spanish Don in whose house our traveller was fortunate enough to find quarters:—

'It was a handsome building, not unworthily termed by the inhabitants a palace, and belonged to Don Eugenio Arostegui de Z——, the representative of an old noble family of Guipuscoa. As it was the only mansion upon a large scale which I entered during this little excursion, it may not be uninteresting to describe it, as giving an idea of the residences of the higher class of country gentlemen.

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'It entered from the end, and had three fronts. That towards the street, which was about sixty feet off, and separated from it by a court-yard, had the family arms magnificently carved in alto relievo over the door. The south and principal front extended to the length of about forty yards, rising from the bed of the river, and washed to the depth of ten or twelve feet by its dammed-up water. The third front looked towards the east, and consisted of a double arcade of two stories, about twenty feet wide, and floored with free-stone. It was built up at the ends, and was intended as a place where the inhabitants could take their *siesta al fresco* without being exposed to the heat of a mid-day sun. The upper arcade or balcony was open—that below was closed with strong but handsome iron gratings, through a door of which one was admitted to the garden that lay beyond. The ground-floor of the building was occupied by cellars and domestic offices, through which a broad passage conducted to an interior staircase leading to the first floor. On mounting it, the room at the top was, as usual, the kitchen, opening off a long gallery which divided the house into two parts, and giving access to the chambers on either side, terminated in the drawing-room at one end, and the covered balcony at the other. A second staircase conducted to the bed-rooms on the highest floor.

'The great drawing-room, which was over the door of entrance, occupied the whole of the west front. It was about fifty feet long, and was lighted by two windows at the side, and one at the end, looking on the river and the town. In the centre was a folding door of mahogany; and on each side, opposite the windows, were, as is usual in Spanish sitting-rooms, two large recesses, each about fourteen feet square, and containing a bed. To these recesses there were no doors, but their entrances were, like the windows, hung with curtains of crimson satin damask, and the beds covered with counterpanes of the same material, richly ornamented with tassels of crimson silk.

'On each side of the window, at the end of the room, were two massy marble tables resting on *or molu* legs. These, with a few chairs, completed the furniture, the rest having been sent for safety to St. Sebastian. There was a good deal of gilding about the room—the ornament in the centre of the ceiling, from which the lamp was suspended, being particularly rich; but with that indifference to unity of effect which marks the continental nations, the walls which inclosed all this magnificence were coarsely whitewashed.

'It was in this room that I found Colonel F——, who had arrived before me. Immediately on entering, I was presented, by a Hebe of sixteen, with the iced water, lemons, and xucarillo, which are the tokens of welcome in Spain. Shortly afterwards appeared Colonel St. Y——. He was the officer sent by France to accompany the Queen's army, and to report to his government the successes and losses of the rival parties. He was a man apparently about five-and-forty, tall and handsome, with something of a German physiognomy—the hair auburn, the eye blue but well opened, and with a gay and particularly



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ticularly pleasing expression. The face altogether called to my recollection some plates which I had seen of Charles the Fifth; though the French colonel, as being very handsome, could in reality bear little resemblance to his imperial prototype. In person he was fully formed, with that slight swelling of the paunch which spoke an acquaintance with rich men's tables. He was in the uniform of his nation, with large gold epaulettes and aiguillettes. When we had been made acquainted, he prepared to follow my example and pay his devotions to the sugared water. But the lemons were deficient, and he was just going to send for a fresh supply a little man who had been bobbing about the room, and whom he took for the major-domo, when Colonel F—— perceived his error, and luckily anticipated him by introducing to him the master of the house, the man with the many names, Don Eugenio Arostegui de Z——.

'I am not sure that I received a greater shock in Spain. My ideas of the country and its inhabitants had been derived chiefly from Don Quixote and Gil Blas; and a Spanish Don had been formed in my imagination on the double model of Captain Chinchilla and the Knight of La Mancha. I knew, of course, that he must have lost the doublet, the cloak, and the long rapier, which marked his class in ancient times; still I had fancied that he would have retained the tall commanding figure, the high features, the dignity and the gravity of his forefathers. What, then, was my horror when Colonel F—— pronounced the fated words that presented to me, as the representative of the noble hidalgos of the country, the little gentleman who had been bowing and smirking round the room! He was much below the middle size, had a merry face, and a pair of twinkling, good-natured eyes, with a nose that resembled, in shape and colour, that of the worthy *Captain of Knockdunder*. As if he had done his best to destroy my illusions, he had on a coloured neckloth, an enormous frill, and a short-tailed jean washing-jacket, precisely similar in shape and colour to those worn in the morning by house-servants in England. He was, however, a worthy little fellow, and I have every reason to speak gratefully of his kindness.'—p. 125.

Our tourist is here obliged by Rodil's order to separate himself from the main body of the constitutional army, which departs for Durango, and he spends the morning in lounging with his noble host in the alleys of the palace garden:—

'On returning to the house he showed me his private rooms, containing his library and pictures. The former I was curious to see, not so much as an index of the mind of the individual, for, since libraries have been fitted up like upholstery, simply because our neighbours possess them, the existence of books in a house proves nothing,—but because I expected it would give me no bad idea of the information of the class to which Don Eugenio belonged. His literary treasures were contained in an old worm-eaten mahogany book-case, wired in front, and consisted of about 200 volumes. A Mariana, a Don Quixote, and

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and Gil Blas, seemed the only lay publications; the rest were Monkish chronicles and Lives of the Saints, from which, if Don Eugenio

"Picked up a stock of good grace,"

he could certainly gain but little information. The pictures were about thirty in number, and mere daubs. . . . . .

'The greatest curiosity in the private apartments, and that probably which I was taken to see,—for vanity, saith the prophet, all is vanity, —was the genealogical tree of my worthy host. It was a wondrous production, and did great credit to the manual labour, if not to the imagination of the artist. It was the work of a monk, whom one of his ancestors had educated some eighty or ninety years ago, and who, in grateful return for his kindness, had compiled the pedigree, as my host informed me, *from authentic documents*. I confess I had some misgivings as to whether the thousand and one Dons and Donnas who figured on the parchment, came into the world in the usual course, or were indebted for their existence to the fancy of the Friar, for it was remarkable that the short histories attached to each were most detailed, precisely in the time when the records must have been most scanty. But my friend, Don Eugenio, entertained no doubts on the subject, and expatiated with great eloquence on their connexions, noble and most noble, lineal and collateral.'—p. 132.

On returning alone to the drawing-room the journalist found it occupied. The apartments in Spain, as in France, have no carpet, and the floor, generally of oak, is kept in a high state of polish. This is accomplished by a servant attaching to one foot a large brush, as hard as that used for polishing shoes, and skating with it for two or three hours over the floor. It is, as may be supposed, very hard work, and is part of the labour assigned to the drudge of the mansion:—

'After the rubbing process is completed, the floor receives its last finish by a person passing a towel lightly over it to sweep up any little particles of dust that may have been forced by the brush from between the joints of the planking. The first of these operations had been performed, as soon as breakfast was over, by a coarse-looking Biscayan maid of all work, and the second was now in progress, under the auspices, or, to speak literally, under the foot of one of the loveliest little fairies that I ever looked on. She was a girl of about sixteen, but, for Spain is a precocious country, round and fully formed. Her hair was jet black, braided over the temples, and twisted on the cheek into a single curl; it was plaited behind, and hung down below her waist. The forehead was high and prominent, the nose small and delicate, the upper lip curled like that of a Grecian statue, and the eye more expressive of "*espieglerie*" than is common even in Spain. She was dressed, like the peasant girls in Scotland, in a short bed-gown of striped stuff, coming down to the waist, and a bright-coloured petticoat. Stays she had none; such props may be useful in supporting full-blown beauty, they but compress and



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injure it in its bud. The petticoat was somewhat of the shortest, and she had no shoes or stockings. It would have been a heavy loss had there been either. The ancle, white as snow, was delicate and well turned; and the foot,—such a foot! Cinderella's slipper would have been too large for it. It (I mean that on the right, for happily there were two) pressed a loose towel, and with her arms a-kimbo, and her body thrown gracefully forward, the little nymph skimmed round the room like a butterfly.

'Anxious not to interrupt her in so interesting a vocation, I stood still at the door, and I thought, as she passed me, that I had never seen anything so beautiful. Perhaps something of this was expressed in my looks, as a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and Don Engenio, who had followed me, with a laughing eye, and a shake of the head as significant as Lord Burleigh's, asked me what I was about. It was an awkward question. A little bird had whispered in my ear, that I saw before me the "delicias domini," and to be caught in such an evident act of admiration was little better than high treason.

'Don Eugenio, however, was one of those modest persons who entertain an amiable diffidence in their own opinion, and seemed never assured that his idol was deserving of adoration till it had found other worshippers. "And so," said he, as she left the room, "you really think her handsome?" "Who could do otherwise?" "And her waist?" "It is beautiful," I exclaimed. "And her foot?" "That, if Pope Joans were in fashion, it would save the Catholic religion." "Yes," said he, drawing himself up with a slight air of proprietorship, "she is beautiful, but that is her least merit in my eyes. Sir," continued he, as he grew eloquent with his subject, "that young creature a few days ago exposed her life for me. You are aware that Eybar was attacked by the Carlists, and that this palace was their principal object. They endeavoured to force their way through the grating of my lower arcade, and the only spot from which it could be defended was the balcony above. It was open, and particularly exposed to the Carlist fire, yet that girl stood in the midst of it, as cool and composed as any man amongst us, and was employed in loading one musket while I was firing the other." It was a fact. The Don did not exaggerate; I was afterwards assured by the steward and even by his wife, that this young creature, so gentle, so feminine, so beautiful, had, amid scenes from which her sex generally shrink in terror, displayed energies that would have done honour to a hero.'—p. 139-141.

These were too agreeable quarters not to be left with regret; but obliged to embrace the earliest opportunity offered of returning, our traveller joins a detachment of Chapelgorris, who are going in search of ammunition to Bergara. That town had been attacked and partly plundered by the Carlists about eight days before. At the beginning of the civil war it was unprovided with either natural or artificial defences, but as it stood upon the high-way to Madrid, the Queen's government had found it necessary to erect

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erect temporary fortifications, and to strengthen it with a garrison, for the purpose of sheltering their convoys and couriers.

Its defences, like those of Irun, Villa Franca, and the other villages on the same route, were of the simplest description, and as the Carlists had no artillery, were intended to hold good only against musketry. All round the town, across the end of each street leading to the country, were raised two stone and mud walls, some thirty yards from each other, and about twelve feet high. These were filled with loop-holes, about eight feet from the ground, and accessible from the inside by terraces of turf and stone. Entrance was given by massy gates, constructed, in the coarsest manner, of unplaned wood about a foot thick, and like the walls loop-holed. But these were only allowed in the line of the great road. In the other streets the fortification walls were built right across from house to house, without any opening, and the inhabitants, on leaving or entering the town, passed over the top by a ladder placed on each side, after the manner of those in Robinson Crusoe's cave. Between these walls was the inn in which our traveller took up his quarters. It had been the first house plundered on the night of the escalade. The Carlists had concealed themselves in a convent in the neighbourhood, and effected an entry a little after midnight, firing off their muskets, shouting long live Carlos the Fifth, and abusing the Queen, says our text-book, 'by that epithet which, according to Fielding, is least amiable in the female ear.'

'My poor hostess, whose bed-room window looked into the lane, had been nearly frightened to death. At first the sounds struck so strangely in her ear, that she could not believe herself awake, but fancied it all a terrible dream, when her doubts were disagreeably ended by a musket bullet, which, coming through the window and passing over the bed, struck the wall about three feet above her legs. Immediately after, a ladder was placed against the house, and she heard the window of the kitchen, which was the next room to her own, opened. One man stepped in after another; but as if doubtful of their power to deal with those within, they waited till twelve or fourteen of their comrades joined them. They then made a rush, several going upstairs, and three or four entering the old woman's room. On finding who she was, one of the party ordered her to get up and prepare food and wine; while the others opening the drawers, flung out the articles they contained, and choosing any that struck their fancy, stuffed them into their pockets or knapsacks. My hostess, too terrified to make any opposition to such unceremonious appropriation, got out of bed, and throwing some drapery about her, proceeded to the kitchen,—but the scene that met her eye on entering it called her attention to subjects even more interesting than the destruction of her own dear wardrobe.

'Two

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'Two men, an officer and a private soldier of the queen's troops, were upon their knees begging for mercy. They had been surprised upstairs in their beds, and were now, according to the savage system adopted by both parties, to be shot. With that humanity and kindliness of nature that distinguishes her sex in all parts of the world, she rushed at once between the victors and the vanquished, and added her cries of *mercy! mercy!* to those of the unhappy men. But it was in vain that she appealed to the religion and the humanity of their captors; they were inexorable, and were preparing to pass the prisoners under their fire, when, luckily for the officer, my hostess recollected having heard of the wealth of his family, and changing her plea, attacked the Carlists on the side of their avarice. This argument proved more effectual than its predecessors, and on the officer giving a bond for a large sum, though with what security I could not learn, he was allowed to go free. The poor fellow beside him had neither friends to ransom him nor money to offer, and *he* of course must die. In the first instance, stupefied by sleep and terror, he had submitted almost unresistingly to his fate; but as the conference with regard to his commander was going on, the blood once more began to circulate in his veins—the hope of life revived, and with that the energies necessary for preserving it. He remained on his knees, however, apparently as before a passive victim; perhaps entertaining to the last the hope of mercy. But when his doom was at length pronounced, he felt that if he lived it must be by his own act, and he determined to make a desperate effort for existence. The kitchen was on the first floor, and entered from the top of the staircase; the door had been left open, and as some of his comrades in the house had escaped on the first alarm, the prisoner guessed shrewdly enough that that which led into the street must be in the same state. He accordingly watched his opportunity, and while his captors were looking for a rope to bind his arms behind him previous to the last act of the tragedy, he started on his feet, and in a moment gained the door and the staircase. Poor wretch! he had but accelerated his fate. While some rushed downstairs in pursuit, others made for the balcony over the door-way, and fired on him as he entered the street. A bullet struck him on the neck, he staggered and fell, and had scarcely touched the ground when two of his butchers, who had followed close on his heels, plunged their bayonets into his body, and put an end to his miseries.

'The only other person killed in the house was a sergeant in the queen's army, who occupied the front room on the highest floor, which I now tenanted. Instead of flying with his companions he seized one of the muskets which they had left behind, and going out on the balcony, commenced firing on the Carlists, retorting with great volubility the abuse which they uttered, and shouting out "Come on, you rascals; come on, you subjects of the king of the woods!" the common soubriquet of Don Carlos. His attack was not unanswered, but, considering

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sidering the number of his opponents, it was astonishing how long he kept his ground. At last, a bullet, luckier than the rest, stretched him dead on the balcony. To believe my landlady, the stains of his blood were still strongly marked on her wooden floor, but, though I gazed my best, to me they were as invisible as those of David Rizzio's at Holyrood.

'The issue of the contest is already known from the newspapers. The Carlists lost in pillage those precious moments which, better employed, would have given them the town; and the garrison and inhabitants, recovering from their panic, drove them, without any great difficulty, once more beyond the walls.'—p. 150-154.

Bergara is occupied by the division of El Pastor, who receives information that the Carlists are attacking Villa Franca. In the hope of surprising them, the troops are got under arms without beat of drum, and make a night march on that town, crossing in their route a lofty mountain ridge:—

'On gaining the low ground on the other side we passed the town of Villa Real, and shortly afterwards the small village of Ormastegui. It is remarkable as containing the residence of the brother of Zumalacarreguy, the Carlist general-in-chief. His house was a low white building, on the right side of the road, in shape somewhat like an English barn; and directly opposite the parish church, of which he was the priest. Strange to say, he was as violently attached to the queen's party, as his brother to that of Don Carlos. "Had it been daylight (said my comrade) we should have found him by the door, with a table by his side, loaded with refreshments and wine for any of our officers who might be disposed to partake." As he lived unprotected in the village, and no vengeance had ever been taken on him for his zeal on behalf of the constitutional cause, it occurred to me that some part of it might be affected, and that the brothers were probably playing the same game as the Scotch Jacobites during the years 1715 and 1745, who generally found it convenient to have the two heads of the family on different sides, in order that whatever party got the ascendency, there might be always some one to claim and preserve the estates.'

What follows is no bad specimen of the liberality and information of that civilized party for whom the diffusion of knowledge people are now making subscriptions:—

'There are, perhaps, no troops in the world handsomer than the Spanish. In other countries I have seen military with the same fine carriage and symmetry of figure, but nowhere but in the Peninsula have I ever had realized to my imagination the portraits of Vandyke. The small Greek features, the high imperial brow, the pale reflecting countenance, and large, melancholy, dark eye, all marked the Spanish officers as a class apart. The very eyebrows and moustache added to the resemblance; they were finer than usual, more pencilled—in better keeping. Such a cast of countenance possesses much of that character

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racter to which we attach, in England, the idea of intellectuality, and on my first intercourse with Spanish gentlemen I was prepared to meet mental powers of the highest order. But I was miserably deceived. The beauty of the interior bore no resemblance to that of the outside, and their minds, allowing even for the small opportunities enjoyed under a jealous, despotic, and ecclesiastical government, were singularly ill-cultivated; their prejudices, the consequence of their ignorance, being proportionably strong. Added to this was a personal and national vanity, so keen that they could hardly detail a fact without dealing in hyperbole; a fashion which made collecting information even tolerably accurate a matter of great labour.

'I had an opportunity of verifying these remarks in the conversation I now had with the officers with whom I paced the great square. Out of compliment to me they spoke of England and the army with which she had assisted Spain in the war of independence. Many were the eulogiums passed upon both, but I was astonished to observe that none were bestowed upon him who seemed best to deserve them, the Duke of Wellington. On the contrary, several of my companions spoke of him with great acrimony, and one added an account of the battle of Toulouse, which, as it differs from all the variations of the story given in and out of parliament, I will venture to introduce. According to my "fat friend," for he was the narrator, the Spanish troops attached to Lord Wellington's command, on entering France in 1814, were well known to be favourers not only of a constitution but a republic. A disciplined body of many thousand men, entertaining such principles, were of course powerful opponents to the restoration of the divine right;—and as the legitimates then gaining the ascendency were unwilling to permit the existence of adversaries so well able to thwart their views, orders were given to the duke to get rid of them, "coûte qui coûte." To send some thousand men to the other world is no easy matter at any time, and as the only legalized mode of attempting such wholesale slaughter was by a battle, the courtly duke, it seems, to please his patrons, pushed forward to Toulouse, where the unfortunate Spaniards, placed, like Uriah, in front of the fight, were sacrificed according to order.

'This story was detailed with the greatest gravity, and appeared to have credence from its Spanish auditors; and I mention it only for the purpose of showing the ignorance of a country where such monstrous misstatements were not crushed in a moment by the voice of public reprobation.'—p. 184.

Our tourist returns to Tolosa; as he descends the Orio, on which stands that town, he is struck with traces of the vast wealth which Spain must have possessed when the Indies first offered their riches to her grasp. At intervals were ruins of what must, at one time, have been considerable hamlets, connected with the main road by bridges whose former existence could in some cases be guessed only from the remnants of their shattered piers:—

'Few things astonish a stranger in Spain more than the number and

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and age of these structures. In other countries they are generally the marks, not only of great wealth, but of the progress of civilization and the locomotive habits of the people. In the north of England, and in Scotland, a hundred years ago, they were extremely rare, and in the upland glens almost unknown: yet England has ever been considered as taking the lead in the mechanical arts useful to life; and it was consequently with no small degree of surprise that I found them scattered along the valleys of the Pyrenees, with a profusion that would be uncalled for even in these days of fastidious luxury. Between an orchard in the close vicinity of Villa Franca and the lower part of the town of Tolosa there were eight bridges.'

An extravagant number at any time, but doubly so when we recollect that these edifices were to be found in a wild district, whose population must ever have been scanty; and were erected at a time when such facilities to communication were, over Europe in general, extremely rare, and the inconvenience attending the want of them consequently little thought of.

On reaching Tolosa he learned that during his absence it had been attacked and nearly taken by the Carlists. It appeared that their troops, under Guibelaldi, after the unsuccessful attempt on Villa Franca, had descended the river to the neighbourhood of the former town. The garrison, anxious to distinguish itself, went out to meet them, but it was surprised and routed by the Carlists, who were within an ace of entering the place with the fugitives. Failing in this, they established themselves at a village in the vicinity, from which they pushed their parties up to the gates, and kept up a correspondence with the disaffected within. So restless and enterprising an enemy naturally attracted the attention of El Pastor, and he again made an attempt to surprise them. Marching with his division from Villa Franca, he arrived at Tolosa under cover of night, and as soon as his men were refreshed, moved off in search of the enemy, but though by sending the Chapel Gorris into the mountains to turn their flank and encumber their retreat, and by a forced march almost to the French frontier, he used his best efforts to overtake them, he was unable to come up with his light-footed opponents, and returned without having gained any other advantage than the capture of a single prisoner:—

'Such was the result of a long and fatiguing march of thirty-two miles, made under the personal superintendence of the best and most active of the queen's generals. Paltry as the success was, it formed, from what I heard and saw, no bad specimen of the vaunted victories of the constitutional armies. As such it was blazoned in the French ministerial journals, where, among other achievements, Jaureguy was represented as having captured the enemy's baggage, and disorganized his army. The first exploit, considering that they carry nothing with them beyond a small linen knapsack for holding their ammunition loaf,

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seemed to me as difficult as depriving a highlander of a certain piece of dress which shall be nameless; and the second did not appear to have materially injured their effectiveness, for the victorious column returned to Tolosa only on Friday night, and on Saturday morning its scattered, discomfited opponents occupied their old quarters at Villabuona, and their outposts were, as usual, peeping at us from the top of the crags that overlooked the town.

'Not even the solitary prisoner taken in the mountains was allowed to grace the triumph of his captors, and assure, by his actual presence, the loyal subjects of the queen that they had one enemy the less. To use the words of the red-bonnet who detailed to me the story, he was left to "watch the trees," or, in other words, was shot where he was taken."—p. 206.

We proceed to give a few details of the amusements and occupations common to the inhabitants of a besieged town:—

'The society of Tolosa, if rank be considered as the test of good society, was excellent; but, as I learned from a resident gentleman well able to form an opinion, extremely illiterate. The chief amusement of the inhabitants had consisted in taking the air in the evening at the grove, about two hundred yards to the eastward; but since the late attack of the Carlists, that had acquired a dangerous character, and they now contented themselves with lounging in the balconies and criticising the passers-by.

'The fair sex had little to distinguish them. Their faces were even plainer than those of the dames of St. Sebastian, and their single pretension to beauty consisted in a tolerably good foot and ancle. Of this they were extravagantly vain; and spent much of their time perched upon one leg on the cross iron bar of the railing of the balcony, and swinging the other backwards and forwards in the air for the benefit of spectators.

'The only really pretty woman I saw kept the cigar-shop opposite Moullet's house. She had two children, and called herself a widow; apparently with as good reason as the celebrated Marquise St. E——, so well known in France by the soubriquet of "La Veuve de la Grande Armée."

'Whether from a respect to the manes of their departed comrades, or from some other cause, the shop-window, from morning till night, was crowded by all the military in the place, from the drummer-boy up to the commandant. Colonels, adjutants, captains, and squires of high degree, were, of course, the principal objects of attention; but when they were not in the way, serjeants, corporals, and even privates, particularly when handsome, were smiled on in their turn. Verily, if philanthropy be a virtue, it would have been difficult to have found a more estimable individual.

'Two doors off was another person equally formidable, but of a different sex. He was a man of about five-and-twenty, and an officer of the garrison, who had had the singular felicity of being put *hors de combat* by his own troops. Some months before,

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before, and shortly after the conscripts, who composed the force in the town, were put under arms, they were called out at a late hour to repel an assault of the enemy. The night was dark, and they sallied from the gate with their muskets loaded, and expecting every moment to come into action. Their captain, who preceded them, received some orders from the front, which he communicated *alta voce* to those behind him; but the gallant band, too much excited by their novel situation to catch exactly what he said, and never doubting that the Philistines were upon them, and that they were ordered to fire, with wonderful unanimity let fly a volley. Luckily for their leader, they were desperately bad shots; and though seventy or eighty bullets whistled past him, only one took effect. It pierced his thigh; and he was now, with the limb in a sling, slowly recovering from the wound.

'During the morning he lay stretched upon a couch, invisible to all but the fortunate females opposite. But exactly as the clock struck four, arrayed in his most becoming costume, with his scarlet foraging-cap placed jauntily on one side of his head, supported by his crutches, and attended by a corporal—probably his military servant in uniform—did he issue from the portal.

'Uncle Toby had but one Widow Wadman to welcome his approach: fifty pair of bright eyes waited in eager expectation the presence of the Captain of Tolosa. No sooner had the thump, thump, thump, that marked the descent of the stilts on the staircase, resounded through the street, than the curtains that veiled the madonnas within were pushed aside, and mistress and maid rushed to the railing of the balcony. The first story, the second story, the third—all were waving with female drapery; and as soon as the red cap appeared below the doorway, there issued forth a Babel of sounds, in which hopes and fears and congratulations were all mingled. They hoped he was better—they feared he might be worse—they congratulated him on looking so well. To all this torrent of compliments the happy man said nothing. Perhaps remembering that gesture was the best part of eloquence, he doubted if Demosthenes himself would have appeared to advantage encumbered with a pair of crutches. Perhaps, anxious to give offence to none, where all were so amiable, he feared to commit himself in language that must in its warmth have been unequal. "But, whatsoe'er the cause might be," he said nothing; but, adopting the safer plan of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, he *booed*. It was not, however, a bow-general—it was, like that of the worthy baronet, a bow of discrimination. There was the nod of easy familiarity to the maid-servant; there was the slight inclination, still familiar, but of greater reverence, to the mistress; but when some senora, whose rank or beauty demanded a deeper homage, came between the sun and his nobility, down went the head between the shoulders, and the eyes were turned upwards, with an expression intended to convey at once the most exalted admiration for her person, and the deepest gratitude for her sympathy.

'It occasionally occurred to me, that all this commiseration, on the part

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part of his fair countrywomen, was sadly thrown away; for, if I read aright, the self-satisfied air of happy vanity with which the gallant captain shuffled down the street, he found it more agreeable, wounded as he was, to be "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," in the good town of Tolosa, than to be wandering in the mountains of Navarre, with the double risk of being shot at by the Carlists or starved by the commissary.'—p. 230.

The scenes of which our author was a spectator were sometimes of a more melancholy character:—

'I was returning to my bed, when Moullet, who was *au courant* of everything that passed, informed me that a shopkeeper of Tolosa was to be shot that morning for tampering with the troops. About three days before he had endeavoured to persuade a corporal, who was billeted in his house, to leave the Queen's service and join Don Carlos. The man affected to consent to his proposal, and volunteered bringing over some of his comrades, to whom he said the change would be equally agreeable. Accordingly, that same evening, he introduced three men, to whom the unsuspecting Carlist reiterated his former arguments. Apparently convinced by what they had heard, his auditors left his house and went immediately to the commandant and denounced him. He was arrested that night, tried by a court-martial on the following day, and condemned to be shot on the evidence of the military Judas and his associates. The execution was fixed for this morning, and was to take place at an old house, standing close by the river, in a maize field, on the road to France, and about a hundred yards from the gate of the town.

'At five minutes before seven, the garrison, headed by the commandant on horseback, and with its band playing a dead march, crossed the bridge. The veterans led the way—then came the young troops—and the invalids who could limp, but without arms, closed the rear. They halted, and drew up on the high road, opposite the old house. Two or three hundred of the townspeople, among whom were many women, also attended for the purpose of seeing the execution.

'There were other spectators not less interested. The hill, at the foot of which winds the road, is steep and rocky, and on the side of the town nearly inaccessible. Its summit was a favourite haunt and look-out of the Carlists, and was on the present occasion crowded with their outposts, who, without being able either to protect or to avenge him, looked down with no enviable feelings on the fate of their unfortunate partisan.

'About a quarter of an hour had elapsed when we heard the sound of a muffled drum, and immediately appeared the troops that guarded the prisoner. There were four files of five men each, and an officer. In the middle was the prisoner himself, his arms bound behind him by a cord, which was held by a single soldier who followed. On each side walked a parish priest: they were dressed in black; and instead of the Basilio hat they generally wear, had small skullcaps of the same colour. The two clergymen formed a remarkable contrast.

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contrast. He on the right was of a tall, commanding figure, but though young, the brow was care-worn and the cheek pale and thin; and there was that about the eye and mouth which spoke of high energies and a lofty ambition, unchecked by the finer sensibilities or moral scruples that occasionally make men hesitate in gratifying it. Altogether, the face was remarkable—that of a man formed of the "stuff of which they make cardinals and popes." He evidently held in contempt the part they had given him to play, and did not even affect an interest in the unhappy man beside him. His keen grey eye wandered over the crowd, glancing rapidly from face to face, as if it would have read in the countenances of the spectators their feelings towards the prisoner, and gathered their political creed from their sympathy or their indifference.

'His associate, on the left, was of a very different order. With nothing of what is called *character* in his countenance, he had a far more amiable expression. The face was round and full and high-coloured; and there was a twinkle about the eye, with traces of habitual gaiety about the mouth, which not even the gravity of the present moment had been able totally to eradicate. He carried in his right hand a crucifix, which he held up from time to time to the view of the prisoner; and, speaking to him in a low tone, seemed endeavouring to prepare him for another world.

'The Carlist heeded him not. He was a remarkably handsome young man, about seven-and-twenty, and with the chest and shoulders of a Hercules. The hair was jet black, the nose aquiline, the eye deep set but bright and penetrating, and with the mouth expressive of the most determined resolution. The face was pale; but this is common in Spain, and it might be constitutional. His dress was the blue bonnet of the country, and a round jacket and trowsers of cloth of the same colour. The shirt showed the breast, and was open to the waist-band. To the exhortations of the priest on his left he paid no attention. His eye glanced haughtily on those around and beside him. His manner was more than collected—it was contemptuous. He carried himself loftily; and there was not a man in the escort who stepped more firmly—not one whose foot came to the ground in better time. Indeed, notwithstanding his squalid look and coarse attire, the feeling of the moment had communicated to him an air of true dignity.

'When the escort arrived opposite the old house, they marched down a narrow lane that led through the maize, and halted at the place of execution. There fresh exhortations of the priest followed, but they were still disregarded by the prisoner—who accepted, however, of a tumbler of wine and a piece of bread which they offered him, and drank about half, soaking the bread in the wine. He then started forward, and, in the tone and manner of a man giving a convivial toast, called out "Viva Carlos el Rey!" In a lower tone he added a hope that the spectators would remember him in their prayers; and then with a calm, resolute step walked to the chair prepared for him.

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As soon as he had sat down, his arms were pinioned to the back, and a handkerchief bandaged over his eyes.

'The soldiers had, in the meantime, taken their places about seven feet off, and orders were given to make ready. The muskets were presented; and the officer, taking his handkerchief in his right hand, without uttering a word, slowly raised and depressed it three several times. As it was lowered for the third time, the first file fired, and the unfortunate man was no more. There was no struggle—it was over in a moment—a ball had pierced his brain. The head fell on the back of the chair, and the limbs started a little forward: there was no blood visible, except a little that oozed out below that part of the handkerchief which covered the right eye. In about two minutes, four old men, each of whom might have served as a memento of mortality, approached, bearing on their shoulders a small bier, attached to two poles. The body was rudely trundled into it; and its aged supporters, sinking under the weight, staggered away.

'With the corse vanished the spell that had hitherto influenced the minds of the spectators. During the execution, they had been grave, orderly, and silent; but as soon as the dead body was carried off, each turned to his neighbour and hastened to make his remarks. For a moment the tones of their voices were low and modulated; but this restraint soon wore off; and in five minutes after a fellow-creature had been, as the phrase goes, "launched into eternity," they passed me on their way to the town laughing and joking, as merry and as gay as if they had been returning from a fair or a horse-race. It is ever so. Be it who they may—stranger or relative—they die and are forgotten; and we return to the wants and the interests of our own busy scene, with the same eagerness as the household of the good old Knight of La Mancha, where, before the gallant and kind-hearted gentleman was cold upon his bier, "the nurse ate and the niece drank, and Sancho cherished his little carcase."'—p. 252.

But our extracts have been already too numerous, and we hasten to conclude them by the observations which follow, perhaps the most important part of the journal, as containing the opinions of an eye-witness of the position and forces of the contending parties, and their relative chances of success.

'The army employed in the four provinces against the Carlists consisted of 35,000 men. Of these 15,000 were in garrison, and 20,000 were engaged in active service. It was in five divisions—the first, under Espartero, occupied Biscay; the second, under Lorenzo, was in Navarre; the fourth, under Jaureguy, kept down Guipuscoa; and the third and fifth, under Generals Cordova and Bedoya, formed the army of the commander-in-chief, Rodil.

'Of the state of the troops I confess my first opinion was by no means favourable. Then, accustomed to see our trim guardsmen in Hyde-Park, my eye was caught by the wretched clothing of the Spaniards,

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Spaniards, their want of shoes, stockings, and knapsacks, and their deficiency in those thousand minutiæ of dress which are necessary to give a uniform character to soldiery. But a short time spent in marching amongst them had done much to wipe off my original prejudices, and I now looked less at the drapery, and more at the men.

'Taking them as a body, they were tall, stout, and well made; sober, steady, and obedient. Their discipline was good, and their arms kept in the highest order. Of their fighting qualities report spoke variously; and I confess the numerous combats which were detailed to me, in which, after several hours of hard fighting, the whole loss amounted to some six or seven wounded, and as many missing, gave me no very high idea of their fondness to come into collision with their enemies. I ought, however, to add that all the foreign officers with whom I conversed upon the subject spoke highly of their courage, and said that they only required to be better led, to become first-rate troops; and perhaps the conduct of the Italians in Napoleon's army, and that of the Portuguese and Sepoys in our own, goes far to prove that the behaviour of soldiers in action depends not so much on the original character of the men, as on the spirit and gallantry of their leaders. In these qualities the Spanish officers were said to be at best deficient, and adventitious physical causes had contributed to add to their original inefficiency. The greater part of those I saw in the armies of Rodil and Jaureguy were men somewhat advanced in life, who had been made prisoners during the early part of the Peninsular war. In 1814 they had returned to their country, but as most of them were obnoxious to Ferdinand, on account of their principles, they were obliged, by his restoration to absolute power, either to leave Spain, or to retire on half-pay.

'Both these classes, thus martyrs to their political creed, had claims on the regency of 1833, and, on the double principle of gratitude and interest, were restored to the army and their rank. But years had rolled on in the interval, and lieutenants at twenty found themselves at forty lieutenants still, and engaged in a war demanding, beyond all others, those energies and that activity of which their age and bulk alike deprived them.

'Out of compassion to their infirmities, the government had permitted the older officers, even of the lowest ranks, to use horses; but as it was impossible to draw a line between those who, from bodily weakness, were entitled to the indulgence, and those who were not, the practice became universal. Unfortunately the means of becoming luxurious were not increased with the permission; and as the scanty pay of the Spanish officer was insufficient to support more than one animal, and that necessary for the conveyance of his baggage, he endeavoured to make the unhappy quadruped do double duty; and sat squatted on the top of his pack-saddle like an old woman going to market between her panniers of eggs. Nothing could give a more unsoldier-like appearance to a march than this practice; and contributed

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buted to make them the object of ridicule to their men, instead of being considered examples of zeal and activity in moments of exhaustion and toil.

'Many of the Spanish officers were decorated; several wore two Orders, and I recollect a single instance of a lieutenant who had three. One of these, if I understood rightly, had been given him on account of his having been carried a prisoner to France. But it has since occurred to me that my ears must have deceived me, for if a government rewards its troops for being beaten, it is difficult to understand by what stimulus it shall tempt them to be occasionally victorious.'—p. 290.

Of the Carlist army he speaks thus:—

'Opposed to these forces of the constitutional government, the Carlists had about 14,000 picked men, in capital order and well armed, under Zumalacarreguy, Eraso, and Zabala. Independently of these, there were two or three corps of 1000 or 1200 each, under Guibelaldi, Iturisso, and other leaders; besides numerous bands of Guerillas, which occupied every village, and served the cause by blocking up the roads, and cutting off the communications. That the numerical force of the legitimate party was not greater, arose from their want of arms, as such was the enthusiasm in favour of Don Carlos, that I have no hesitation in saying, that, beyond the walls of the fortified towns, nineteen-twentieths of the population were his adherents. Of the disposition of those within the places occupied by the military of the Queen it would be difficult to judge, as death or imprisonment followed an avowal of Carlist opinions, and thus rendered it necessary for the inhabitants to affect unanimity in a cause for which it is probable many of them entertained the most cordial aversion.

'During the early part of the struggle, in which the Basque provinces engaged in support of their sovereign, they carefully avoided anything like a collision with their opponents in open ground, from the knowledge that the discipline of the Queen's soldiery, and their superior power of handling their arms, gave them advantages, against which mere numbers would not avail. They therefore adopted that system of warfare which they had found so successful in the contest with Napoleon, and which was suggested alike by their habits, and the character of the country. Acting upon this principle, they contented themselves with surprising out-posts, cutting off convoys, intercepting couriers, and thus leaving the different corps of the constitutional army perfectly isolated, and ignorant alike of the motions of their enemies or their friends.

'Emboldened by success, they gradually abandoned the extreme caution of their early enterprises, and commenced an attack on the main body of the Christinos, and from the top of rocks which overhung the road, and the woody defiles that here and there ran along it for upwards of a league, kept up a fire upon the troops below. This mode of warfare, little glorious as it may appear, had been singularly destructive; and during the two months previous to that in which I joined

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joined Rodil, the Queen's forces had, in consequence of such attacks, or from the paltry skirmishes in which they had been engaged, lost not less than eighty officers. Occasionally, too, when favourable circumstances presented themselves, the Carlists attempted a bolder policy, and when supposed to be at a distance, or in small numbers, appeared suddenly before detached corps of their enemy, in a force that made fighting or flying alike unavailing. To such surprises were owing the defeats of Quesada and Lorenzo's advanced guard. In both cases the approach of the legitimates was wholly unexpected, and the disorganization of the one force, and the annihilation of the other, almost without loss to the victors, showed how well the enterprises had been planned.

'These fortunate results arose from their possessing that power which is the groundwork of all military success—the power of combination; a necessary consequence of their knowledge of the country, their capability of enduring fatigue, and their accuracy of intelligence. The first of these was peculiarly the concomitant of an army composed of shepherds and smugglers, to whom, in the course of their various professions, every path in the mountains, with its individual capabilities, was accurately known, and gave to their general, either on occasion of advance or retreat, advantages of the first order. Their power of enduring fatigue was not less remarkable, and was such, that had I not received my information from a dozen different and unconnected quarters, I could scarcely have credited it. But I was again and again informed, that Zumalacarreguy had not unfrequently marched fifty miles in a day; and that the body-guard of Don Carlos, on the occasion of his being so nearly captured by Jaureguy, had passed over, within the four-and-twenty hours, between fifty and sixty miles; and must have moved at a very rapid pace even to the end of their journey, as, on approaching Tolosa, El Pastor, and the troops in pursuit, too much fatigued to follow any farther, took refuge in the town, and sent the garrison to continue the chace. But even these fresh men were unable to come near the veteran pedestrians of the prince's *garde de corps*, and returned in two hours in despair.

'With such extraordinary capabilities of limb, the Spanish constitutional army, however superior it might be to those of other European governments in its marching qualifications, was totally unable to enter into competition. But even had its physical energies been equally great with those of its Carlist opponents, its motions must ever have been more dilatory, from the circumstance, that the legitimates were able to advance at the rate of speed possessed by their best men, as they found all along their route, in the cottages of the attached peasantry, an asylum for their exhausted soldiery; while the Christinos were obliged to accommodate themselves to the laggard step of the greatest invalid in their ranks, as every loiterer was sure to be slaughtered as soon as he was beyond the protection of his comrades. Even in Guipuscoa, where, from the more open state of the country, such attacks were less dreaded, I have seen the rear-guard,



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more than once, come to a halt till some soldiers who were drinking at a rivulet had finished their draught, lest they should be exposed to danger by being for a few moments behind the rest.

'It is in consequence of this amazing rapidity of movement, and this attachment of the Basquese, that I should be inclined to listen with distrust to the details of any important loss sustained by the Carlists, so long as they confine their operations to the broken surface of the four provinces. As in the event of Zumalacarreguy being engaged in any general combat, in which he was not likely to be victor—a matter by no means probable, since by his superior speed he is enabled to choose his own ground, and is understood never to go into action except with overwhelming odds in his favour—he has only, on the day going against him, to scatter his troops to every wind of heaven, and send them in a thousand directions to the defiles of the neighbourhood, where, moving at a pace incompatible alike with the dress and the habits of the regulars, they would be in a few minutes safe from pursuit; and, re-organizing themselves amid the security of their fastnesses, assume, in four-and-twenty hours, as formidable a character as ever. The constitutional army has no such resource against misfortune; its existence depends upon its remaining in a mass, and once broken, it would certainly and rapidly be annihilated in detail.

'Another circumstance, highly favourable to the Carlist generals, is the accuracy of their intelligence, and the power which they possess of transmitting immediate orders to the subordinate heads of the scattered corps. In both qualifications were the Christinos deficient. Of intelligence indeed, such as it was, they had plenty, for it is always volunteered when men pay high; and it was said that Rodil gave an ounce of gold for each piece of information: but his officers used to complain that it could not be depended on; and that even where it proved to be true, the commander-in-chief was unable to take advantage of it so as to execute a combined movement—as the orders to the generals of the detached divisions could only be conveyed under the protection of a strong escort, which was occasionally beaten back when amounting to 180 men, and which, even when enabled to proceed, marched only in the day-time, and moved at a snail's pace.

'The Carlists were in a very different position. Through the medium of a peasantry, who had been taught by their priests that they were incurring eternal damnation if they neglected any means of advancing the cause of their sovereign, the most detailed accounts were conveyed to the head-quarters of Zumalacarreguy of the movements of the queen's army; while despatches, sent from one corps to another, instead of loitering along the road at the slow pace of an escort of infantry, were conveyed across the country after the fashion of the fiery cross in the old times of Highland warfare. The bearer of the packet, while it remained in his possession, hurried on with all the speed that wind and limb could muster; and at the moment his energies

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energies became exhausted, he was entitled to put it into the hands of the first peasant whom he met, who, on horseback or on foot, in cottage or in field, was obliged to receive it, and (such was the terror inspired by the denunciations of the monks) to forward it on its course with the same rapidity. In this manner, the orders of the superior officers of the legitimate party were occasionally conveyed sixteen miles within the hour; and their power, either of avoiding or surprising an enemy, increased in a tenfold degree.

'But, independently of the information derived from a zealous peasantry, they had a corps of light troops specially attached to the duty of preceding and following the queen's army. These fellows occupied the heights, and by firing signals were able to communicate with each other, and transmit intelligence with wonderful facility. They were, as I was afterwards informed, in full operation on the day on which Rodil's army left Tolosa for Ascoytia, and gave warning to the inhabitants of the latter town of our approach within five minutes after we had entered the gully up which, about a mile and a half from Tolosa, turns the Ascoytia road. The consequence was, that the band of Carlists which occupied the village, and those inhabitants who, from their zeal for legitimacy, might have been objects of suspicion to Rodil, had full time to transport themselves to the mountains, and await in safety amid their fastnesses the moment of our departure.

'Of the fortified places possessed by the queen, all, with the exception of Pampeluna and St. Sebastian, might be taken in a few hours by two heavy guns; as those I saw, Eybar, Bergara, Villafranca, and Tolosa, were commanded by heights in the immediate neighbourhood; and I was informed that the others were in a similar situation. But I am not sure that it would be good policy in the Carlists to reduce them if they could, as at present they are said to occupy fifteen thousand men, who, without a single soldier being withdrawn from the legitimate ranks for the purpose, are *de facto* blockaded by the animosity of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and dare not, except in force, move three hundred yards from the walls. Occasionally they sally forth in a strong body, and clear the roads for two miles in advance; but though everything gives way before them, they no sooner begin to retrace their steps than their enemies return upon their heels, and by the time they have entered the town the place is as strictly blockaded as before.

'From all these circumstances, were I called on to form an opinion, I should augur ill for the success of the queen in the four provinces. Independently of the hatred of the Basquese—a hatred founded on the triple ground of interest, loyalty, and religion—there exists a bar to her success in the character of the country, which, full of forests and defiles, is impenetrable to any but the natives; and defied the power of Napoleon, at the head of armies much more formidable than any that the Christinos are likely to bring into the field.

'Of the sentiments of the inhabitants towards Don Carlos, in the southern districts of the Peninsula, I had no means of forming an



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opinion; but though at present there appears an unanimous feeling in favour of the constitution, it should be recollected, that there are scattered over the surface of the Spanish monarchy eighty-six thousand regular clergy, besides an enormous number of parish priests, most of whom identify the cause of Don Carlos with their own; and who, ruling with almost sovereign power over the minds of an ignorant and prejudiced majority, would be inclined to use their influence on the first occasion on which it could be employed with advantage, for the purpose of producing opposition to the Queen's government.'—p. 256-63.

In these observations, generally, we concur—though we must add that we estimate the chances of success of the legitimate party much more highly than our author does. During the last year it appears to us that the war in the Basque provinces has materially changed its character. When our tourist was in Spain, the Carlists acted chiefly on the defensive; and if they attempted bolder measures, were indebted for their happy issue either to their surprising, or overwhelming by numbers, isolated portions of the constitutional army. Since that time—and the fact is remarkable, as arguing an important improvement in the *morale* and discipline of their troops—they have gradually assumed a more forward attitude, and meeting their opponents face to face, in open ground, and on equal terms, have repeatedly engaged and beaten the largest force which the queen's party could bring against them.

It will be recollected, too, that these victories have been obtained over the best officers in Spain. Rodil, the defender of Callao, was opposed to them, and failed; Mina, who, associated as he was in the minds of the Basquese with the recollection of former triumphs, was perhaps the most formidable opponent of Don Carlos, has shared the same fate; and Valdez, their successor, with a higher character than any of his countrymen for professional knowledge, has become distinguished above his predecessors only by the superior amount of his losses, and has, it is said, shut himself up in Vittoria, and resigned to his opponent that which has hitherto been the battle-field of the combatants. If to these successes be added the capture of some of the towns garrisoned by the Christinos—the abandonment of others—the recent daring operations of the Carlist forces in the plains of Catalonia and Old Castile, where till lately they only ventured to show themselves in small and scattered bands—and, above all, the demand made by the government of Isabella for that foreign aid which it is notorious was, but a few months ago, equally unpopular with her ministry and her people—we can entertain little doubt that the legitimate party is rapidly increasing in strength and popularity; and that its Chief, were he opposed only by the arms of his countrymen, and those means of resistance at present within the limits of

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of the Peninsula, would succeed in establishing himself upon the Spanish throne. Nor do we apprehend that even such an occurrence as the death of his gallant general will *now* materially affect these prospects. At the commencement of the struggle, indeed, such a loss would have been irreparable. *Then*, mere zeal, or courage, or military skill, however great, would have been insufficient to have raised with success the standard of a fugitive prince, in opposition to a powerful army and an established government, with no other support than that afforded by peasants, without money, without discipline, and almost without weapons. Peculiar talents were necessary. A man was required who was intimate with the defiles of the wild district in which the combat was to be carried on, and the language of its inhabitants; one who, uniting in his own person the activity and local knowledge of the mountaineer, to military science and acquaintance with the tactics of a regular army, could, as occasion might demand, oppose to a superior enemy either the rapid and isolated movements of the guerilla, or the more extensive and combined operations of civilized warfare. Such was Zumalacarreguy—who, in the early part of his career, superintended the details at once of the civil, of the military, and of the financial departments; and who, if he had then fallen, would have probably carried with him to the ground the cause which was upheld mainly by his energies. But the interests of legitimacy no longer stand on quite so precarious a footing. The presence of Don Carlos in Navarre has naturally tended to gratify the pride of the inhabitants and confirm their loyalty. The machinery of a central government, so necessary to the success of measures by its power of combination, has been set in motion. A commissariat, with ample funds (from whatever quarter they may arise) for its maintenance, has been established; and the army, that main source of success in civil broils, no longer consisting of mere predatory bands, is large, well disciplined, and flushed with victory; and may be increased to an indefinite extent, as the Christinos, by concentrating themselves in Pampeluna and St. Sebastian, have abandoned to the Carlists Elgoybar, Bergara, Palencia, and the other gun manufactories in the north of Spain; and have, consequently, enabled them to strengthen themselves in that arm in which, of all others, they have hitherto been confessedly most weak.

These circumstances, and the military talents displayed by Eraso in his late victory at Descarga, incline us to doubt very much whether, in case the Spaniards were left to decide their own quarrel, the loss of any one officer, however distinguished, could exercise an important influence on the fortunes of Don Carlos, or prevent his triumphant progress to Madrid. The levies now raising

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ing in England, under the auspices of an officer who, though not high in rank, enjoys certainly a high professional reputation—those levies, under such guidance, may, it is true, change the character of the contest and its result; but whatever be its termination, and whether such aids do or do not secure a victory to the Queen's cause, they afford most unequivocal evidence how little that cause is at heart with the Spanish nation—and they must stamp indelible disgrace on the English party which sanctions their employment—a party which has invariably in language asserted the right of every nation to choose its own sovereign—but which, as invariably in practice, has contradicted its theory by its acts, and now, as heretofore, seeks to impose new systems and a strange form of government on a people who neither covet their possession nor are at all fit to profit by them.

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We received, after this article had been prepared for the press, a volume entitled 'Recollections of a Visit to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha, by the Author of Vathek,' from which, had it reached us sooner, we should have given some extracts, strikingly illustrative of what we have said as to the progress of social and mental deterioration in the Peninsula. In fact, such is the perhaps unconscious capacity of Mr. Beckford's genius, that he has in this little volume, professing merely to record the trivial incidents of a fortnight's ramble, presented us with a complete picture of the whole life of Portugal as it was fifty years ago. Ten volumes would not have made the impression more perfect. From the feeble prince, the profligate princess, the jealous minister, the enervate lord, and the more than lordly abbot, down to the coarse but cunning friar, and the careless, credulous, contented peasant—every class and order of society is placed vividly before us—quite as satisfactorily, and assuredly quite as amusingly, as they could have been within the scope of a novel of manners.

This narrative, we should observe, was not written at the time to which it refers, but has been recently drawn up from recollection, assisted only by a few short notes. This circumstance has in no respect weakened the freshness and liveliness of its descriptions—but it has cast over the reflections interspersed a tone of sobriety and depth which, to our feeling, much improves the general effect.

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ART.

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ART. X.—1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Municipal Corporations of England and Wales.* 1835.

2. *Protest of Sir Francis Palgrave against the First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Municipal Corporations of England and Wales.* 1835.

3. *Observations on the Principles to be adopted in the Establishment of New Municipalities, the Reform of Ancient Corporations, and the Cheap Administration of Justice.* By Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H. London. 1833.

IF any additional proof were necessary that the *Reform Bill* was—and by some, at least, of its framers was intended to be—a *revolution*, or overthrow of all the ancient institutions of England, it would be afforded by the plan of Municipal Reform with which the present Cabinet has found itself obliged to follow up that primary measure: nor has anything given us a more melancholy conviction of the certain ultimate success of the revolutionists than the blind eagerness with which the majority of the House of Commons and the despairing apathy with which the country at large has received this measure. If, five years ago, any one had predicted that our whole system of municipal policy—all those various *Corporations* which had been originally the chief agents, and subsequently the safest depositaries, of the private rights and public liberties of Englishmen—which had for, we may say, ages presented an elastic but most effectual resistance to the encroachments of the populace on the one hand, or of the Crown on the other—which had repelled and destroyed the despotism of James II., and were the bulwarks and the safeguards of the *Protestant* interests in the state—if, we say, five years ago any one should have foretold that they were to be ALL SWEPT AWAY almost without opposition or complaint, and with no public expression of indignation or alarm, he would have been thought as mad as Cassandra.

Yet it has come to pass. The bill was introduced without opposition. Its *principle*—the principle of annihilating a system which many believe to have been a main *cause*, and which all admit to have been at least a *concomitant* of all the civilization and all the prosperity of England—the principle was admitted by the second reading of the bill, without division—almost without discussion. The efforts of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir William Follett to correct two or three of the most enormously unjust of its details—the small impression that their unanswerable, at all events their unanswered, objections made upon the majority, or their dumb but desperate leaders—and, above all, the stupor into

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into which the proposition seems to have thrown the Corporations and the country, leave us no hope that any observations of ours can influence, in the slightest degree, the fate of this portentous measure. But the more isolated and hopeless our opposition, the more imperative seems to us the duty of recording that dissent—if with no present prospect of advantage, at least for future consideration, when the country shall awake from the frenzy which has intoxicated one-half of the population, and the despair that paralyzes the other. That day will come—as similar recoveries from similar insanities did in 1660 and 1688—and that awakening may and must be accelerated by keeping alive in the public mind the true history of transactions so monstrous as, if not vouched by eye-witnesses, and placed by contemporaneous evidence beyond contradiction or doubt, must appear incredible.

The first step in this extraordinary affair was in itself most extraordinary. A commission was issued *under the Great Seal of England* with powers and for purposes now confessed to have been illegal! The Corporations in general, a few perhaps from intimidation, and others with the spontaneous promptness of conscious integrity, submitted to the commission—but five or six thought it due to themselves, the law, and the constitution, to resist such an illegal assumption of power; and one or two cases were as effective in trying the legality of the commission as a hundred would have been. They were successful. The town-clerk of a petty borough discomfited the Lord High Chancellor of England on a point of law of his lordship's own raising, within his own special jurisdiction; and for the very first time, we believe, since the days of *James* and *Jeffries*, a commission under the *Great Seal of England was convicted of illegality*. This fact is so singular, so astonishing (if anything in these times could astonish), that we think it worth while to preserve one clause of the commission:—

'And for the better discovering of truth in the premises [the existing state of the Corporations], we do by these presents *give and grant* to you [the Commissioners] FULL POWER and AUTHORITY to CALL *before you* such and so many officers of the said Corporations as you shall judge necessary, and to inquire into the premises by all OTHER *lawful ways and means whatsoever*. And we do hereby *give and grant to you* FULL POWER and AUTHORITY to administer an oath or oaths to any persons whatsoever, &c. And we do further *give and grant* to you FULL POWER and AUTHORITY to *cause* all and singular the officers of the said Corporations to bring and produce *on oath* before you all and singular charters, rolls, records, deeds, papers, &c.'—*First Report*, p. 4.

Would it not be in an extreme degree ridiculous—if it were not for other reasons so lamentable and alarming—to see that all these pompous '*gifts* and *grants*'—these 'FULL AUTHORITIES'—these

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—these '*powers* to examine persons *upon oath*,' and to enforce the '*production of records*'—thus largely and solemnly conferred by the Crown in the very highest of its functions, were proved by the breath of a *town-clerk* to be neither more nor less than FUDGE! 'I can'—said the braggadocio who thought himself a conjurer—

'I can call spirits from the vasty deep:'

and so thought the Lord Chancellor—

'I can CALL *town-clerks* with their *musty deeds*,'

without thinking that he incurred the old retort—

'Why so can I or any other man!
But *will they come* when you do *call* for them?'

Of such an affront to the royal dignity—of such a mockery of the highest forms of the law—of such a ridiculous *mystification*—we are confident no previous example can be found.

It was, however, an appropriate prologue to what was to follow. The next step was the selection of the Commissioners. It might have been expected that an inquiry into such institutions as the Corporations of England would have been intrusted to men of the highest and purest character in the legal profession, and whose position in that profession would have been at once a test of their capacity and a pledge for their fairness. What was the fact? *Twenty* gentlemen were named in the commission—nineteen of whom, we take upon ourselves to say, were, as barristers, *nearly unknown in Westminster Hall*—some of them even were strangers in that little nook of the building in which the counsellors indue their wigs and gowns. Two exceptions to this general obscurity there were—Mr. Blackburn, the chief commissioner, had been occasionally heard of as a respectable man of very small practice—and Sir Francis Palgrave, though not, we believe, a practitioner, was advantageously known by several valuable publications relating to the legal and literary antiquities of England. But of the other eighteen names—

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| George Long, | Fortunatus Dwarris, |
| Sampson Augustus Rumball, | George Hutton Wilkinson, |
| Thomas Jefferson Hogg, | Peregrine Bingham, |
| David Jardine, | Richard Whitcombe, |
| John Elliott Drinkwater, | Edward John Gambier, |
| Thomas Flower Ellis, | James Booth, |
| Henry Roscoe, | Charles Austin, |
| Edward Rushton, | Alexander Edward Cockburn, |
| John Buckle, | Daniel Maude, |

we ask our readers and the public, whether they had so much as *heard of any one of them* as a man of any professional practice, or even pretensions? They may be, for aught we know, gentlemen of the best private characters, and some of them may even have

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have fair professional *prospects*—but, we repeat, is there one of them who had, at the date of the commission, not merely such a degree of public reputation as to justify his appointment, but any reputation at all? We might almost ask whether any one had ever heard of their names?

The causes of such an extraordinary selection were probably three-fold.

First there were, we are well aware, certain *private interests* to be conciliated, and certain little *political debts* to be paid. We are not such Utopians as altogether to proscribe the influence of such motives—but for so great a trust, for functions of a judicial and almost inquisitorial nature, we could have wished that political partiality had selected some more prominent, responsible, and trustworthy subjects.

There was another advantage in the selection of these unpractised hands. The old proverb of 'NEW BROOMS *sweeping clean*' had lately received a striking illustration; and as nothing is so bold as ignorance, it was reasonably thought that none could be found so fearless and so fit to sweep away all the old institutions of the country, as those who knew nothing about them.

But there was a third still more important point to be secured. The Test laws had, down to 1828, excluded *Dissenters* from all the corporations of the kingdom. It entered into the Ministry's idea of fairness, that the inquiry into such corporations should be mainly conducted by those men who had been so long excluded from them, and who, therefore, must naturally have felt the most inveterate prejudices and the bitterest hatred against them. A considerable proportion of the Commissioners were of course Dissenters, and it became, therefore, expedient that such members of the Church of England as the Whig and Radical parties could supply should *not be of such weight and character* as to thwart, impede, or resist their *dissenting* colleagues in *their* predisposition to find everything wrong in institutions from which they had been so long and, as they thought, so intolerantly excluded. We mean neither imputation nor offence, and admit, with perfect sincerity, that such a predisposition on the part of gentlemen of dissenting persuasions was natural, and no doubt conscientious—but for that very reason they were the very last men who should have been employed in such an inquiry. It is in human nature—and it is, indeed, the common objection against exclusive institutions—that sectarians *must* be actuated by re-active prejudices. It was bad enough to have composed the Commission of men who (without, we believe, one single exception) were considered as belonging to the political party that had already denounced and doomed the corporations—it was monstrous to superadd so large and, above all,

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all, so *influential* a proportion of religious hostility. Every page of the Report and of the Appendix testifies the existence and force of these unhappy prejudices, and justifies, if not the *fairness*, at least the *foresight* which prompted such appointments.

But there is another circumstance very characteristic of this transaction. There were *twenty* commissioners—so great a number might seem a kind of security against flagrant partiality, personal prejudices, and individual error. But will it be credited that the affair was so arranged, that no one corporation (except London) was visited by more than *two* commissioners, and that no less than 137 corporations were delivered over in each case to a *single* commissioner, by whose partialities, if he was prejudiced—by whose errors, when only mistaken—by whose uncontrolled power and unassisted capacity—their fortunes and fate were to be decided. To Mr. Peregrine Bingham were committed 19 towns; to Mr. Edward John Gambier 17; to Mr. James Booth 16; to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg 14, and so on,

'Through *twenty* more such names and men as these,'

down to Mr. Fortunatus Dwarris, whose remarkable and auspicious name we think we have seen in *several* of these lucrative commissions, but who appears on this occasion as the *autocrat* of only *two* boroughs. Not that this is any reflection on his activity or intelligence, for he seems—*Julio et Cæsare Coss.*—(Mr. *Augustus* Rumball being no better than *Bibulus*)—to have been intrusted with the important and *critical* district of Durham, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and Westmoreland,—and to have had the examination of certain places illustrious in the debates on the Reform Bill—Gateshead, Sunderland, Appleby, Kendal, *cum multis aliis*. '*Fortunate* MALTON' was also within the district of *Fortunatus* Dwarris; but *fortunate* in all ways—MALTON, as well as TAVISTOCK, happening not to be municipal corporations, were exempted from this inquiry, and of course from all the pains, penalties, disfranchisements, and—worst of all—the *enfranchisements*, which the Bill may impose on less *fortunate* localities.

We should like, by the way, to know *why*—if these new municipal constitutions are so valuable and so necessary to the good government of the several towns—why places of *such consideration as to send* TWO *members to parliament*, such as MALTON, PETERBOROUGH, and TAVISTOCK, should not have been included in this general bill. There is, indeed, a clause towards the end of the bill which says, that '*if the* INHABITANTS *of any town not now corporate shall petition to be included in the bill*,' the King may do so;—but the clause does not say, what *proportion* of the inhabitants, nor if *every* individual inhabitant must concur—whether *pauper* or rate-payer, male or *female*—nor does in any way whatever

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ever define *who*, for this purpose, shall be considered *inhabitants*. So that, practically, this clause must be found an utter delusion—another specimen of FUDGE! and we think we can safely assure my LORD FITZWILLIAM and the DUKE OF BEDFORD that, under its provisions, *their* tranquil supremacy in MALTON, PETERBOROUGH, and TAVISTOCK will not be disturbed by these new charters of incorporation.

But to return to the Commission. From its general composition, we anticipated what the complexion of the Report would be—we had little doubt that we should find it a *Thesaurus* of all the gossip and scandal which party feuds and sectarian rancour never fail to generate in small localities, and which it would have required men of unbiassed temper and superior sagacity to have weighed and sifted. Such men we have lamentable proof that these Commissioners were not; and we are convinced, that if the holder of the Great Seal had endeavoured to choose men for this office the most inveterately biassed against those whose conduct they had to examine, he could not have made a selection which could have done his business more to his mind.

Accordingly the key-note to which the whole concert has been pitched is PARTY. All the objections to the corporations, however varied or diversified, end in one point—they are *party* institutions. All the imputations against individuals are reducible to one real offence—that they are *party men*. The gravamen of the censure of any proceeding is, that it was done for *party* purposes; and, with a gross inconsistency in reason, but in perfect accordance with the feelings of human nature—the remedy proposed for the correction of all these *party* errors is—that the power should be *transferred* to the OPPOSITE PARTY.

Now let us say a few explanatory words on the subject of PARTY, as applicable to the Municipal Corporations. They were, no doubt, the instruments of what the Report calls *Party*—but it was the *party of the Constitution*:—not taken up by the corporators on private views or motives, but imposed upon them by *law*. Our ancestors, and, above all, our Whig ancestors, believed religion, as professed by the Church of England, to be not only the truest guide to eternal salvation and the strongest auxiliary of moral government, but also the best, the safest, and the most effective preservative of civil liberty. For these reasons the Church of England was *established* by, and incorporated with, the fundamental law of the land, and the corporations were consequently—by no act of their own—by no special bye-law—by no local or individual influence—but by a general constitutional policy, enacted and enforced by the supreme legislative authority of the state—limited and tied down to admit amongst them none but

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but members of the Church of England. If, then, the Church of England was a *party*, no doubt the corporations had become, since the enactment of the Test laws, party institutions; but so, in that sense, was the whole protestant constitution of England—so, in that sense, was the great settlement made at the Revolution of 1688—so, in that sense, was the accession of the House of Brunswick;—and, so in that sense, had been—not the proceedings of municipal corporations alone, but—all the policy of our legislation and our administration for the last 150 years—the proudest and the happiest period of English history.

Again: Corporations and all other constituted bodies (except only the supreme legislature of the state) were originally instituted and are legally bound to maintain *things as they are*, until the supreme legislature shall see cause to alter them. Is it therefore wonderful if we find the corporations doing their *sworn duty* of keeping *things as they are*, and for that purpose preferring to associate to their powers (in cases where they had an option) those who agreed with them in their view of their legal and constitutional duties, rather than those who professed contrary opinions? This has produced that system which is now-a-days so decried under the designation of *self-election* that people seem to forget the principle on which it was founded. Any *responsible* corporate *body* must in practice be *self-elected*. Those who have any legal trusts or duties imposed upon them as a body *must* have the choice of their associates, or they cannot be *responsible* for the acts of the body. This proposition would admit of various and important developments and illustrations, but our limits do not allow our doing more than suggesting this general antidote to the vulgar prejudice against *self-election* in corporations. We are satisfied that it will, on experience, be found that, without some degree of practical *self-election*, there can be no guarantee for the integrity and legality of corporate proceedings.

Be this as it may, the fault, if fault there was—the intolerance, if this was intolerance,—the *party spirit*, as these Commissioners are pleased to designate it, was not attributable to the *Corporations*, but to the *law!*—and whatever reason it might afford for altering the constitution of England, it supplied none at all for annihilating the corporations.

But it may be asked, since the test laws have been repealed, have not the Corporations persisted in their ancient system?—Suppose it were so—is it to be wondered at? The corporators are men, and cannot be expected (unless they were all Whigs of the new school) to change their principles with every season. Some time must be allowed to all mankind to assimilate themselves to new situations. Even the inexorability of military discipline

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cipline allows to the officers, on a change of uniform, time to wear out their old clothes—why were the corporators not to be allowed a little space to wear out their old prejudices? They had—in many cases—already done so in some degree; the change was proceeding gradually but certainly. If some individual corporators *of the old rock* were more obstinate, it was a difficulty decreasing every hour, and in no long period must have died off altogether, and surely afforded no reason for killing the Corporation.

To say that in some of those 285 corporations, into which the commissioners inquired, they found instances of abuse of power, misappropriation of funds, and proceedings which indicated (in the usual sense of the word) a party spirit, is to say no more than, we have just said, that corporators are men. We should like to know what human institution is or can be free from such blemishes? A body corporate, like a body natural, is subject to occasional blotches which come and go, but even when such an eruption is most flagrant and offensive, no one—but our ministers and, we believe, some of the savage tribes of America—ever thought of curing, *by killing*, the unhappy patient, who, when left to the ordinary remedies, generally recovers the state of soundness thus accidentally interrupted.

But if we were to admit all that the Commissioners say—which is many hundred times more than they have proved—of abuses in Corporations, was there no remedy but annihilation? Was there no appeal? Is there no Court of King's Bench?—or if there could have been adduced such an extreme case of general, deep-rooted abuse, as the Court of King's Bench could not reach, was there not the supreme Legislature to deal with that individual case? and would even such a case (and we have found none such even alleged) justify the destruction of all the corporations—as well those whose errors were amenable to the jurisdiction of the King's Bench—as the *great majority* who are acknowledged to be *innocent* altogether?

But with all their prejudiced zeal, and all the irregular and illegal evidence which they could collect, (and which as we shall see has been in some instances *garbled*,) we have no hesitation in saying that the Commissioners have made out no case—not even the shadow of a case—against the corporations in general;—and that the instances in which they have ferreted out abuses are infinitely fewer than any one would have naturally expected, under all the circumstances—when the actions and motives of so many thousand individuals, and of some hundred bodies of men, under a vast variety of incidents and accidents—and for a long period of years—came to be jealously and hostilely canvassed. One excuse, indeed, the ministers

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ministers have for having adopted the course of extinguishing all the corporations in England by a *bill of attainder* rather than of bringing alleged delinquents before the proper legal tribunal, the Court of King's Bench, and it is this,—that there is hardly a case in which the Court of King's Bench must not have acquitted the defendants and punished the prosecutors with costs.

The *only* real abuse was the practice which existed in many of the corporations of admitting *non-residents* to continue corporators; but even this was not in many cases the act of the corporation. It was frequently the effect of votes of the House of Commons itself in election cases, which had decided—generally, we think, illegally—that non-residence did not forfeit the corporate franchise. To such decisions the corporations, sometimes willingly and sometimes reluctantly, submitted; but the original error was not theirs. That great abuse had been, however, exceedingly diminished by the same hand which had created it; and there could have been no objection whatsoever to any further and general measures for *restoring* what we believe to have been the ancient *law*, and what certainly was the old practice—the exclusion of *non-residents* from the *municipal* corporations.

But as this *legalized* abuse had been already essentially corrected, and as, at all events, it could not be charged against the Corporations as a crime exclusively theirs, it was necessary for the commissioners to seek out some other instances of malversation,—and we shall now see with what success.

We have said that amongst the Commissioners there was one gentleman well known for his legal and antiquarian learning—Sir Francis Palgrave. How *he* came to be selected was a matter of surprise to those who did not know that Sir Francis Palgrave had published, in 1833, the pamphlet which we have mentioned at the head of this article, in which he had happened to evince a great hostility to the present corporate system. Here, then, the ministers had quite a *god-send*—one man of acknowledged information and character, had *pledged* himself *against* the corporations—they fancied that his mind was irrevocably determined, and they were of course delighted to enrol him in their *impartial* commission of inquiry—but they mistook, it seems, their man. Sir Francis Palgrave stood alone amongst his colleagues as a person having the necessary qualifications for the inquiry—he stands as honourably alone in the result of the inquiry—he alone has not concurred in the Report, and he has, in justice to himself, and in duty to the king and the country, drawn up a Protest against the whole Report, which we will fearlessly say is the most convincing, triumphant, and decisive exposure of a tissue of fallacy and falsehood that has ever been presented to the public. Every line

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line of this Protest, which, with its documents, extends to eighty folio pages, is full of information, and completely victorious over the huge mass of misrepresentation, gossip, scandal, and sophistry which it examines. If this great cause were to be decided by truth, by justice, or by law, the case were at an end; but the ministers have removed it, by a prudential *certiorari*, into their own jurisdiction, where the corporations had been *already*—and by anticipation, condemned even before they were tried. The whole process was indeed that which has been so wittily extracted from Virgil as the description of a *hellish judge*:—

> 'Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
> *Castigat*que *audit*que, *dolos subegit*que *fateri!*'

Our limits do not allow us to make anything like adequate extracts from this remarkable Protest, but for a few specimens, by which the whole Report may be judged—*ex pede Herculem*—we must find room.

'It is stated in the Report "that there prevails amongst the inhabitants of a GREAT MAJORITY of the incorporated towns a *general*, and in the opinion of the Commissioners, a *just* dissatisfaction with their municipal institutions," and "that the existing corporations of England and Wales *neither possess nor deserve* the confidence nor respect of his Majesty's subjects." (p. 49.) That is to say, that there is a *great majority* of dissatisfied towns, and a majority of dissatisfied inhabitants in each dissatisfied town; whereas it appears, so far as the existence of dissatisfaction can be collected from the printed Reports, that the feeling, which in the loose language of conversation is termed *general unpopularity*, exists only in a SMALL proportion of these communities.

'The evidence thus failing (as it is submitted) to sustain the position of the preponderating extent of the dissatisfaction, assumed by the Report to be "general," it becomes expedient to consider its nature and value; whether, in the emphatic phrases of the Report, it is a "*just* dissatisfaction," and whether it is a testimony that the "existing corporations of England and Wales neither possess nor *deserve* the confidence or respect of his Majesty's subjects."

'In a certain proportion of towns the dissatisfaction of the inhabitants is ascribed to particular causes, not unfrequently to the assertion of rights, which, though *legal*, are *unpleasing* to the inhabitants, or of which the inhabitants contest the legality:—

'The public mind is dissatisfied in Penryn *because the corporation holds a property of which it has been in uninterrupted possession since 1669.*

'At Arundel the inhabitants are dissatisfied because *a common is withheld*, of which, as the commissioner reports, the freehold had been so long in the burgesses or corporation, that it seemed useless to prosecute the inquiry; whilst in the same place much angry feeling is excited in relation to the share which the corporation ought to take in paying the *church-rate*. 'In

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'In South Molton, the inhabitants are dissatisfied because they conceive they have a *right to be consulted* in the "disposition of Cope's property."—At Kingston-upon-Hull, they are dissatisfied (amongst other causes) in consequence of the exaction of market tolls, &c. "the Corporation having been SUCCESSFUL *in* (legal) *actions respecting such tolls.*"

'In a second class, magisterial acts, improperly exercised, or *believed, supposed, suspected*, or *inferred* to have been exercised improperly, are the causes of dissatisfaction.—At Lyme, dissatisfaction arises from the *stopping up of a footpath.*—In Chichester, dissatisfaction arises from the *license of a public-house*, granted in 1813, [twenty-five years ago].—At Dover, dissatisfaction arises from the strong *belief* that the justices have granted or refused *licenses* from improper motives; "but no instance of this was fully substantiated:"—And in Southampton there is a complaint "of unfair distribution of public-house licenses, *anterior to the year* 1815," [twenty years ago] founded upon instances which could *not* be distinctly *made out.*

'A third class exhibits the "dissatisfaction" arising from the *unpopularity* of particular members.—In Tenterden, "a feeling of rancour, which it is impossible to exaggerate," and which is extremely prejudicial to the interests and quiet of the town, has been occasioned by the exclusion, in 1824, of a *dissenting candidate from the office of town-clerk by the operation of the Test Act*:—And in Newport (Isle of Wight), where the principal mark of popular dislike is also the town-clerk. Of this individual the Commissioners say, "There appeared not only an absence of the slightest ground for imputation in any office, but *an absence of any thing like a definite suspicion of any sort.*"'—pp. 5, 6.

This is tolerably decisive of the spirit which actuated these Commissioners, and of the grounds on which they had the effrontery—we can call it nothing else—to make the extravagant assertions of which Sir Francis Palgrave complains. What follows is still more remarkable and important:—

'The report (p. 45, § 108) states, that in "some towns," large sums have been spent *in bribery*, and the other *illegal practices* of contested elections. From the context it appears that *Parliamentary elections* are inferred; and that the sums were expended out of *corporate funds.*'—p. 9.

—and the Report goes on to quote, as specific examples, the cases of Leicester and Barnstaple. Upon this case of Leicester Sir F. Palgrave replies, that Leicester was the *only* corporation charged in the Report with this abuse; and that even as to Leicester, the allegation is now perfectly idle, as an act was passed in 1827 to prevent such practices for the future. This act proves two points, first, that the alleged practice was not before illegal, and secondly, that, having been remedied by a special law, it can furnish no excuse, —but,



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—but, indeed, the direct contrary,—for a general law to disfranchise 283 corporations, in which such a practice is not stated to have prevailed. But the misrepresentation in the case of Barnstaple is still more flagrant:—'large sums were expended in *bribery*, and other illegal practices at contested elections'! Such is the general charge, in reference to which the name of Barnstaple is cited; yet it appears that the Commissioners were well aware that the expense at Barnstaple was incurred in *opposing a bill* brought in to disfranchise certain freemen on the score of bribery,—*which opposition was successful*,—the parties proved their innocence, and the bill was thrown out. And it appears that even the circuit Commissioners had stated that—

'no part of the funds of the corporation [of Barnstaple] have *ever been expended in contested elections;* the corporation have been generally divided in opinion upon the merits of the candidates; they have not as a body, therefore, interfered.'

And this is a case which Commissioners under the Great Seal of England have quoted, under the equivocating head of '*corporate funds expended in election bribery!*'—Sir F. Palgrave proceeds:

'The Report states that "the evils which have resulted from mismanagement of the corporate property are manifold, and of the most glaring kind; some corporations have been in the habit of letting their lands by private contract to members of their own body, upon a rent and at fines wholly disproportionate to their value, and frequently for long terms of years:" and the Report adds, that at Cambridge "practices of this kind have prevailed to a very great extent." The Cambridge Report *is not yet printed*, but it appears from the printed Reports that accusations of such malpractices were preferred against the following corporations; viz. East Looe, Kendal, Gloucester, Reading, Aberystwith, Barnstaple, Fordwich, and Carlisle.

'In East Looe, *no evidence* was given to support the charge.

'In Kendal, the case is at once *dismissed* by the Commissioners.

'In the Gloucester case, the Commissioners were satisfied that the rents reserved upon two of the leases were the *full value* of the land, and of the third lease, *more than the value.*

'At Reading, where the charges were "strongly pressed upon our attention," the Commissioners, having allowed a whole day for the purpose of enabling both parties to procure evidence, were satisfied, after a long and minute inquiry, that the charges were *without foundation.*

'At Barnstaple, the Commissioners could "form *no estimate* of the value of the property," a [*shabby*] mode of stating that no sufficient evidence was produced.

'At Fordwich, "the freemen conceive" that the freehold "of a very small extent of ground," "worth very little," and used for the purpose of drying fishing-nets, belongs to the Corporation. The matter is *still in dispute*, and the Commissioner "could not obtain any *satisfactory evidence* as to the right of property." 'At

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'At Aberystwith, an individual who often served the office of mayor, is the lessee of two parcels of land, now of considerable value. But, "how far this gentleman may have availed himself of his influence with the Corporation, for the purpose of obtaining a beneficial lease of the premises in question—or how far improvident bargains may have been made on the part of the Corporation in the other leases granted by them—it would now be *difficult to determine*; the transactions were not conducted in such a way as to be altogether free from suspicion."

'The last and most important case of this description occurs at Carlisle, where, between the years 1700 and 1750, various demises were made by the Corporation of a tract of land called King-moor, for lives, for nominal considerations, and with covenants for perpetual renewal, the larger portions to members of their own body, and the smaller to freemen. About fifty years ago the Corporation contemplated resisting the renewal of these leases, but being advised they could *not do so legally*, the leases were renewed. About twenty years ago, a small piece of land was let by the Council to one of its own members for 999 years, at the annual rent of 6*l*. Three years afterwards he sold his interest in it for 70*l*.; and in the year 1815, the Corporation, for a nominal consideration, granted to the Recorder the site of a building in "Scotch-street;" but which *grant* was in fact an *exchange*. These cases are here stated somewhat in detail, because the details alone will show that the assumption that Corporations are in the "*habit*" of committing the most culpable species of malversation, rests (except so far as it may be supported by the Cambridge case and the other *inedited* evidence) upon the "conceptions" of the Fordwich witnesses; the "strong belief," without evidence, of the Barnstaple witnesses; the "suspicions" which attach to the Aberystwith demise; the value of a *moor in Cumberland* in the first half of the eighteenth century; and the *bargain* made about twenty years ago by the member of the council at Carlisle.'—pp. 9, 10.

This, we think, will be quite enough to satisfy our readers; and we shall take leave of this topic by reminding these learned Commissioners of one of the maxims of their own '*profession*' relative to evidence; *falsus in uno—falsus in omni*. What, then, must be the deduction, when the instances of falsehood—we are willing to hope not intentional—are so numerous and important?

Upon this Report, however, the ministers have introduced a bill to annihilate all our ancient municipal institutions, which had grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the English people; and to substitute for them a number of new districts—to be still called boroughs—in which all royal and corporate and local authorities and rights are to be merged in one uniform system of popular, or rather democratic, election: a system in all its details not merely destructive of all ancient influences, but



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establishing amongst us new and, we think, most unconstitutional principles of authority, wholly at variance with the spirit of the English *monarchy*. The old rule was, that all authority emanated from the king. Rousseau and the modern philosophers, wandering back into the original theories of government, asserted that all authority emanates from the *people;* and this speculation—which evidently can never have a practical existence but in a *republic*—is about to become the sole rule and foundation of all internal government, in what we still affect to call the *kingdom* of England. Of the mere details of the bill we shall say little. There are some of them so monstrous that we cannot even now believe that they will be persisted in; such as not only depriving the crown or its chartered delegates of the choice of magistrates, but giving that choice to the rate-payers of the district, with larger powers than are now enjoyed by the king himself. For instance, the king cannot now appoint county magistrates without a certain qualification of property, and even then under the double check of two responsible advisers—the Lord-Lieutenant of the county and the Lord High Chancellor. Hereafter, says the Bill, the magistrates for the boroughs shall have jurisdiction in the counties, without any necessary qualification of property, and with no check or limit whatsoever on the elective caprices of the rate-payers—and, of course, of the *lowest* rate-payers, who will necessarily constitute the majority. A town council is to be elected by all rate-payers, one-third going out annually, but capable of *immediate* re-election. To the town council, thus *irresponsibly* constituted, all the authority, *patronage*, and *property* of the old corporations are to be transferred—under whatsoever circumstances or conditions such patronage and property may have been originally granted—whether by the gift or bequest of corporators themselves, or by persons having a special confidence in the corporation and with the clear intention of entrusting the administration of their benevolence to no other hands. Grants, therefore, and bequests made by members of the *Church of England* for the support of that church, may in all, and certainly will in many, cases, fall under the administration of *Dissenters;* and so certain are the dissenters of the predominance which the provisions of the bill are calculated to give *them*, that we have heard that a dissenting Member of Parliament, when asked why he did not urge the ministers to bring forward their promised measures for the relief of dissenters, answered—'*If they will only carry the Municipal Reform Bill they will have done quite enough for* US.'

But these democratic councils are not merely to be the trustees of all charity funds, and to have the management and distribution of all corporation property, and the exercise of all *church patronage:*—they

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they are to have, also, the uncontrolled licensing of all public-houses, and the absolute appointment to every borough office which can give the holder any kind of political influence. They are to choose the Mayor; who, besides other large and uncontrolled powers, is to be the sole judge of the right of voting in the borough, and is, moreover, to be in all cases the returning officer in elections of members of Parliament. The consequence of all this is obvious—the *lowest* rate-payers will be invested with all the power and patronage, and eventually with all the *political* influence, of the borough.

The whole principle of the bill is democratical; and its practical results will be anomaly, faction, and confusion. All the towns will be kept in the fever of constant canvass, and exposed to the disturbance of *annual* elections, without even the countervailing advantage of an annual *change*. Party spirit, which is the chief objection made to the existing corporations, will receive new fuel, and be extended in directions and applied to purposes where it is now wholly unknown. It will penetrate the inmost recesses of every town of the empire. Masters and workmen will be brought into new collisions; landlords and tenants will have fresh topics of difference; friends and families will be exposed to additional risks of disunion; and the result must be the election of a magistrate, who, if he does his duty, must offend his *constituents*—but who, on the other hand, is more likely to propitiate his constituents by the *abandonment of his duties*.

Every stranger who has visited America has reprobated, and many of the best of her own citizens regret, the constant excitement of elections—which, like that *minor* curse, the yellow fever, is always lurking in the populations of the towns, impeding industry, engendering feuds, propagating and instigating brutality and barbarism, and tending to bring into more direct opposition and struggle the two great classes, which our ancient institutions wisely endeavoured to keep out of personal contact and consequent conflict—the *Rich* and the *Poor*. To this great—perhaps we should say this greatest—object, for securing the internal quiet and happiness of a civilized people, our old corporate system admirably contributed. The corporations formed, both in theory and practice, a middle term between labour and affluence. The poorest artisan—the parish apprentice—might become Lord Mayor of London; and, in point of fact, all the corporations in the kingdom were mainly composed of men who, by industry and good conduct, had bettered themselves in the world, and who rose through that happy medium to different degrees of respectability and rank—without offence either to the humble classes from which they gradually emerged, or to the higher orders amongst whom they arrived, with

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with a well-earned opulence and by the merited confidence of their fellow-citizens. Instead of this beneficial system of *permanence* and *unity* in the *institution itself*, and of *succession*, *gradation*, and *probation* amongst its *members*, we are to have the *sudden* elevations and depressions of mere popular elections. The lowest brawler in the mob to-day, if he has but paid rates for three years, may be a town-councillor to-morrow, and chief-magistrate the day after; while the orderly and respectable inhabitants will retire from the arena of promiscuous and vulgar competition, and leave the municipal offices and the handling of the municipal funds and patronage to noisy and needy demagogues.

But the bill, we are satisfied, is framed even less for *municipal* than for *political* objects. It is meant as a supplement to the Reform Bill; and as if that were not sufficiently democratical, this municipal reform is calculated to extend and complete the mischief. This is indicated by many circumstances, but by one in particular, which, even after all our experience of Lord John Russell, has, we confess, surprised us.

Our readers will recollect that the Reform Bill was at first recommended by its supporters as a *final* constitutional arrangement. This pledge was afterwards, somewhat jesuitically, frittered down by an explanation that it was final *only as to those* points *for which it had specially provided;* but on *these points*, the ministers reiterated their solemn pledge, that it was *a final measure;* and, in short, that *its provisions* were not to be disturbed.

Now, mark the honesty of these men!—In the Reform Bill there was introduced a special clause, preserving their elective franchise to resident *freemen*, entitled to that privilege by *birth* or *apprenticeship*. This was one of the only two or three decent, just, and salutary amendments forced upon the government during that protracted struggle. Lord John Russell was obliged to defer to the sense of the House and the country; but the petty mortification of that slight defeat rankled, it seems, in his little mind, and a clause was introduced in the Municipal Reform Bill—in defiance of the pledge we have before mentioned, and at the risk of opening again all the questions of franchise understood to have been *finally* settled by the Reform Bill—a clause, we say, was introduced, abrogating that part of the Reform Act, and depriving the freemen of the justice which even the Reform Act had done them. This was bad enough; but what will our readers think when they are told that this repeal was attempted, not boldly, openly, and honestly, but—*sub silentio*—so obscurely, so casually, that it might and would probably have passed undiscovered and unnoticed, had not Sir William Follett's legal sagacity detected the device! And what places the *covert* intention beyond all doubt is this—that Lord John

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John Russell, in the speech in which he opened the Municipal Bill, did *not make the slightest allusion to the subject*, nor say one word which could induce the House to suspect that so important a matter as the alteration of one of the most remarkable clauses of the Reform Bill—the second Magna Charta of our liberties, as it was pompously called—was to be repealed by a side wind—and by words so ambiguous, that none but a practised and astute lawyer could develope the secret intention. Was he covered with confusion at this detection? It seems not!—When, after this untoward discovery, he could no longer conceal the meaning of the clause, he tardily confessed, that such *was* the intention of the ministry; and the House of Commons, backing him by a large majority of *Scotch* and *Irish* members, repealed, in a bill for regulating corporations, this clause of the Reform Bill which had preserved to the freemen of *England* the *rights which they had earned by their own labour, or inherited from that of their fathers*. We will not trust ourselves to add one word of comment on these remarkable and undeniable facts, except only to congratulate Lord John Russell on this fresh instance of his *consistency*; and to rejoice, with the country, on its having a minister of such candour and talents, and with the House of Commons, on their having so judicious and trustworthy a leader.

We cannot, after all, believe that this provision, which to our understanding appears to be not merely wrong in policy but an absolute *breach of faith*, can be permitted to stand. If, from motives which we cannot appreciate, the House of Commons should, on re-consideration, persist in that determination, we know that there is yet *another body* which will see the danger of re-opening the discussions of the Reform Bill, and the injustice of depriving an humble but numerous and deserving class of *Englishmen*—against the opinion of a majority of *English* representatives—of the rights of their inheritance and their labour—and we trust that, on such an occasion, the House of Lords will see the propriety of acting, even now, according to its convictions. We are anxious on this point, not because we think that an injustice, more or less, can alter the character of the Municipal Reform Bill, or that this franchise itself can be, under the existing circumstances, of any real value to the poor men from whom it is to be taken, or to the general interests of the country, but because we feel a peculiar anxiety that the *House of Lords* should vindicate and assert that character of impartial justice which belongs to it, as the highest legal tribunal, and the best, and hitherto never-failing, resort of the injured and oppressed.

There are other details of this bill of a similar character; but our business is not with such details—and what could we add to the

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the powerful and victorious union of eloquence and reason with which Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley have exposed its folly and injustice to every ear and eye in England except those of the ministerial majority in the House of Commons?—and perhaps even that is no exception—for, however passion or party may swerve the *votes* of an assembly, there is a secret and internal *conviction* which is too strong for such trammels, and which has the honesty to admire what it has not the courage to imitate.

If it be asked why the Conservative party, so powerful in the Commons and so predominant in the Lords, seems disposed to content itself with these feeble palliatives and amendments, instead of *opposing at once, and in principle*, a bill founded on such inquiries, fabricated by such machinery, and directed to such purposes? *Let the truth be told*—these are no times for a false and treacherous delicacy—that in the House of Commons they *cannot;* and in the House of Lords they *ought not*, for anything short of an *extreme* and *vital* interest—risk a collision, which they are well aware their *Radical enemies are anxious to provoke!* For *such* an interest—for the existence of the CHURCH in Ireland, and consequently in England, for instance—all considerations of temporizing prudence must give way to higher considerations: but for less sacred objects, we most earnestly deprecate any proceeding likely to lead to a crisis, from which, in the present state of things, the most sanguine could not hope a successful issue, and of which, therefore, no man or set of men, in their senses, would incur the responsibility.

We speak not now on theory, reasoning, or foresight—we speak from *recent and conclusive* EXPERIENCE. The late experiment of a Conservative government, under Sir Robert Peel, was made under auspices and with prospects more favourable than we, a year ago, had thought possible. On the one hand was an '*imbecile* and *disjointed*' ministry—discarded by the king, and universally and unexceptionably '*odious* and *contemptible*' to the country at large; and, strange to say, most so to those who have been all along their strongest supporters—in *whose* severe language, and *not our own*, we thus designate the Melbourne ministry. On the other hand, was a Cabinet possessing the full favour of the Crown, the confidence of the House of Lords, the enthusiastic support of the vast majority of the property and intelligence of the country—nay, a larger share of general popularity than any minister since Mr. Pitt's earlier days has enjoyed. The head of the government and its leader in the House of Commons was the first man in England in all the requisites of a great minister; its leader in the House of Lords, the first man in the world. Their foreign policy, at once liberal and conservative, inspired general confidence abroad and at home: not a charge, not a whisper, was heard against

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against their capacity, their integrity, or even their liberality—not one objection to any of their measures, their projects, or their motives; even by their opponents they were admitted to be the *ablest* and—if they had not been called Conservatives—the *fittest* men to direct the public affairs. The elections held under such favourable impressions appeared at first sight satisfactory; and—whatever might be the soberer judgments of those who looked below the surface—it cannot be denied that, according to all former experience and the standard by which the stability of political power had been hitherto measured, Sir Robert Peel's administration had a fair prospect of some degree of permanence—yet it *vanished like a dream!* It was beaten the first night, in the largest house that ever was assembled and on the most favourable question that any minister could have desired; it was beaten the second night on the *address* (an address, to no word of which was any objection pretended)—an occurrence which had never before appeared in the parliamentary annals of England; it was beaten on every point on which its opponents chose to beat it; and after a struggle, (which could, from the first defeats, have had no other object than to satisfy the country that all had been done that talents and character could do to avert such a result,) the Ministry—which had the *confidence* of the King, the Lords, and the Country, and even the *respect* of their very opponents—was turned out by the House of Commons; and the smaller fragments of the former '*odious* and *contemptible*' ministry were replaced in office: and all this for no ostensible motive—no acknowledged reason—except the vague words of Lord John Russell's letter to Mr. Abercrombie—'*a public principle* required it.' The expression was indeed vague, but the meaning is now clear and precise—that *public principle* is DEMOCRACY—that principle which has ever been, when once called into action, victorious over all merely *constitutional* power—of which the present ministers are but the puppets; and which, in spite of them—in spite even of the House of Commons itself, (the majority of which has assuredly no such intention)—will ultimately and inevitably,—though at an interval of time greater or less, according to accidental and incalculable circumstances,—overthrow the Church—expel the Aristocracy—usurp the Monarchy—and seat itself in solitary despotism on *the hereditary throne of all democracies*—THE RUINS OF THE COUNTRY:—which will, we say, infallibly pursue its natural course to its natural and fatal termination, unless it be arrested by some *public principle* of a totally different character, and a yet deeper power. Need we add that it is in the religious feeling of our Protestant countrymen, and in that feeling alone, that we can discover any remaining ground of hope?

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ART. XI.—*Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh.* Edited by his Son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835.

THE most remarkable feature, we think, in the literature of the present day is the great and increasing proportion which biography, and particularly *autobiography*, appears to bear to the general mass of publications; and we cannot divest ourselves of a strong suspicion that this disproportion arises from circumstances which are indicative of some degree of deterioration in the public taste, and of abasement in the literary character of our times. Not that we deem lightly of the merit of a good biography—on the contrary, our doubts are founded on the very opposite opinion. Our readers need hardly be reminded how often we have characterized biography, when adequately executed, as one of the most delightful species of reading, and certainly not one of the least difficult styles of composition;—but *corruptio optimi pessima*—and there is nothing more easy and more worthless than a biography in the modern fashion. The eminence of the person—the splendour or utility of his or her life—the information it may convey, or the lesson it may inculcate, are by no means—as they used formerly to be—essential considerations in the choice of a subject. It would be extrajudicial (if we may use the expression) and therefore invidious, to mention particular instances—but our own library tables, and the shelves of every circulating library, are filled with the *lives* of second or third rate persons to whom the honours of a special biography have been voted, either by those who deem it the readiest field from which a little temporary harvest might be gathered, or by the more pardonable partiality of private affection or friendship. Panegyrics, which would formerly have occupied a few lapidary lines on a tablet in the parish church, are now expanded into the greater but we fear less durable dignity of two or three volumes octavo.

'Each widow asks it for the best of men;'

it is claimed for promising boys deceased in their nonage, and interesting girls in their teens; and whenever a man of any kind of notoriety—actor, author, painter, parson—happens to die, the London publishers find that there are two or three candidate biographers running a race for precedency; and a man's *life* has, within these few years, been actually announced before his body was deposited in the grave. Indeed what Arbuthnot so pleasantly said of Curl's avidity after the 'Letters of Persons lately deceased,' may, with equal truth, be said of modern biography,—'*It is a new terror of death*,'—for although these productions are generally meant to be very complimentary, the more frequent result is to leave their victim a smaller man—if the case be susceptible of diminution

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diminution—than they found him. Some men—and these are not the most unreasonable class of biographers—cannot *afford* to leave themselves as a legacy to surviving pens, and, like convicts in Newgate, they sell their own bodies before death—very justly thinking that if an honest penny is to be made out of them, they have the best right to the profit. Sometimes this desire of profit is a little ennobled by the 'brave thirst of praise,' and in those cases cupidity and vanity, like Beaumont and Fletcher, produce works in which the separate shares of the joint contributors cannot be distinguished.

In many cases—*minima pars ipse sui*—the nominal hero is far from being the most important personage of the work. He may have been a worthy gentleman, who had twaddled through life without having said or done any one thing worth recording; but *that* shall not prevent his biography or even his autobiography from being announced as 'a useful and instructive work, and a great acquisition to the historical literature of the age'—because, though *he* has done nothing, he has been related to or connected with *those* who have. The whole circle of his acquaintance is brought into play, and this immediately lets in the whole course of contemporary history. We could instance one ingenious person who happened to be a member of parliament—where he never spoke—but he *heard* Pitt, Fox, Canning, and Castlereagh, and from his recollections of their speeches (assisted by Woodfall's Debates), and his criticisms on their manners and measures (a little helped by the Annual Register), we were favoured with a not unentertaining autobiographical 'History of the Life and Times of Solomon Sapient, Esq., some time M.P. for the Borough of Boretown in the County of Slipslop.' In short, what with increasing the quantity of the article and deteriorating the quality, we fear it must be confessed that at this moment biography is perhaps the very lowest of all the classes of literature; it has become a mere *manufacture*, which seems in a great measure to have superseded that of *novels*—much to the damage of the *light* reader as well as the graver—the biographical *romance* being, for the most part, infinitely inferior in point of interest, and not very much superior in veracity.

This, after all, may do no other harm than that of increasing the multitude of worthless books with which we are overloaded; but there are some still more serious objections to this system of *extemporaneous* and *contemporaneous* biography, to which even the best works of the class are liable. The principal of these (with which, indeed, all the others are connected) is the almost inevitable sacrifice of historical truth to personal feelings.

Whether a man writes his own life or that of some dear friend lately

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lately deceased, it is evident that there must be such a favourable colour spread over the picture that its fidelity must be rather worse than dubious—for even in a court of law the evidence of a party can only be admitted in the rare case in which it shall be against himself: unfavourable or discreditable circumstances are generally passed over in silence, or if they should be of too much notoriety to be wholly unnoticed, they are so covered by the veil of partiality as hardly to be recognized. We have on our table Memoirs of Robespierre, said to have been written by his sister, (but really by a '*faiseur*' in her name,) in which the leading feature of his character is said to have been the most sensitive humanity and an almost morbid aversion to the shedding of blood. To crimes—at least to such as those of Robespierre—there is no great danger that the indignation of the reader should be mitigated by the partiality of a biographer; but there are many minor frailties of a man's character which ought *in justice* to be told, but which one would be unwilling to drag back to public notice while his better qualities are still fresh and fragrant in the memory and affection of his family and acquaintance.

But the grave has scarcely been closed over such a man, when the amiable partiality, or the calculating prudence, of his friends puts forth a Life, in which these questionable topics are either altogether omitted or kindly misrepresented. If any one—roused by what he thinks undeserved praise—should be so fearless a lover of truth as to endeavour to set the matter in its true point of view, he would have against him not merely the clamours and complaints of the surviving family, but even the good-natured sympathy of the public—who would say, '*It is all very true—but it was long ago, 'tis now forgotten—why revive it?—and, after all, the rest of his life was so respectable and amiable!*' On the other hand, if no notice be taken of such circumstances, the uncontradicted panegyric will be hereafter taken for *undeniable* truth; and other persons, whose conduct towards the individual might have been guided by a knowledge of such circumstances, will pass down to posterity with the reproach of having been negligent, or ungrateful, or envious—when, if the truth were known, they would appear perhaps to have acted with indulgence, delicacy, and honour. The motto of our northern contemporary truly says, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—but, not the *judge* alone—for, what is worse, the plaintiff and the witness suffer the punishment which the offender escapes.

Nor is it with regard to the principal subject that *contemporaneous* biography, by a man's own or friendly hands, is unsatisfactory; many, and in some instances almost all, of the secondary characters in the drama of his life are still upon the stage: if the writer should

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should possess good-nature and delicacy, these persons will probably be treated with insipid or exaggerated complaisance—justly enough in one respect, because being brought involuntarily before the public as mere subordinates to the principal figure, it would be cruel to treat them otherwise than civilly, and the *keeping* of the picture forbids their being treated with more than civility: but, on the other hand, if the pen happens to be caustic, and the hero of the book has had much dealings with mankind, it is almost impossible that there should not supervene a great deal of prejudice, and consequent misrepresentation; so that, what between cautious good breeding on the one hand, and rivalry and scandal on the other, the secondary characters of a contemporaneous biography are in general still less justly delineated than the hero himself: and, upon the whole, we feel corroborated in our doubts whether the very best of *this* species of biography can be considered in any higher light than *a romance of real life*—a picture, of which the principal figure must be considerably *flattered*, and everything else sacrificed to *its* prominence and effect.

These considerations—on a popular and thriving, but we think abused branch of literature—are suggested rather by the general nature than the individual details of the work whose title stands at the head of our article. Sir James Mackintosh was a very amiable and a very able man, and the book now before us is highly interesting in its matter, and, on the whole, highly respectable in its style and spirit. As a composition, it is as much superior to the common class of biographies to which we have alluded, as its subject was to theirs; but truth obliges us to state, that it is not (indeed, how could it be?) exempt from some of those drawbacks which we have noticed as incident to a publication of this contemporaneous nature. It gives an—in some not trivial respects—imperfect account of Sir James himself—an unsatisfactory one of his political principles and associates—and it must be read, we think, rather, like any other gossiping diary, for amusement and literary instruction—than consulted as an adequate authority either as to the *life* of Sir James Mackintosh himself, or for the *history* of the times in which he lived. These more serious matters must, if wanted, be sought elsewhere: here, they are to be traced only in hints and allusions, tinged by the pious reverence and partiality of the accomplished editor.

The work is composed of three distinct classes of materials, woven together;—fragments of *Journals* kept, and a few private letters written, by Sir James himself—a dozen long, we will not say tedious, *panegyrics*—*testimonia clarorum virorum*—in the shape of letters to the editor from some of Sir James's early friends and

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and eminent contemporaries, and a scanty connecting *narrative* and commentary by the editor himself. The much larger and most valuable part of these are the *Journals;* though even they contain little more than memoranda of his literary and judicial *opinions* for a very few years. He evidently contemplated a regular autobiography, but had completed only the first twenty years of his life, 1765—1784, and this sketch occupies the first thirty pages of this work. From that period to 1800 is continued in a narrative by the editor, exceedingly meagre of facts, and which, though it comprises *sixteen years* in less than a hundred pages, is eked out by extracts from the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*' The history of the next five years, up to his arrival at Bombay, is very imperfectly told in half-a-dozen private letters. During the residence at Bombay, and up to the return to England in 1812, the journals and private letters are copious; but from that period, all the most distinguished and important part of Mackintosh's life, his whole senatorial and official existence, is slurred over in a few pages of the scantiest narrative, interspersed, however, with some fragments of *Journal.* These latter fragments will be found exceedingly interesting — but they are few. 'Mackintosh,' says the editor, 'wanted perseverance to complete his autobiography.' Who, indeed, except Dangeau and Pepys, ever had the patience to journalize for a series of years? Mackintosh was naturally indolent, and it would really be surprising if he had succeeded in executing a species of task which we believe to be the very strongest test of dogged diligence. Indeed, the Journal seems to have been prosecuted only when external circumstances left him little choice of occupation. When on board ship or in ill health, the Journal thrives; but, unfortunately for us, this renders it copious in the *inverse ratio* of its interest. The incidents on board the good ship 'Caroline' are given with accuracy and abundance, while the anecdotes of Holland House are rare and dry—the *no life* of a sultry and empty house at Bombay is faithfully recorded, but we have no register of the still hotter atmosphere of Brookes's. There is, however, another reason for the irregularity of the Journals, which it is but justice to the amiability of Sir James's private life to notice—the greater part, if not all, of these diaries were written for Lady Mackintosh's information after she had been obliged by ill health to return to England sooner than prudential and official reasons allowed her husband to do so—and after his return, during his occasional absences from her. The two years of the first separation occupy alone *one third* of the whole work:—and when we add that these were the two most listless and eventless years of Mackintosh's whole life, it will be safely concluded that there are left but little room and narrow verge

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to trace his busier and more important days. Nor can we with truth say that the journals kept for Lady Mackintosh's information are in all respects—at least, as they *now appear*—what might have been expected—there is little '*épanchement*,' little of the natural overflow of familiar confidence; the greater portion consists of criticism and commentaries on the books he has happened to read, and though he is always kind and even affectionate, somehow the journal seems rather addressed to his correspondent's head than her heart. It is rather the kind of critical lecture which Cadenus might have prepared for the improvement of Vanessa's mind, than the full fond familiar *all-telling* 'Journal to Stella.' The editor's delicacy, no doubt, has induced him to suppress not only all such effusions of conjugal confidence, but also what constitutes the chief charm of a diary—all private anecdotes and personal history of individuals—and he is quite right in having done so. But this is only another reason against these premature publications—it would have been better to have waited till all could be told, and when the world might have seen Mackintosh as he really was. We think his memory would—we are sure the public must—have gained by it. A narrative, however honest and true, may by omissions and selections be so garbled as to produce all the effect of falsehood. We by no means wish to insinuate that this is the case in the present instance—but we have a strong impression, amounting indeed to *certainty*, that punctilious reverence for the writer, and cautious delicacy towards surviving friends, have rendered this work considerably different in tone and spirit from what it must have been, had Mackintosh been fearlessly allowed to have told *all* his own story, and in his own way. A life thus compiled and fashioned cannot command implicit confidence, and the good taste and moderation of the editor only serve to render his absolute fidelity more problematical.

We shall now endeavour to condense from these materials, such as they are, the principal events of Sir James Mackintosh's life, interspersed with some extracts from his own pen characteristic of his mind, principles, and manners. He was born, as we have said, in 1765. His father was 'Captain John Mackintosh, who was the representative of an ancient family which had for two centuries possessed a small estate called Killachie, which Sir James inherited, but was obliged in after life to sell.' His mother was Marjory M'Gillivray, who, though of a less eminent clan, appears to have had better immediate connexions than her husband: to her personal merits Sir James bears affectionate testimony, while he passes over in suspicious silence the life, deeds, and death of his father. It is remarkable that all autobiographers that we recollect (except Lord Byron) are abundant in praise of their mothers. This

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This arises, we suppose, from two causes: first, because women are intrinsically more amiable, more *attaching*, than even the best and gentlest of men;—but chiefly perhaps because they are the first objects of instinctive affection—the earliest ideas are the strongest and most lasting—the care and tenderness of the *mother* occupy *without rivalry* the young mind; which, when it begins to take notice of the *father*, finds his image commingled with the restraint of discipline, the irksomeness of study, and, in fact, all the *disagreeables* of early life. The father is our master and our judge, and sometimes our executioner—the mother our confidant, our advocate, our consoler. Byron's case is probably an exception only in terms—he knew but *one* parent, and the alternations of fondness and severity which arose from her peculiar position—assisted, no doubt, by the natural waywardness of the boy and some congenial irregularity of her own temper—deprived him, by a double misfortune, of the affection which happier children feel towards an indulgent mother, and of the respect which they involuntarily pay to a judicious father. Mackintosh accounts for the intensity of the reciprocal tenderness of *his* mother rather differently—the circumstances of the family were narrow, and 'his mother loved him,' he says, 'with that fondness which we are naturally disposed to cherish for the companions of our poverty.' We a little doubt that poverty quickens natural affection; and from a pregnant hint 'that his mother was *not happy*' (p. 3) we should—if obliged to look beyond the instinct of maternal tenderness—rather suppose that a community in sufferings more poignant than mere poverty might have concentrated in a peculiar degree the affection of the mother on her sympathizing boy.

At ten years old he was sent to school, where, as every other autobiographer does, and, as we suppose, every one else is inclined to do, he complains of how little he acquired. A complaint so universal cannot apply to any particular school, or any individual boy, and those who, upon similar testimonies, decry our great public schools, ought in fairness to see whether every man, wherever educated, does not tell the same story. It was but the other day that we heard one of the greatest, the most gifted, and the most accomplished men of the age—a great statesman and an admirable scholar—lamenting over the *lost opportunities* of his education; yet he had been from his earliest youth remarkable for a combination of genius and diligence, which, in the opinion of every one but himself, has been crowned with the most brilliant results. The truth is, we are too apt to forget that the young mind can no more do the work of maturity than the young body; and a man of general acquirements—conscious of how little he knows compared with the wide range of knowledge, and how imperfectly,

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perfectly, compared with those who follow a single pursuit—is apt to do injustice to himself and his instructors. The mind that learns little at school might have been broken down under an attempt to carry more; and we incline to concur in the spirit of the opinion with which Mackintosh's old nurse moderated the elation of his friends at his precocious talents—'*Wait awhile; its no aye that wise bairns mak wise men!*' Many and many a man, we firmly believe, has been over-educated into dullness.

At school, however, he seems to have learned something which it were better he had been untaught—he fell in with a *freethinking* usher. 'I became,' he says, in consequence of the turn this man's disquisitions gave his mind, 'a warm advocate for free-will; and before I was fourteen I was probably the *boldest heretic* in the country' (p. 6). How far these *heretical* opinions went, and how long they lasted, we are not told by the editor—but *we* have good reason to believe that, if not transient, they were at least not enduring. In his own published writings, Mackintosh speaks, whenever he alludes to sacred subjects, in a tone of reverence; and if we do not find in them any *distinct* avowal of his own Christian conviction, it is, his personal acquaintances do not need to be told, because no occasion for such a profession of faith seemed to present itself. We regret the silence of the editor on this important topic—but, here as in many other points, we must not forget that, able and intelligent as he obviously is, he must be a *very young* man, and a *wholly inexperienced* author.

In 1799 Mrs. Mackintosh left her son to rejoin 'his father, then in camp near Plymouth, and soon accompanied him to Gibraltar, where she died;' and where, thirty years afterwards, Sir James with pious care erected a monument to her memory.

He remained at school till October, 1780. He had, he says, been latterly deputed by the master to teach—

'what very little I knew to the younger boys. I went and came, read and lounged, as I pleased. I could very imperfectly construe a small part of Virgil, Horace, and Sallust. There my progress at school ended. Whatever I have done beyond has been since added by my own irregular reading. But no subsequent circumstance could make up for that invaluable habit of vigorous and methodical industry which the indulgence and irregularity of my school life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in every part of my life.'—vol. i. pp. 7, 8.

The four years subsequent to 1780 were passed, the winters at the college of Aberdeen, the vacations with his grandmother; and as here, according to his own very probable account, his political and literary character received its first impulse, we shall make a copious extract:—



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'I fell under the tuition of Dr. Dunbar, author of 'Essays on the History of Mankind,' &c.; and under his care I remained till I left college. He taught mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, in succession. His *mathematical and physical knowledge was scanty*, which may perhaps have contributed to the scantiness of mine. In *moral and political speculation* he rather *declaimed* than communicated (as he ought) elementary *instruction*. He was, indeed, *totally wanting in the precision and calmness* necessary for this last office. But he felt, and in his declamation inspired an ardour which, perhaps, raised some of his pupils above the vulgar; and which might even be more important than positive knowledge. He was a worthy and liberal-minded man, and a *very active opponent of the American war*. In spring, 1782, when the news arrived of the dismissal of Lord North, he met me in the street, and told me, in his pompous way, "Well," Mr. M., "I congratulate you—the Augean stable is cleansed."..... *I trace to his example some declamatory propensities* in myself, which I have taste enough in my sober moments to disapprove; but I shall ever be *grateful* to his memory for having contributed to breathe into my mind *a strong spirit of liberty*, which, of all moral sentiments, in my opinion, tends most to swell the heart with an animating and delightful consciousness of our own dignity; which again inspires moral heroism, and creates the exquisite enjoyments of self-honour and self-reverence.'—vol. i. p. 12.

It is no slight proof of the strength of early prejudices that so acute a dialectician as Mackintosh should be found expatiating in such vague commonplaces about *the spirit of liberty*, when he had just before very justly characterized the person who had inoculated him with that enthusiasm as an empty and pompous declaimer, with scanty knowledge of what he ought to have known, and who seems to have talked politics to his pupils because he was incapable of instructing them in that which it was his duty to teach.

'We had among us some English dissenters, who were educated for the ecclesiastical offices of their sect. Robert Hall, now a dissenting clergyman at Cambridge, was of this number. He then displayed the same acuteness and brilliancy, the same extraordinary vigour both of understanding and imagination, which have since distinguished him. His society and conversation had a great influence on my mind. Our controversies were almost unceasing. We lived in the same house, and we were both very disputatious. He led me to the perusal of Jonathan Edwards's book on Free-Will, which Dr. Priestley had pointed out before. I am sorry that I never yet read the other works of that most extraordinary man, who, in a metaphysical age or country, would certainly have been deemed as much the boast of America as his great countryman Franklin. We formed a little debating society, in which one of the subjects of dispute was, I remember, the duration of future punishments. Hall defended the rigid,

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rigid, and I the more lenient opinion. During one winter, we met at five o'clock in the morning to read Greek, in the apartments of Mr. Wynne, a nephew of Lord Newburgh, who had the good-nature to rise at that unusual hour for the mere purpose of regaling us with coffee. Hall read Plato, and I went through Herodotus. Our academical instruction has left very few traces on my mind.'—vol. i. p. 14.

But Mackintosh was now destined to take lessons from a tutor still more indiscreet than Dr. Dunbar. In 1782, he fell in love with a Miss S——, of I——, and, exchanging Herodotus for the ladies who give their names to his books, became a poet in her praise, and wooed her in prose and rhyme till she returned his passion; for three or four years this amour was the principal object of his thoughts, and all his anxiety was to obtain such a moderate competency as would justify matrimony. His first ambition did not soar beyond a *professorship at Aberdeen*—to which, encouraged, we suppose, by Dr. Dunbar's successful practice, he does not seem to have dreamt that ignorance and utter incapacity could be any obstacle: however, this design was gradually abandoned; and our readers will, we think, smile at the alternative which he was willing to embrace as a substitute for the *professorship*:—

'In spring, 1784, I finally quitted college, with little regular and exact knowledge, but with considerable activity of mind and boundless literary ambition.

"The world was all before me,"

and I had to choose my profession. My own inclination was towards the Scotch bar; but my father's fortune was thought too small for me to venture on so uncertain a pursuit. To a relation from London, then in the Highlands, I expressed my wish to be a *bookseller in the capital*, conceiving that no paradise could surpass the life spent amongst books, and diversified by the society of men of genius. My cousin, "a son of earth," knew no difference between a bookseller and a tallow-chandler, except in the amount of annual profit. He astonished me by the information that a creditable bookseller, like any other considerable dealer, required a capital, which I had no means of commanding; and that he seldom was at leisure to peruse any book but his ledger. It is needless to say, that his account of the matter was pretty just; but I now think that a well-educated man, of moderate fortune, would probably find the life of a bookseller in London very agreeable. Our deliberations terminated in the choice of physic, and I set out for Edinburgh, to begin my studies, in October, 1784. In the mean time, I am ashamed to confess that my youthful passion had insensibly declined, and during this last absence was nearly extinguished. The young lady afterwards married a physician at Inverness, and is now, I hope, the happy as well as respectable mother of a large family.'—vol. i. pp. 20, 21.



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At Edinburgh he studied medicine, after the manner congenial to his indolent and speculative disposition. He seems to have pursued his *practical* and substantial studies very loosely, but to have embarked in the *polemics* of medical theories with great zeal. These led him to, first, a medical, and subsequently, a general, Debating Society, where he indulged, and probably improved, his oratorical talents.

'In three months after my arrival in Edinburgh, *before I could have distinguished bark from James's powder, or a pleurisy from a dropsy in the chamber of a sick patient, I discussed with the utmost fluency and confidence the most difficult questions in the science of medicine.* We mimicked, or rather felt, all the passions of an administration and opposition; and we debated the cure of a dysentery with as much factious violence as if our subject had been the rights of a people or the fate of an empire. *Any subject of division is, indeed, sufficient food for the sectarian and factious propensities of human nature.*'—p. 25.

The pleasantry, candour, and good sense of this confession is characteristic of Mackintosh; but not less characteristic is the inconsistency with which he in a moment forgets that the practice of such presumption and effrontery might have an injurious effect on the youthful mind, inadequately compensated by an increased fluency of words or a readier knack at disputation.

'These debates might, no doubt, be laughed at by a spectator; but if he could look through the ludicrous exterior, he might see that they led to serious and *excellent consequences.* The exercise of the understanding was the same, on whatever subjects, or *in whatever manner* it was employed. Such debates were the only public examinations in which favour could have no place, and which never could degenerate into mere formality; they must always be severe and always just.

'I was soon admitted a member of the Speculative Society, which had general literature and science for its objects. It had been founded about twenty years before, and during that period numbered among its members all the distinguished youth of Scotland, as well as many foreigners attracted to Edinburgh by the medical schools.

'When I became a member, the leaders were Charles Hope, now Lord Justice Clerk [*now* the venerated Lord President], John Wilde, afterwards professor of civil law, and who has now, alas! survived his own fertile and richly-endowed mind; Malcolm Laing the historian; Baron [the afterwards well known Benjamin] Constant de Rebecque, a Swiss of singular manners and powerful talents, and who made a transient appearance in the tempestuous atmosphere of the French Revolution; Adam Gillies, a brother of the historian, and a lawyer in great practice at Edinburgh [now Lord Gillies]; Lewis Grant, eldest son of Sir James Grant, then a youth of great promise, and afterwards member of parliament for the county of Elgin, now in the most

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most hopeless state of mental derangement; and Thomas Addis Emmett, who soon after quitted physic for law, and became distinguished at the Irish bar. He was a member of the secret directory of United Irishmen. In 1801, when I last visited Scotland, he was a state prisoner in Fort George. He is now a barrister at New York.'—pp. 25—27.

At this period closes Sir James's own sketch of his early life, which we have the more copiously extracted because it is his own, and because we think it indicates the bent of his mind, and shows the vague and inconsiderate manner in which he originally imbibed those principles, which he professed, not without some injury to the community, in the early part of his *public* life, but which, much to his honour, he seems in his latter years to have very much modified, if not wholly abjured.

With such a knowledge of the medical art as this course of study might be supposed to give, he took his Doctor's degree in the autumn of 1787; and '*in the beginning of the spring of* 1788' (p. 41), *Doctor* Mackintosh made his first appearance in London. And now occurred a circumstance, which—if we are correct in our development of what appears to be the *studied* confusion of the editor's dates—is indicative of an inconceivable degree of precipitation—*he married.* We know not what the editor may consider as the '*beginning of Spring,*' when Mackintosh arrived in London and took up his abode at the house of a Mr. Fraser; but we find (p. 50) that he was married on the 18*th of February,* of the same year, to Miss Catherine Stuart, a young lady whom he first met in Mr. Fraser's society. Is it to conceal or palliate this extravagant haste that the editor's narrative interposes, between the *arrival* and the *marriage,* an ample account of Mackintosh's early London life—his too convivial dissipation—his discursive studies—his political excitements—and even an attempt to get out to Russia as a practising physician? This last event is dated in *June,* 1788; and we cannot guess—except on the supposition which we have hinted—why it, and all the other particulars we have quoted, should precede by several pages the statement of the marriage, which, if our reading of the dates be correct, must have preceded them all.

But though the marriage was hasty as to time, and imprudent in other circumstances, it was, as far as depended on the parties themselves, a happy one. Mrs. Mackintosh appears to have been an amiable and excellent woman. She bore him three daughters, but died in childbirth, in April, 1797; and the following extract from a beautiful and most characteristic letter of Mackintosh's, on this melancholy occasion, will do her higher and more lasting honour than one of his friend Parr's absurd and pedantic Latin epitaphs,

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epitaphs, which parodies Cicero on a Christian monument in the church of St. Clement Danes:—

'Allow me in justice to her memory to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend—a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am—to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. * * I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.'—pp. 96, 97.

But we must return to an earlier period. Mrs. Mackintosh's brothers were both, we are told, connected with the press, and, we believe, on the side of Opposition. It is probable that this may have been an additional incentive to Mackintosh's predisposition to Whig politics, though we do not find any note of his having been employed by those gentlemen; nor, strange enough to say, is there any other information given of the means by which Mackintosh existed during the first years of his abode in London, than may be gathered from the following anecdote:—

'The following autumn (1789) was occupied by a tour, in company with his wife, through the Low Countries to Brussels, and a residence there of some duration, during which—while he acquired an uncommon facility in the use of the French tongue—he at the same time obtained some insight into the causes and chances of success in the struggle which was then going on between the Emperor Joseph and his refractory subjects in the Netherlands. This knowledge he turned to account on his return to London, towards the end of the year, by contributing most of the articles on the affairs of Belgium and France to the "Oracle" newspaper, conducted at that time by Mr. John Bell, with whom an engagement had been made by a mutual friend for "Doctor" Mackintosh—a title which is said to have had some influence in the bargain, as conveying a favourable impression of the dignity of the new ally. This species of writing, not requiring continued application, appears to have fallen in with his desultory habits, and he laboured in his new vocation of "superintending the foreign news," with great industry. "One week (we are told,)

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told,) being paid in proportion to the quantity, his due was ten guineas;" at which John Bell, a liberal man, was rather confounded, exclaiming, "No paper can stand this!" After this unfortunate explosion of industry, the exuberance of his sallies in the cause of Belgium and French freedom was repressed by a fixed salary, which he continued to enjoy till the increasing returns from his property, and augmented ease of his circumstances, allowed him more to consult his own inclination, as to the mode in which his talents and industry should be employed.'—pp. 53, 54.

There is reason to fear (and it would have been no disgrace, but the contrary, if the editor had told it) that, at this period, Mackintosh must have suffered considerable pecuniary difficulty; and it is but justice to his literary character to state, that he seems never to have been, till his Indian appointment, sufficiently at ease in that respect, to be in any degree master of his studies and occupation.

It may even be doubted, indeed, whether the habits of the man as to matters of worldly business did not, among other, we will not say graver consequences, entail upon him even at much later periods something of the same interrupting or diverting inconvenience. His friend, Mr. Sidney Smith, thus writes to the editor of these memoirs:—

'Curran, the Master of the Rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, "You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers." This was the fault or the misfortune of your excellent father; he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence.'

But we must go back to *Doctor* Mackintosh. He made several ineffectual attempts to establish himself as a physician at Bath, at Salisbury, at Weymouth. The pupil of Dr. Dunbar who knew more about Lord North than Boërhaave, and the debater on medical thories, who could not distinguish *bark* from *James's powders* or a *pleurisy* from a *dropsy*,—was never, notwithstanding the incomprehensible chances of the medical profession, likely to attract much confidence.

At last, in 1790, came the tide in his affairs, which, when taken at the ebb, led on to reputation, and at last to fortune. Mr. Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution' appeared: Mackintosh, probably predisposed by the principles of

Dr.

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Dr. Dunbar—sharpened by poverty *, and incited by a just confidence in his own powers, and a natural desire of distinction, published, in reply (April, 1791), his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. The literary merit of this work was very considerable in itself, and its reputation was from some auxiliary circumstances still greater. The splendid orb of Burke's genius illuminated the *opposition* of the satellite.

'Iste tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
Quo cùm victus erit, *mecum* certâsse feretur.'

The very contest was a distinction in the eyes of the world, while the Jacobin adversaries of Burke extolled and exaggerated the powers of their new champion with all the zeal of party.

As to the principles of the work we need only quote Mackintosh's own calmer judgment. When—very soon—the horrors of the French Revolution had accomplished all the prophecies of Burke, and drowned in a deluge of fire and blood all the splendid hopes and eloquent sophistries of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*—Mackintosh, who we really believe was not, from the first, very sincere in the principles which his work appeared to advocate, abandoned them altogether with a mixture of personal disappointment and conscientious candor, which he describes very forcibly: and when in a few years more he undertook to deliver lectures on English law, he took that public occasion to confess that a considerable modification of his political principles had taken place. This avowal was received by the Jacobin party with loud indignation; which was greatly inflamed by Mackintosh's subsequent acceptance of a place from a Tory minister. The more violent branded him as an *apostate*—Parr, who on the appearance of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, had, with all the fervour of faction, adopted him as a kind of political godson, now turned short round and marked his indignation by the bitterest sarcasm. It is said that at their last meeting the conversation happened to turn on O'Quigley, an Irish priest, who was hanged for high treason; and Mackintosh having expressed a very unfavourable opinion of him, Parr said '*He might have been worse.*' 'How so?' asked Mackintosh. 'Why, Jemmy,' rejoined Parr, 'he was an *Irishman*,—he might have been a *Scotchman*; he was a *priest*,—he might have been a *lawyer*; he was a *traitor*,—he might have been an *apostate*.' The editor might have recorded this clever sally without any disparagement to his father's memory,

* The editor states—'That the price originally fixed was only 30*l*., but when the demand became great, the publisher, George Robinson, repeated *several times* the original amount. The smallness of the price may be in part accounted for from the work *having been sold before it was written*.'—p. 58. This last is a very important fact, and if Mackintosh himself had not repudiated the principles of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* would have afforded an interesting topic for observation.

—for

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—for the two first charges, however witty in the speaker, were no imputation against their object, and the latter could only have been offensive if Mackintosh were insincere in his conversion—which no one can now believe. The silence of the editor gives more venom to this pleasantry than it before possessed. It is certain, however, that Mackintosh became the object of the enmity of most of his former friends—and even the good-natured Fox himself was estranged from, and never, we believe, reconciled to his wavering disciple. Sore from these imputations—which, however unjust, are intolerable when envenomed by the rancour of party—Mackintosh addressed, in Dec. 1804, a long explanatory letter to the amiable and accomplished Mr. Richard Sharp (whose recent loss the literary world regrets), an old friend and a zealous Whig, with the intention, no doubt, that he should use it as a means of reconciliation with the Party. This letter, though it is substantially a sufficient vindication of Mackintosh's vacillations, is marked with the indecision of his mind, and we may add, the narrowness, in some respects, of his views. It is pitched in too low and apologetical a tone. It is an argumentative appeal for *indulgence*, rather than the indignant *refutation* of calumny and injustice—and, indeed, it seems to us, characteristic of the principle of his whole life. Feeling few things very deeply, adopting nothing very implicitly, finding, like Sir Roger de Coverley, that much might be said on both sides, he would willingly have resided on the frontiers of both parties, and enjoyed, on a kind of neutral ground, the friendship, or at least the society, of the adverse leaders. But this letter is curious in another point of view, as evidence of the blind and irrational tyranny of party, which could render it necessary for such a man as Mackintosh to enter into a defence of his personal honour, and of his fitness for the society of gentlemen, because, forsooth, he thought somewhat differently of the French Revolution in 1790 and in 1795, and hesitated to continue the hopes and confidence he had placed in Bailly and Lafayette, to Marat and Robespierre! Mackintosh's foresight may be impugned in this respect: Mr. Burke had warned him that the *Constituent Assembly* was pregnant with the *National Convention*, and that the *fifth and sixth of October*, 1789, were the certain preludes to the *second and third of September*, 1792: Mackintosh may, we repeat, be censured for blindness and prejudice in having disregarded Mr. Burke's prophetic reasonings—but surely not for *apostacy*—when the face of things had changed to the very contrary of what he had wished, hoped, and promised. Of this letter (which our limits do not allow us to give *in extenso*), we shall condense a few passages. Of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and of the gradual change of his opinions, he says, with a truth and force

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force which we think exceedingly *touching* as well as *convincing*—

'Filled with enthusiasm, in very early youth, by the promise of a better order of society, I most unwarily ventured on publication, when my judgment and taste were equally immature. . . . . But in the changing state of human affairs, the man who is constant to his opinions will be sometimes thought inconstant to his politics. . . Those only who had irrevocably attached their early hopes, their little reputation, which they might be pardoned for exaggerating, and even, as they conceived, their moral character, to the success or failure of the French Revolution, can conceive the succession of feelings, most of them very painful, which agitated my mind during its progress. They alone knew my feelings from whom no sentiments of mine could be concealed. The witnesses of my emotion on the murder of General Dillon—on the 10th of August—on the massacre of the prisons—on the death of the king—are now no more. But the memory of what it is no hyperbole to call *my sufferings*, is at this instant fresh.'—pp. 130, 131.

But in the midst of this apology, it is curious to see him confessing that he feels himself again wavering, and laying grounds for the future defence of future oscillation—

'At this moment, it is true, I suppose myself in a better position for impartiality. I therefore take it upon me to rejudge my past judgments. But can I be quite certain that the establishment of monarchical despotism in France, and the horrible effects of tyranny and imposture around me in this country, may not have driven my understanding once more to a point a little on the democratic side of the centre? I own I rather suspect myself of this; and though I labour to correct the deviation, and am convinced that it is much less than ever it was before, yet I am so sensible of the difficulty of discerning the middle point in politics, and of the still greater difficulty of resting near it, in the midst of so many disturbing powers, that I cannot but feel some distrust of my present judgment, and some disposition not to refuse to my own past errors that toleration, which I never withheld from those other men.'—pp. 133, 134.

The editor does not tell us what effect this letter produced—from his silence as well as from the nature of the letter itself, we conclude that it could not have had the desired effect, nor have produced in the Party much confidence in the implicit devotion of so argumentative and balancing a mind.

It was about this period that Mackintosh wrote in his copy of Lord Bacon's works the following note, which sufficiently attests the sincerity at this period of his anti-revolutionary conversion.

'Jus naturæ et gentium diligentius tractaturus, omne quod in Verulamio ad jurisprudentiam universalem spectat relegit J. M. apud Broadstairs in agro Rutupiano Cantiæ, *anno salutis humanæ* 1798, lati tum

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tum flagrante, per Europæ felices quondam populos, misero fataliquè bello, in quo nefarii et scelestissimi latrones infando consilio, apertè et audacter, virtutem, libertatem, *Dei Immortalis cultum*, mores et instituta majorum, hanc denique pulcherrimè et sapientissimè constitutam rempublicam labefactare, et penitùs evertere conantur.'—p. 115.

'*James Mackintosh, when about to study with greater diligence the law of nature and of nations, reperused all those parts of Bacon which relate to general jurisprudence, at Broadstairs in the Isle of Thanet*—the year of human salvation, 1798—*when the once happy nations of Europe are suffering under a wide wasting, miserable, and fatal war, in which the most nefarious rogues and villains are—advisedly—openly—and audaciously, endeavouring to shake, and eventually to entirely overthrow—virtue—liberty*—the worship of God—*the manners and institutions of our forefathers—and, in short, this, our most wisely and most beautifully constituted frame of government and society.*'—p. 115.

When copying these last words, in honour of Mackintosh's honest patriotism at the moment he wrote them, we cannot repress a feeling of wonder, and, we will confess, of sorrow and shame, that he who in this passage, and in many others more deliberate and most decisive in his lectures and other publications, had praised '*the institutions of our forefathers, and this our most wisely and beautifully constituted frame of government and society,*' should have voted and spoken—however reluctantly and feebly—in favour of the *Reform Bill.*

But we must not anticipate. It is pleasing to reflect that even in the heat of controversy Mackintosh never forgot his respect and admiration for Mr. Burke—and, when the contest had subsided, Burke on some overture from Mackintosh invited him to Beaconsfield, where he passed the last Christmas (1797) of Burke's life; when, to use the happy phrase of Lord Sidmouth—the most disinterested and effective friend Mackintosh ever made—'he renounced his early errors and *received absolution.*' There can be no doubt that this personal acquaintance with Mr. Burke tended still farther to reclaim Mackintosh from his first political principles, and to create additional distrust amidst the zealots of his party.

Having, as we have stated, failed to establish himself in medical practice, and being obliged to depend for a livelihood mainly on his literary abilities, Mackintosh resolved to abandon physic for law, and was called to the bar in 1795. He appears, from this account, to have had a greater share of success in his practice at the bar than we had before heard of. There is a long and very interesting letter (without a date, but written avowedly at the editor's request for this work) from Mr. Basil Montague, by whose advice Mackintosh removed from the Home to the Norfolk circuit, giving an account of the origin of their acquaintance, and some anecdotes of their circuit campaigns, which we wish we had

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had room to insert, for it is not only amusing in itself but affords a very favourable and, we have no doubt, just view of Mackintosh's feelings and prospects at this period.

While he was creeping on in business and towards affluence, the prosecution of Peltier for a libel on Buonaparte gave him (Feb. 1802) the double opportunity of publicly abjuring everything like Jacobinism, and of exhibiting his forensic talents on a great stage and with distinguished success. Mackintosh had long entertained a wish to obtain an Indian judgeship,—his reputation now justified such an appointment, and although this celebrated speech had been made against a government prosecution, Lord Sidmouth (then Mr. Addington), with his characteristic liberality and good nature, took advantage of a vacancy in the Recordership of Bombay to procure the appointment of Mackintosh to that office. The editor states that for this ministerial favour his father was mainly indebted to the mediation of Mr. Canning and the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam. We fear the introduction of these two names has been suggested with some view of justifying Mackintosh's acceptance of even a judicial office from a Tory minister,—but this was unnecessary,—and the editor has been, we are satisfied, misinformed as to the fact. Canning we know was, and Adam we can well believe may have been, useful to Mackintosh on *other* occasions,—but at this period they were both, and Canning particularly, in violent opposition to Mr. Addington—and we think we have the best authority for saying that in *this* matter neither Adam nor Canning had the slightest share,—the favour was asked by Mackintosh without intermediation, and granted by the minister without condition. That on accepting this favour Mackintosh did not derogate from any just claims that *party* could have on him is proved by a complimentary letter to him from Erskine, the Whig leader of the bar, immediately after the Peltier speech, by which it appears that Mackintosh had, previous to that event, aspired to a colonial judgeship, to his acceptance of which Erskine saw *no other objection* than that it was now beneath his talents and deserts. To India, however, early in 1804, he proceeded, having first received the honour of knighthood, accompanied by his second wife (Miss Allen, of Cressilly, in Pembrokeshire, whom he had married in 1798), and three daughters by his former and two by his latter marriage. It would be unjust to Mackintosh not to extract a passage from a letter which, about this time, Mr. Horner addressed to a common friend:—

'Give my respects to Sir James and Lady Mackintosh when you see them. I never pretended to express to either of them my sense of the great kindness they have shown me since I came to London, because

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because I could not express it adequately. I shall ever feel it with gratitude, if I am good for anything. To Mackintosh, indeed, my obligations are of a far higher order than those even of the kindest hospitality: he has been an intellectual master to me, and has enlarged my prospects into the wide regions of moral speculation, more than any other tutor I have ever had in the art of thinking; I cannot even except Dugald Stewart, to whom I once thought I owed more than I could ever receive from another. Had Mackintosh remained in England, I should have possessed, ten years hence, powers and views which now are beyond my reach. I never felt his conversation but I felt a mixed consciousness, as it were, of inferiority and capability; and I have now and then flattered myself with the feeling, as if it promised that I might make something of myself. I cannot think of all this without being melancholy; "ostendent tantum fata, neque ultra."'—vol. i. p. 199.

This extract is doubly pleasing,—it does equal credit to two highly gifted and amiable persons; and, although Mr. Horner was at this period a very young man, his testimony is valuable as to the intellectual merits of Mackintosh's conversation, and the good nature with which he ever encouraged talents in others. The trite and inapplicable quotation with which Mr. Horner concludes was to be too soon less inappropriately repeated on his own untimely death.

Mackintosh's life, or rather his sickly vegetation, at Bombay is, as we have said, very fully told in a series of private letters and journals, which, nevertheless, contain little more than some notes of tours made in the interior, and some remarks on the works which he happened to read, and on the new publications which the India ships conveyed to him from Europe. Many of the latter are highly interesting,—as specimens of a just and candid style of criticism—indeed they are more than enough to make this a book of solid and permanent value—but they have little relation to Mackintosh's own actual *Life*. Mackintosh went to India—*multa et preclara minans*—of legal, philosophical, and historical *works*, which should occupy and fructify his official leisure; but an indolent man can never have leisure—and the climate of Bombay would have been enough to subdue a more active disposition than his; he seems to have done little more than read carelessly and ramblingly,—and his greatest exertions (of course out of his judicial duties) were commentaries on what he read. We are tempted to give our readers a few specimens—though the best of them are too long to be extracted *in extenso*, and too closely reasoned to allow of abridgment:—

'My *works* (we find him confessing to Mr. Sharp,) are, alas! still projects. What shall I say for myself? My petty avocations, too minute for description, and too fugitive for recollection, are yet effectual

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effectual interruptions of meditation. They are, I admit, partly the pretext. All I have to say is, that they are also partly the cause of my inactivity. I cannot say with Gray, that my time is spent in that kind of *learned* leisure, which has self-improvement and self-gratification for its object. Learned he might justly call his leisure. To that epithet I have no pretensions; but I must add, that frequent compunction disturbs my gratification; and the same indolence, or the same business which prevents me from working for others, hinders me from improving myself.'—pp. 288, 269.

'I read at Mr. Wood's Madame de Genlis's "Maintenon," and I think it, perhaps, her best work. Madame de Maintenon is a heroine after her own heart. She is as virtuous as the fear of shame and hell could make her. A prudent regard to interest can go no farther. She was the perfect model of a reasonable and respectable Christian epicurean; and she was by nature more amiable than her system would have made her. The observations on courts are, I think, quite unrivalled. They just reach the highest point of refinement compatible with solidity.'—vol. ii. pp. 8, 9.

This idea he afterwards expanded very happily in an article in the Edinburgh Review, vol. xliv. p. 420.

'"I perform my promise of giving you some account of what I have been reading in Hogarth. I do not think it quite justice to say that he was a great comic genius. It is more true that he was a great master of the tragedy and comedy of low life. His pictures have terrific and pathetic circumstances, and even scenes: he was a Lillo as well as a Fielding. His sphere, which was English low life, was contracted indeed, compared to that of Shakspeare, who ranged through human nature in all times, countries, ranks, and forms; but he resembled Shakspeare in the versatility of talent, which could be either tragic or comic; and in a propensity, natural to such a talent, to blend tragic with comic circumstances."'—vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.

'"The Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, during the war with Sweden, commanded the Hetman, or chief of the Cossacks, to come to court on his way to the army in Finland. 'If the emperor, your father,' said the Hetman, 'had taken my advice, your majesty would not now have been annoyed by the Swedes.' 'What was your advice?' answered the empress. 'To put the nobility to death, and transplant the people into Russia,' calmly replied the Cossack. 'But that,' the empress observed, 'would be rather barbarous.' 'I do not see that,' said he; 'they are all dead now, and they would only have been dead if my advice had been taken.' This is a sort of Cossack philosophy. It has a barbarous originality which strikes me."'—*Ibid.* p. 51.

We must make room for Mackintosh's account (April 1808) of his impressions on the first perusal of 'Corinne.' The extract is long; but we wish to give at least one full and thoroughly characteristic specimen:—

'It is, as has been said, a tour in Italy, mixed with a novel. The tour is full of picture and feeling, and of observations on national character,

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character, so refined, that scarcely any one else could have made them, and not very many will comprehend or feel them. What an admirable French character is D'Erfeuil! so free from exaggeration, that the French critics say the author, notwithstanding her prejudices, has made him better than her favourite Oswald. Nothing could more strongly prove the fidelity of her picture, and the lowness of their moral standard. She paints Ancona, and, above all, Rome, in the liveliest colours. She alone seems to feel that she *inhabited* the eternal city. It must be owned that there is some repetition, or at least monotony, in her reflections on the monuments of antiquity. The sentiment inspired by one is so like that produced by another, that she ought to have contented herself with fewer strokes, and to have given specimens rather than an enumeration. The attempt to vary them must display more ingenuity than genius. It leads to a littleness of manner, destructive of gravity and tenderness.

'In the character of Corinne, Madame de Staël draws an imaginary self—what she is, what she had the power of being, and what she can easily imagine that she might have become. Purity, which her sentiments and principles teach her to love; talents and accomplishments, which her energetic genius might easily have acquired; uncommon scenes and incidents fitted for her extraordinary mind; and even beauty, which her fancy contemplates so constantly that she can scarcely suppose it to be foreign to herself, and which, in the enthusiasm of invention, she bestows on this adorned as well as improved self—these seem to be the materials out of which she has formed Corinne, and the mode in which she has reconciled it to her knowledge of her own character.

'13th.—Second and third volumes of Corinne. I swallow Corinne slowly, that I may taste every drop. I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread the termination. Other travellers had told us of the absence of public amusements at Rome, and of the want of conversation among an indolent nobility; but, before Madame de Staël no one has considered this as the profound tranquillity and death-like silence, which the feelings require in a place, where we go to meditate on the great events of which it was once the scene, in a magnificent museum of the monuments of ancient times.

'How she ennobles the most common scenes!—a sermon on the quarter-deck of a ship of war!

'She admires the English, among whom she could not endure to live: and sighs for the society of Paris, whom she despises!

'15th.—Fourth and fifth volumes of Corinne. Farewell Corinne! powerful and extraordinary book; full of faults so obvious as not to be worth enumerating; but of which a single sentence has excited more feeling, and exercised more reason, than the most faultless models of elegance.

'To animadvert on the defects of the story is lost labour. It is a slight vehicle of idea and sentiment. The whole object of an incident is obtained when it serves as a pretext for a reflection or an impassioned word. Yet even here there are scenes which show what she could

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could have done if she had been at leisure from thought. The prayer of the two sisters at their father's tomb, the opposition of their characters, is capable of great interest if it had been well laboured. The grand defect is the want of repose—too much and too ingenious reflection—too uniform an ardour of feeling. The understanding is fatigued—the heart ceases to feel.

'The minute philosophy of passion and character has so much been the object of my pursuit that I love it even in excess. But I must own that it has one material inconvenience: the observations founded upon it may be true in some instances, without being generally so. Of the small and numerous springs which are the subject of observation, some may be most powerful at one time, others at another. There is constantly a disposition to generalise, which is always in danger of being wrong. It may be safe to assert that a subtle ramification of feeling is natural; but *it is always unsafe to deny that an equally subtle ramification of the same feeling, in an opposite direction, may not be equally natural.*

'There are, sometimes, as much truth and exactness in Madame de Staël's descriptions as in those of most cold observers. Her picture of stagnation, mediocrity, and dulness—of torpor, animated only by envy—of mental superiority, dreaded and hated without even being comprehended—and of intellect, gradually extinguished by the azotic atmosphere of stupidity—is *so* true! The unjust estimate of England, which this Northumbrian picture might have occasioned, how admirably is it corrected by the observation of Oswald, and even of poor Corinne, on their second journeys! and how, by a few reflections in the last journey to Italy, does this singular woman reduce to the level of truth the exaggerated praise bestowed by her first enthusiasm on the Italians!

'How general is the tendency of these times towards religious sentiment! Madame de Staël may not, perhaps, ever be able calmly to believe the dogmas of any sect. She seems prepared, by turns, to adopt the feelings of all sects. Twenty years ago the state of opinion seemed to indicate an almost total destruction of religion in Europe. Ten years ago the state of political events appeared to show a more advanced stage in the progress towards such a destruction. The reaction has begun everywhere.'—p. 405-409.

Elsewhere, on reading some journals of the missionaries, he says:—

'"It is impossible, I think, to look into the interior of any religious sect, without thinking better of it. I ought, indeed, to confine myself to those of Christian Europe; but, with that limitation, it seems to me that the remark is true—whether I look at the Jansenists of Port Royal, or the Quakers in Clarkson, or the Methodists in these journals. All these sects, which appear dangerous or ridiculous at a distance, assume a much more amiable character on nearer inspection. They all inculcate pure virtue, and practise mutual kindness; and they exert great force of reason in rescuing their doctrines from the absurd or pernicious consequences which naturally flow from them. Much of this

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this arises from the general nature of religious principle; much, also, *from the genius of the Gospel—morality, so meek and affectionate, that it can soften barbarians, and warm even sophists themselves.*"'—pp. 54, 55.

This last is one of the many passages, to which we have before alluded, which, notwithstanding some looseness in the expression, give us the gratification of believing that Mackintosh was, even from what may be called an early period of his life, in conviction as well as feeling, a CHRISTIAN.

'"Oct. 16, 1810.—The Eclipse brings news of the death of Windham. He was a man of very high order, spoiled by faults apparently small: he had acuteness, wit, variety of knowledge, and fertility of illustration, in a degree probably superior to any man now alive. He had not the least approach to meanness. On the contrary, he was distinguished by honour and loftiness of sentiment. But he was an indiscreet debater, who sacrificed his interest as a statesman to his momentary feelings as an orator. For the sake of a new subtlety or a forcible phrase he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity: his logical propensity led him always to extreme consequences; and he expressed his opinions so strongly, that they seemed to furnish the most striking examples of political inconsistency—though, if prudence had limited his logic and mitigated his expressions, they would have been acknowledged to be no more than those views of different sides of an object, which, in the changes of politics, must present themselves to the mind of a statesman. Singular as it may sound, he often opposed novelties from a love of paradox. . . . Had Windham possessed discretion in debate, or Sheridan in conduct, they might have ruled their age."'—pp. 59, 60, 61.

This is only a *phrase*. The verbal indiscretions of Windham, and the moral indiscretions of Sheridan, were *essential* parts of their respective characters. Without them there could have been no Windham nor Sheridan; and it is a mere rhetorical flourish to say that either of them—least of all men poor Sheridan—could ever have *ruled the age*. It was Mackintosh's own indiscretion to mix too often *hyperbole with history*.

We must now extract what appears to us, as sensible and, in spite of a few too rhetorical turns, on the whole as beautiful a letter as ever was penned, on perhaps the most delicate of all possible subjects: it is one addressed by Sir James to his early friend Hall, on that extraordinary man's recovery from a first access of insanity. We shall not weaken it by any commentary:—

*Bombay, 18th February, 1808.*

'My dear Hall,—It is now some time since I received yours of the 20th of July, 1806, from Leicester, and I assure you that I do not think myself in the least entitled to that praise of disinterestedness which you bestow on me, for wishing to correspond with you. The strength of your genius would, in all common circumstances, have



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made you a most desirable correspondent; and the circumstances which now limit your mental excursions give to your correspondence attractions of a very peculiar nature. Both the subject and the tone of our letters are probably almost unexampled. I have trusted enough to speak of what perhaps no friend ever dared to touch before; and you justify my confidence by contemplating, with calm superiority, that from which the firmest men have recoiled. That the mind of a good man may approach independence of external things, is a truth which no one ever doubted, who was worthy to understand; but you perhaps afford the first example of the moral nature looking on the understanding itself as something that is only the first of its instruments. I cannot think of this without a secret elevation of soul, not unattended, I hope, with improvement. You are perhaps the first who has reached this superiority. With so fine an understanding, you have the humility to consider its disturbance as a blessing, as far as it improves your moral system. The same principles, however, lead you to keep every instrument of duty and usefulness in repair; and the same habits of feeling will afford you the best chance of doing so.

'We are all accustomed to contemplate with pleasure the suspension of the ordinary operations of the understanding in sleep, and to be even amused by its nightly wanderings from its course in dreams. From the commanding eminence which you have gained, you will gradually familiarise your mind to consider its other aberrations as only more rare than sleep or dreams; and in process of time they will cease to appear to you much more horrible. You will thus be delivered from that constant dread which so often brings on the very evil dreaded; and which, as it clouds the whole of human life, is itself a greater calamity than any temporary disease. Some dread of this sort darkened the days of Johnson; and the fears of Rousseau seem to have constantly realised themselves. But whoever has brought himself to consider a disease of the brain as differing only in degree from a disease of the lungs, has robbed it of that mysterious horror which forms its chief malignity. If he were to do this by undervaluing intellect, he would indeed gain only a low quiet at the expense of mental dignity. But you do it by feeling the superiority of a moral nature over intellect itself. All your unhappiness has arisen from your love and pursuit of excellence. Disappointed in the pursuit of union with real or supposed excellence of a limited sort, you sought refuge in the contemplation of the Supreme Excellence. But, by the conflict of both, your mind was torn in pieces; and even your most powerful understanding was unable to resist the force of your still more powerful moral feelings.

'The remedy is prescribed by the plainest maxims of duty. You must act: inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for minds of profound moral sensibility. We are not to dream away our lives in the contemplation of distant or imaginary perfection. We are to act in an imperfect and corrupt world; and we must only contemplate perfection

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perfection enough to ennoble our natures, but not to make us dissatisfied and disgusted with those faint approaches to that perfection which it would be the nature of a brute or a demon to despise. It is for this reason that I exhort you to literary activity. It is not as the road of ambition, but of duty, and as the means of usefulness and the resource against disease. It is an exercise necessary to your own health, and by which you directly serve others. If I were to advise any new study, it would be that of anatomy, physiology, and medicine; as, besides their useful occupation, they would naturally lead to that cool view of all diseases which disarms them of their blackest terrors. Though I should advise these studies and that of chemistry, I am so far from counselling an entire divorce from your ancient contemplations, that I venture to recommend to you the spiritual Letters of Fenelon. I even entreat you to read and re-read them.

'I shall also take the liberty of earnestly recommending to you to consult Dr. Beddoes, in the most unreserved manner, on every part of your case, and to be implicitly guided by his counsels in every part of your ordinary conduct. I have more confidence in him than in all the other physicians in England; and I am not ignorant on the subject of medicine. Total abstinence from fermented liquor is obviously necessary; and I should think it best to relinquish coffee and tea, which liquors I think you sometimes drank to excess.

'May you, my dear friend, who have so much of the genius of Tasso and Cowper, in future escape their misfortunes—the calamities incident to tender sensibility, to grand enthusiasm, to sublime genius, and to intense exertion of intellect.'—vol. i. pp. 368-370.

We conclude with an extract which has some relation to Mackintosh personally, and contains a short defence of his change of opinion on the French Revolution—

'Finished at my leisure hours "The Diary of a Lover of Literature," by Green of Ipswich. It is a ramble among books and men, all of them so much my old acquaintances, that I almost feel as if I were reading a journal of my own. Returning back to 1798 and 1800 seems like coming back to a pre-existent state. Criticisms on my own books, pamphlets, on articles in reviews written by me, and accounts of conversations with me, must to myself be interesting. This Diary has a singular mixture of good and bad judgments. It is most wonderful that a man capable of writing some parts of it should have seriously compared Dalrymple to Tacitus, and adopted Johnson's stupid prejudices against Gray. His style is too much "made up;" it has no air of being thrown off at the moment. Here and there I am struck by one of Green's quaint felicities. The plan seems to have been suggested, and the manner much influenced by Gibbon's Journal, which had just appeared. I am more dissatisfied than flattered by his having recorded my conversations. He has by this means published one more proof of the various states of political feeling successively produced in my mind by the French revolution. This will be regarded as a new proof of my inconsistency in the judgment of the vulgar. A



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degree of wisdom is certainly conceivable, which would have reached principles and habits of feeling so comprehensive as to have adapted themselves to every succeeding convulsion without change, and of course without excess; but probably no man in Europe had attained this exalted perfection.....I am far indeed beneath the imaginary sage, but I humbly hope that I am just as far above the vaunted consistency of the unthinking and unfeeling vulgar.'—vol. ii. pp. 147, 148.

Mackintosh's judgment on his friend Green's Diary seems to us a not inaccurate description of, and criticism on, a considerable portion of his own Journals,—though, as we need scarcely add, Mackintosh often intersperses passages of original thinking and metaphysical speculation, of a height to which honest Green never aspired.

In February, 1810, Lady Mackintosh's health obliged her to return to England. Mackintosh, though himself by no means well, remained, from considerations of pecuniary prudence, at Bombay, judging and journalizing. At last, on the 5th November, 1811, he himself embarked on his return to England, probably not sooner than was necessary for the preservation of his life. He amused the tedium of his voyage home by writing his Journal—this portion of which alone occupies one hundred pages, amusingly enough as literary gossip, but certainly very disproportionately on the *Life* of Mackintosh,—and by writing the *characters* of some eminent men, clearly intended to be afterwards interwoven into his long projected, long postponed, and finally, in his very last year, imperfectly executed History of England. They are all well, and we must add, impartially written—some of them are brilliant by the turns of phrases and sentences, but there is little originality of judgment, and no novelty of anecdote—they may be admirable as academical theses—but they add no more to the history of the individuals or of their country, than his sketches of Hogarth or Madame de Maintenon;—they prove, what he himself hints somewhere in the course of his Journal, and upon which we shall say a word hereafter, that his talent was rather declamatory than historical.

On his arrival in England, he found his early and useful friend, and his candid and able official antagonist, Mr. Perceval, prime minister. Mr. Perceval had, as is stated in a letter from Mr. Scarlett (now Lord Abinger) to the editor, given Mackintosh at the very outset of his career some countenance and assistance.

'Mr. Mackintosh, being called to the bar, was proposed as a candidate in a debating society of which I was a member. The society was then confined to barristers and members of parliament, and reckoned amongst its members several individuals who have since figured in eminent stations.—Mr. Perceval, Lord Bexley, Mr. Richard Ryder, Mr .Sturges Bourne, Lord Tenterden, Lord Lyndhurst, and others who,

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who, if fortune had been equally favourable to their pretensions, might perhaps have been as conspicuous.....The majority of our little society consisted of the supporters of the war and of the government. I trembled for the fate of Mr. Mackintosh, till I found in Mr. Perceval an equal admiration of his work [the *Vindiciæ*], and an equal desire with my own to receive him into our society. His influence was employed to canvass for him, and we had the satisfaction to carry his election, and shortly after to form an acquaintance with him.'

And when, subsequently, Mackintosh solicited the use of Lincoln's-Inn Hall to deliver his lectures, Lord Abinger states—

'There again he was encountered by political prejudice; difficulties were suggested, and objections urged, of a formal nature, against such an appropriation of the hall; but the real objection was, the apprehension of the doctrines he might teach. Mr. Perceval once more became his friend, and used his influence with such of the benchers as were known to him, to set them right, and subdue their scruples.'

Mr. Perceval had conducted the prosecution against Peltier, as attorney-general—but with that generous and high-minded man Mackintosh's zeal for his client and the superior brilliancy of his appearance on that occasion, could only serve to increase his early regard; and on Mackintosh's return to England, Mr. Perceval lost no time in showing his value for Mackintosh's character, and his estimate of his abilities, for we are told that the latter had not been a fortnight in London before he received from Mr. Perceval the offer of a seat in parliament, and, by implication at least, of a share in the administration:—

'May 12th, 1812.—I was,' says Sir James, in his Journal, 'at Richmond last week for three days, for quiet and the recovery of strength. I there received a note from Perceval desiring an interview, which took place at twelve o'clock on Friday, the 8th, at Downing Street. He began in a very civil and rather kind manner, with saying, that, besides his wish to see me, he had another object in the appointment, which was to offer me a seat in parliament, either vacated or about to be so, which ——— had placed at his disposal. He said that he did not wish to take me by surprise, and would allow me any time that I desired. He added all the usual compliments and insinuations of future advancement. I promised an answer in four or five days—not that I hesitated, for it had long been my fixed determination not to go into public life on any terms inconsistent with the principles of liberty, which are now higher in my mind than they were twenty years ago; but I wished to have an opportunity of sending a written answer, to prevent misconstructions.

'I was preparing to send it on Tuesday evening, 11th May, when, about seven o'clock, Josiah Wedgwood came into the parlour of our house, in New Norfolk Street, with information that, about five, Perceval had been shot through the heart by one Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker

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ship-broker in Liverpool, who had formerly been confined for lunacy in Russia.'—pp. 246, 247.

Mackintosh's letter of refusal, founded on his opinion of the necessity of an *immediate repeal* of the catholic disabilities, Mr. Perceval never received; and is, we must observe, a little inconsistent with his readiness to have joined Mr. Canning, who, *fifteen* years later, flatly refused to pledge himself to anything like an *immediate repeal;* though it is equally fair to admit that having always supported—as Mr. Perceval had always opposed—the *principle* of ultimate concession, he was nearer Mackintosh's sentiments. In the negociations which followed Mr. Perceval's death, the editor rather hints than states, that first by Lords Grey and Grenville, and subsequently by Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning, Sir James was designated for a seat at the Board of Control:—the first proposition naturally failed by the failure of Lords Grey and Grenville themselves; the second, we are given to *understand*, Mackintosh rejected at once, because none of the leaders of his *party* (though he at the same time disclaimed having any *party*-connexions) were to be in the Cabinet. All these—to Mackintosh's personal character and prospects—most important transactions are slurred over in one page of very indistinct narrative; and a further proposition from Lord Liverpool's administration is again rather hinted than stated in the following enigmatical passage—

'This determination [not to accept office] was tried by other tests shortly after the return of the old ministry to power, under the new leadership of Lord Liverpool. A presiding love of moderation in politics, and an inclination to consider principles rather than persons, had the effect, in their tendency to abstract him from party views, of suggesting offers and solicitations on the part of government, which a better knowledge of a character occasionally misrepresented by too facile manners, would have saved. Mentioning one of these latter occasions to his son-in-law, at Bagdad, he says, "It would take too much time to state my reasons for this rejection of offers so advantageous; they are, at any rate, disinterested. I have chosen my part, with an assurance that it will never give me power or influence."'—p. 250.

We know not to what the editor here alludes—we have never heard that Lord Liverpool had made any offer of political office to Mackintosh; and we could well have spared a few pages of Mackintosh's criticisms on the miscellaneous literature which his leisure loved to devour—to have made room for some more intelligible account of those really important incidents in Mackintosh's life. However, it seems certain that his refusal of Mr. Perceval's offer procured him—through the unsolicited mediation of another old bar friend (Lord Abinger)—the offer of a seat for the county of Nairn, where, it appears, Lord Cawdor, who now belonged to

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to the Whigs, had a *nominating* influence,—an influence, indeed, so decisive, that another gentleman was put as a *locum tenens* into the seat till Sir James Mackintosh had performed some species of legal quarantine, which was a necessary preliminary to his election for a Scotch county.

Of his success in parliament, and of the style of his eloquence, we certainly do not think quite so highly as the editor and those personal friends whose testimony he has adopted. Lord Abinger says,—

'He soon took a leading part in the debates of the House of Commons; and it is enough to say that he lost nothing of his reputation by his performances there. If, however, I may be allowed to express an opinion on that subject, I should say that the House of Commons was not the theatre where the happiest efforts of his eloquence could either be made or appreciated. . . . . The mildness of his temper, the correctness of his judgment, the abundance of his knowledge, and the perfection of his taste, all combined to make him averse to the pursuit of applause, either by inflicting pain upon others, or by sacrificing truth and good feeling to the coarse appetite of the vulgar. It cannot be denied that, whenever the nature of the subject and the disposition of the House were favourable to his qualities as a speaker, he exhibited specimens of eloquence that were of the *highest order*, and elicited the *most unqualified* applause.'—pp. 288, 289.

Now we must say that we think Lord Abinger's friendly partiality carried him too far when he characterized any of Mackintosh's efforts in parliament as being of 'the *highest* order of eloquence.' They seem to us to have been ingenious, well arranged, well reasoned, with a general correctness and occasional felicity of expression;—and the humane and philanthropical objects to which they were often devoted inspired kindred minds with more respect than any displays of mere oratory could have done—but his speeches, as speeches, were not, in our humble judgment, of the *highest order* of anything, and least of all of that elevating power, that *mental magnetism*, generally called eloquence. Mr. Sydney Smith's testimony is more precise, and we think nearer the mark:—

'A high merit in Sir James was his real and unaffected philanthropy. He did not make the improvement of the great mass of mankind *an engine of popularity*, and *a stepping-stone to power*, but he had a genuine love for human happiness. Whatever might assuage the angry passions, and arrange the conflicting interests of nations—whatever could promote peace, increase knowledge, extend commerce, diminish crime, and encourage industry—whatever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understanding—struck at once at the heart of your father, and roused all his faculties. I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—

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war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvas, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence. . . . . .

'But still his *style of speaking in Parliament* was certainly more academic than forensic; it was not sufficiently short and quick for a busy and impatient assembly. He often spoke over the heads of his hearers—was too much in advance of feeling for their sympathies, and of reasoning for their comprehension. He began too much at the beginning, and went too much to the right and left of the question, making rather a lecture or a dissertation than a speech. His voice *was bad and nasal*; and though nobody was in reality more sincere, he *seemed* not only *not to feel, but hardly to think what he was saying.*'

It is not unamusing to observe the distinctive styles of these two friends of Mackintosh, and how widely they differ in manner, aye and in substance, on the same point. Lord Abinger, like an *advocate*, eulogizes his client in hyperbole; Mr. Smith, like a practised *critic*, balances 'the good and evil,' as he calls it, with something like the impartiality of a *judge*. In all the editor's own share in these volumes, and in all the *testamentary* contributions which he has collected, there is not a single passage which gives the slightest idea of the individuality of Mackintosh's speaking, except these honest touches of Mr. Sydney Smith; and yet who—not having heard him—could have had any adequate notion of Mackintosh's style, who had not been told of the *harsh and nasal tone*, and of the unimpressive and rhetorical *manner*?

And here we must enter our protest against the extension and abuse of this new fashion of biography, where an editor solicits eulogies from the surviving acquaintance of his hero, and under the shelter of their good-nature, publishes a series of puffs, that the fondest and foolishest son would never have dared to print on his own responsibility. We can forgive this practice in such cases as the recent life of Crabbe, and this of Mackintosh, where the inquiry of the editors was really a search after information concerning periods and circumstances to which they had no other access. But good cases make bad precedents; and even in the present instance the practice has been pushed too far. The anecdotes communicated by Mr. Montague, the facts recorded by Lord Abinger, and the manners sketched by Mr. Sydney Smith, are all illustrative of Mackintosh's life; yet even *they* lose something of their effect from the superabundant *carving and gilding* of the frame in which the portraits are exhibited. But what can be said for such vague generalities as have been drawn from the good-natured complaisance of Lord Jeffrey—without anecdotes, without facts, without features—a school thesis—a *panada panegyric*. 'I nunc,' we might say to poor Mackintosh,

——'I nunc, curre per Indos,
Ut *pueris* placeas, et *declamatio fias*.'

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It may amuse *others* to find Lord Jeffrey so employed—to see that great wholesale dealer in *oil of vitriol* reduced to draw out pennyworths of *treacle*. But it is an awful prospect for persons of our craft; and we therefore, while we are still, as we hope, in possession of our faculties, do enter our most strenuous protest against this system of soliciting from men that which they cannot decline without offence, and can hardly ever perform with credit.

But after all, the truest test of Mackintosh's parliamentary success—or, as he himself too modestly calls it, his *failure*—is the opinion not only of the House of Commons and the country, but of his party themselves; who, although they praised, and perhaps not over-praised, particular orations, felt that he exhibited neither a ready knack of debate, nor those bursts of enthusiasm which decide hesitating minds, and—even when they fail to convince—elevate and awe a popular assembly. Accordingly, it on experience appeared to all, as it had long before done to his own modest good sense, that he wanted some of the most important qualities of a *practical* politician; and he accepted, in 1818, the professorship of law in the East India College at Hayleybury; a situation which, if he had possessed anything like the parliamentary talents attributed to him by Lord Abinger, or even as much as Mr. Smith's more moderate standard indicates, it would have been an insult to offer. This miscalculation of Mackintosh's real place in the House of Commons has led his personal friends into some not entirely well-founded complaints of the neglect with which he was treated by his Party. After a long night, a dawn of political power beamed on the Whigs, by Mr. Canning's accession to the office of first minister in 1827. The refusal of the leading Tories to take part in his administration obliged him to have recourse to the more moderate of the Opposition: both on that occasion, and on the subsequent and wider change which, fatally for the constitution of England, brought Lord Grey to the head of affairs, it is plain, from the whole tone of this work and from various innuendoes scattered throughout, that Mackintosh, or at least his personal friends for him, felt highly dissatisfied with the neglect with which he was treated by the heads of the Whig party.

'It is no part,' says Lord Abinger, 'of the present subject to enter into a history of the negociation that took place between Mr. Canning and some of the Whig party at that time. But I can state, upon my own knowledge, the surprise and the concern Mr. Canning expressed, that the name of *Sir James Mackintosh was not amongst the list of those who were proposed to form a coalition with him*; he had certainly thought him, not in merit only, but in estimation, one of the foremost of his party, and he was aware of the sacrifices he had made to it. Shortly afterwards, his Majesty was pleased to admit him of his

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his Privy Council. Upon the last change of administration, when a new ministry was formed by a coalition of individuals of all the different parties in the State, but under the influence of Lord Grey, a subordinate place in the Board of Control was the reward of his long life of merit and exclusion. The difficulty of distributing office amongst so many expectants must be the consolation to his friends, for this apparently inadequate station for one so eminent, and who had lost so much by his adherence to party. To those who are not in the secret, it must be matter at least of surprise, that neither parliamentary experience, nor a well-earned reputation, nor long-tried devotion, nor *the habits of business* [?], were so much in request as to find their way into any but a comparatively insignificant place at a Board, at the head * of which, Sir James Mackintosh, rather than abandon his party, had in other times declined to preside. Such is the caprice of fortune, or the wantonness of power, in the distribution of favours! There is a certain degree of merit which is more convenient for reward than the highest. Caligula made his horse a consul, to show the absoluteness of his authority. Perhaps it is something of the same feeling which actuates persons and ministers in the honours they bestow.'

This is, we think, a little too broadly stated. It may be true that neither in the arrangement with Mr. Canning, nor at the formation of the Grey Ministry in 1830, was Sir James Mackintosh rated by the distributors of place quite so high as his personal friends, or even the public, might have expected; and it is very probable that some amiable points in Mackintosh's character may have contributed to this apparent injustice. It was not, we believe, his nature — it certainly was not his habit—to be a vehement party man. A party man should be, we fear, a *good hater*. Now Mackintosh was candid towards his opponents in public, and in private lived with them on easy terms of mutual civility, and, in some cases, of friendship. Party admits of no *divided allegiance* —and although, as Lord Abinger and the editor assiduously inculcate, Mackintosh was true to his party in substantials, we can easily believe that his philosophical moderation did not satisfy the zealots, and his social tolerance offended the bigots of his party. It is, therefore, by no means surprising that he should not have been an object of their enthusiasm. And here we must again observe that Mr. Sydney Smith comes nearer to the true state of the case than the other panegyrists:—

'Sufficient justice has not been done to his political integrity. He was not rich—was from the northern part of the island—possessed great facility of temper—and had therefore every excuse for political

* We are not aware of the authority on which Lord Abinger states that the *Presidency* of the Board of Control was ever offered to Sir James Mackintosh. We do not recollect to have heard of it before.

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lubricity—which that vice (more common in those days than I hope it will ever be again) could possibly require. Invited by every party upon his arrival from India, he remained stedfast to his old friends the Whigs, whose admission to office, or enjoyment of political power, would at that period have been considered as the most visionary of all human speculations; yet, during his lifetime, everybody seemed more ready to have forgiven the tergiversation of which he was not guilty, than to admire the actual firmness he had displayed. With all this, he never made the slightest efforts to advance his interests with his political friends, never mentioned his sacrifices nor his services, expressed no resentment at neglect, and was therefore pushed into such situations as fall to the lot of the feeble and delicate in a crowd.

'*If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle; always ready to betray and to blacken those with whom he sat at meat;* he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him;—but, without selling his soul for pottage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors who envied his fame and presumed upon his sweetness; if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy; he would have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history.'

Our readers will be at no loss to discover at least *one* of the persons whom Mr. Smith had in his eye when he was sketching the unamiable contrast to Mackintosh which we have distinguished by italics. 'Non *nostrum* est tantas componere lites;' but as to Mackintosh, it is certain that, however loved, admired, and respected he may have been by his friends, he did not possess that kind of influence with them which can alone obtain a large share in the spoils of a political victory. But there is also another reason, which Mackintosh's personal friends have wholly overlooked, but which, even with Whigs, when called to the practical administration of affairs, must have had some little weight—Mackintosh's talents were not of the *official* kind: *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.* Mercury filled the most *ministerial* office in the whole mythology; and the proverb seems to imply that the qualities necessary to make a good *practical minister* were rarer than some others of greater elevation and splendour. Mackintosh, too, let it be remembered, was *forty-seven* when he came into Parliament, and up to that period knew little of business, and nothing of the practical management of public affairs. His parliamentary efforts were chiefly theoretic, and he took little pains to acquaint himself with the small but necessary details of public life; and when, at last, the opportunity of office arose, it found him in the *sixty-second* year of a life of indolent habits, speculative studies, and

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and desultory and variable pursuits. Had he, in 1812, accepted Mr. Perceval's offer, he *might*, possibly, have become a man of business and debate, and have eventually been adequate for the highest offices of the state. In 1827, and, still more, in 1830, it was perhaps *too late;* and we cannot, therefore, *altogether* concur in the disappointment and vexations which his friends, his family, and himself seem to have felt at what they consider only in the light of ingratitude to great services and a neglect of great abilities. We say *altogether;* because, although we never expected that Mackintosh should be elevated *at once* to the great and guiding offices of the state, yet it will not be denied that his claims, his character, and his powers, fitted him for something better than the empty title of a privy councillor in Nov. 1827, or than the almost-sinecure salary of the India Board in 1830. He should have been placed in one of those secondary, yet independent departments, commonly called *Privy Councillors' Offices*—Treasurer of the Navy, Paymaster, Master of the Mint, &c., which were bestowed—as Lord Abinger says Caligula made *his horse a consul*—on such 'weak masters' as Mr. Poulett Thomson and Lord John Russell. Nay, when we look at the composition of Lord Grey's *Cabinet*, we cannot but think that Mackintosh had superior claims in every way, but particularly in intellect and public reputation, to many who were admitted into that feeble but fatal conclave. Mackintosh's conduct *in the House of Commons*, on the Reform Bill, is, in our (perhaps not unprejudiced) opinion, a blot on his consistency and public character,—but we cannot believe that *he* would, in the calm and conscientious consideration which, if he had been in the *Cabinet*, he must have given to the subject, have brought himself to assent to a measure, which was in its *principle* diametrically opposite to all the views of the practical constitution which he had so often, so solemnly, and so publicly *avowed and taught*. With a generous and sensitive mind it is *one* thing to defend and make common cause with its friends and party when they are embarked in a violent contest, however imprudently or unjustly provoked; it is *another* to create and excite, by deliberate counsels, such a contest. Mackintosh, like many others, was induced by an erroneous sense of political and personal honour to take his part in the battle; but we sincerely doubt whether he would have originally consented to commence those fatal hostilities. If we be right in this supposition, we have additional reason—for his sake and ours—to lament that he was not of that Cabinet.

Mackintosh's modest, moderate, and *hesitating* speech, delivered on the 4th of July, 1831, on the second reading (afterwards corrected and published by himself), is almost the only speech which

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which attempted to reconcile the principle of reform with any period of that *practical constitution*, which the supporters of the bill affected to admire, and which, with astonishing effrontery, they professed only to *restore*. But Mackintosh was obliged by his position to play the sophist; and the greater part of his speech referred to matters *antecedent* to our Revolution of 1688—and, therefore, as regarded the existing practice of the constitution, perfectly *antediluvian*. The only point of *present* weight and importance he touched, was rather the abuse, than the abstract demerit, of *nomination*—overlooking the fact, that the bill was to sweep away many practical advantages of *nomination*, for the purpose of remedying what he admitted to be in some respects only a speculative mischief; and while he spoke with great hesitation of the probable advantages of the measure, he expatiated on the danger which would then attend its rejection—forgetting, again, that it was his friends, as Lord John Russell distinctly avowed, who had created that danger, by provoking an excitement which did not previously exist. But our more substantial quarrel with the speech is, that, in its principles, it, by implication and inference, contradicted the no doubt sincere convictions of all Mackintosh's better days. Let us hear what he himself wrote and stated in his celebrated Introductory Lecture in 1797, and, in substance, often reiterated in his later works:—

'*The best security which human wisdom can devise seems to be the distribution of political authority among different individuals and bodies, with separate interests and separate characters, corresponding to the variety of classes of which civil society is composed, each interested to guard their own order from oppression* by the rest; each also interested to prevent any of the others from seizing an exclusive, and therefore despotic power; and all having a common interest to co-operate in carrying on the ordinary and necessary administration of government. . . . . Human wisdom cannot form such a constitution by one act, for human wisdom cannot create the materials of which it is composed. *The attempt, always ineffectual, to change by violence the ancient habits of man, and the established order of society, so as to fit them absolutely for a new scheme of government, flows from the most presumptuous ignorance, requires the support of the most ferocious tyranny, and leads to consequences which its authors can never foresee; generally, indeed, to institutions the most opposite to those of which they profess to seek the establishment.* Such a constitution can only be formed by the wise imitation of "the great innovator, Time, *which, indeed, innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarcely to be perceived.*"

'I shall attempt to exhibit this most complicated machine [the old constitution] as our history and our laws show it in action; and not as some celebrated writers have most imperfectly represented it, who have torn out a few of its *more simple springs*, and putting them together,

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gether, *miscal them the British Constitution.* Philosophers of great and merited reputation have told us that it consisted of certain portions of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; names which are, in truth, very little applicable, and which, if they were, would as little give an idea of this government as an account of the weight of bone, of flesh, and of blood, in a human body, would be a picture of a living man.

'I shall labour, above all things, to avoid that which appears to me to have been the constant source of political error; I mean *the attempt to give an air of system, of symplicity, and of rigorous demonstration, to subjects which do not admit it.* The only means by which this could be done was by referring to a few simple causes, what, in truth, arose from immense and intricate combinations, and successions of causes. The consequence was very obvious. The system of the theorist, disencumbered from all regard to the real nature of things, easily assumed an air of speciousness. It required little dexterity to make his argument appear conclusive. *But all men agreed that it was utterly inapplicable to human affairs.* The theorist railed at the folly of the world, instead of confessing his own; and the men of practice unjustly blamed philosophy instead of condemning the sophist. The causes which the politician has to consider are, above all others, multiplied, mutable, minute, subtle, and, if I may so speak, evanescent; perpetually changing their form, and varying their combinations; *losing their nature while they keep their name; exhibiting the most different consequences in the endless variety of men and nations on whom they operate; in one degree of strength producing the most signal benefit; and under a slight variation of circumstances, the most tremendous mischiefs.* They admit, indeed, of being reduced to theory; but to a theory formed on the most extensive views, of the most comprehensive and flexible principles, to embrace all their varieties, and to fit all their rapid transmigrations; a theory of which the most fundamental maxim is, *distrust in itself, and deference for practical prudence.*'*

Let it be recollected that when that lecture was promulgated, *Parliamentary Reform* was the stalking-horse of the revolutionists, and that against it were directed all Sir James's unanswerable arguments for 'the distribution of political power among *different individuals* and bodies,' and against a sudden change in established institutions,—against a 'recurrence to the first principles of representation'—against any attempt to strike off at a heat 'any new system'—and, above all, against the 'endeavour to reduce human affairs to a system of uniformity and abstract plausibility, which cannot fail to produce the most tremendous mischiefs.' Everybody who heard these lectures—everybody who has read them—understood the whole tenor and force of such passages to be applied to projects of *Parliamentary Reform*, infinitely more sober, less systematic, and less destructive of existing institutions, than that which Mackintosh was, by mere party attachment, unhappily led to support.

* This Introductory Lecture was reprinted, in a small volume, in 1828.

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But it was not in generals merely that he professed his dislike to Parliamentary Reform. We find him in his Journal (vol. ii. p. 22) pronouncing a panegyric on an article of the Edinbugh Review on this subject, in which, as if by a spirit of prophecy, the Reform Bill is denounced as 'the greatest calamity that could be inflicted upon us':—

'It is perfectly obvious, that if the House of Commons, with its absolute power over the supplies, and its connexion with the physical force of the nation, *were to be composed entirely of the representatives of the yeomanry of the counties and the tradesmen of the burghs, and were to be actuated solely by the feelings and interests which are peculiar to that class of men*, IT WOULD INFALLIBLY CONVERT THE GOVERNMENT INTO A MERE DEMOCRACY, and speedily sweep away the incumbrance of Lords and Commons, who *could not exist at all therefore, if they had not an influence in this assembly.* . . We have no great indulgence for those notions of reform, which seem to be uppermost in the minds of some of its warmest supporters; and we should consider such a change in the constitution of that House, as Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Cobbett* appear to think essential to its purity, *as by far the greatest calamity which could be inflicted upon us by our own hands.*'—(*Edin. Rev.* Vol. xiv., No. xxviii., pp. 300-302)—

with a great deal more equally just, and, alas! equally prophetic.

It is impossible to believe that Mackintosh was sincere in his approbation of a bill which thus overthrew all his own views of the balance of the constitution:—and his silence (except in, we believe, the single instance of the vague and irrelevant declamation of the 4th of July), and his visible (and in private not concealed) uneasiness at the turn things were taking, satisfy us that though he had the honourable weakness of adhering to his political friends, his judgment was not deceived as to the danger, nor his feelings reconciled to the expediency of the tremendous experiments to which he had become an involuntary and we fairly believe reluctant party.

He closed his career on the 30th of May, 1832, expressing to the last his regret at having performed so little of what he thought he might have done for his own fame, but having, we hope and believe, no other reproach to make to a life not merely blameless, but exemplary in all moral respects.

In summing up Mackintosh's character, we have little more to do than to recapitulate the observations which the several circumstances of his life have already elicited. The first impression

* It is curious that the very two persons here denounced as advocating the extremities of alteration which had never before entered into the mind of man—Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Cobbett—are notoriously of opinion that the Reform Bill has gone, in its disturbance of the constitutional balance, farther than any one should have desired.

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which he excited in society was generally, we have heard, unfavourable; his countenance, until age and illness had refined and softened its expression, was certainly not engaging; his voice was peculiarly harsh, guttural, and *grating*. When he first came to London, he was, it is said, exceedingly uncouth, and one of his early acquaintance in the Debating Society remembers that he accompanied an almost unintelligible dialect with the most ungainly gestures. These defects were of course much softened by time and good company, but were never wholly obliterated,* and it was well they were not; for—as many objects of taste which are disagreeable at first acquire by use a pleasant relish—so Mackintosh's peculiarities gave, on better acquaintance, a peculiar zest and originality to his conversation. His personal manners were, we thought, never very good; there was an odd mixture of the obsequious and abrupt, which we fancy to be almost peculiar to Scotchmen of talent who have not had early advantages of good company. It is, perhaps, compounded of the *national* caution and the *individual* spirit; but it always makes an annoying discord, in which the lower is certainly, in our ears, the more disagreeable tone.

We are not quite sure that his mind had not something of an analogous defect, something like alternate rashness and timidity—haste and indecision; his impulses were strong, but his reasoning powers were stronger; and we doubt whether he ever embraced, however warmly, any opinion, out of his confidence in which he did not very soon argue himself. His process was like what often happens on a water-party; he entered the boat with inconsiderate alacrity, but very soon became *qualmish*, and wished himself ashore again.

* In the 'New Whig Guide,' a collection of political *jeux d'esprit* published nearly twenty years ago, and, therefore, in all likelihood now forgotten, there is a production entitled 'The Choice of a Leader,' in which Sir James is cleverly, and really not very coarsely caricatured: if that ingenious artist, Mr. Doyle, (H. B.) used the pen instead of the pencil, he might have given us such a *drollery* as the following:—

'On t'other hand Mackintosh strives to unite
The grave and the gay, the profound and polite;—
And piques himself much that the ladies should say—
How well Scottish strength softens down in Bombay!
Frequents the assembly, the supper, the ball,
The *philosophe-beau* of unloveable Stael;
Affects to talk French in his hoarse Highland note,
And gargles Italian half-way down his throat;
His gait is a shuffle, his smile is a leer,
His converse is quaint—his civility queer—
In short—to all grace and deportment a rebel—
At best, he is but a half-polish'd Scotch pebble.' &c. &c.' . . .

Our principal motive in quoting these verses is this:—We once heard Sir James himself recite them at a dinner table, and say, with a hearty laugh, 'Now, this is what I call fair good fun!'—and it appeared to us that it would be unjust to suppress a circumstance so thoroughly characteristic of his temper.

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again. This made him, in succession, the advocate and antagonist of Jacobinism—the adversary and admirer of Mr. Burke—the follower, but hardly the friend, of Mr. Fox. He himself states, without any sign of dissent, that Lord Castlereagh once said to him, of his parliamentary conduct—'You *think right*, but you *vote wrong*.'—(ii. 355.)

His practice shows that he rated the obligation of party-attachment very high, but the principles on which it might be founded very low. He was, moreover, with all his talents and acquirements, one of the most naturally modest men we ever met, and Modesty is one of the parents of Moderation, and rarely allies itself with the family of Fortune. We are convinced that this union in Mackintosh's mind and temper, of candour, *nonchalance* and humility, was one of the causes, perhaps the chief, which kept his political fortune and character in a corresponding state of mediocrity; had his impressions been more durable, and his self-confidence bolder—his reason less subtile, and his temper less philosophical—he would have been a more eminent, and what the world would have called, a greater man: but he would neither have been so amiable, nor, we believe, on the whole so happy. One-half of the old precept he certainly adopted—he 'lived with his enemies as if they were one day to become his friends;' but no one can suspect him of having practised the still more prudential, but less amiable, alternative. His heart was tender, and his disposition in the highest degree placable. Mr. Sydney Smith says, forcibly, and with more justice than forcible sayings usually have had, 'the gall-bladder was omitted in his composition,' and certainly never was there a party-man a more acceptable member of general society—

> 'He steered through life with politics refined;
> With Pulteney voted, and with Walpole dined.'

Of such men, *conversation* is naturally the *forte*, and Mackintosh's was very delightful. If he had had a Boswell, we should have said *of* him what Burke said *to* him of Johnson, that 'he was greater in Boswell's work than his own.' Mr. Sydney Smith has, here again, set down some traits, which every one that knew the man must recognize. He says of Sir James—

'Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than *that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected.* He remembered things, words, thoughts, dates, and everything that was wanted. His language was beautiful, and might have gone from the fireside to the press; but



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though his ideas were always clothed in beautiful language, the clothes were sometimes too big for the body, and common thoughts were dressed in better and longer apparel than they deserved.....

'His good-nature and candour betrayed him into a morbid habit of eulogising everybody—a habit which destroyed the value of commendations, that might have been to the young (if more sparingly distributed) a reward of virtue and a motive to exertion. Occasionally he took fits of an opposite nature; and I have seen him abating and *dissolving pompous gentlemen* with the most successful ridicule.....

'I think (though perhaps some of his friends may not agree with me in this opinion) that he was an acute judge of character, and of the good as well as evil in character. He was, in truth, with the appearance of distraction and of one occupied with other things, a very minute observer of human nature; and I have seen him analyse, to the very springs of the heart, men who had not the most distant suspicion of the sharpness of his vision, nor a belief that he could read anything but books.....

'Sir James had not only humour, but he had wit also; at least, new and sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not often overpowered the admiration of novelty, and entitled them to the higher name of wisdom. Then the great thoughts and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out, dazzling and delighting, in his conversation. Justness of thinking was a strong feature in his understanding: he had a head in which nonsense and error could hardly vegetate.....

'Though easily warmed by great schemes of benevolence and human improvement, his manner was cold to individuals. There was an apparent want of heartiness and cordiality. It seemed as if he had more affection for the species than for the ingredients of which it was composed. He was in reality very hospitable, and so fond of company that he was hardly happy out of it; but he did not receive his friends with that honest joy which warms more than dinner or wine.'

Such are some of the observations of a bold and dexterous anatomizer of minds and manners. He has touched on points beyond the sphere of our own remark—but we presume we can offend no one by quoting what he has written. In general society, Mackintosh's conversation, though we will not call it 'the most brilliant' or 'the most instructive' we ever heard, was undoubtedly a splendid exhibition. It teemed with information and anecdote, with a sprinkling of that kind of dialectic wit which plays with *thoughts* rather than *images*, and now and then a good broad dash of natural and national humour. It had one slight drawback; it was, at least in mixed company, apt to have some appearance of preparation and effort; he seemed too much

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to remember that he had a *character* to maintain, and perhaps the literary subjects which employed so much of his studious hours in distinguishing and refining may have tended to give an air of elaboration, even to his table-talk. This elaboration, however, was probably involuntary, because, although few men were more learned, his learning never overloaded his conversation—like the dignity of a high bred man, it was always present, but never obtrusive.

This appearance of elaboration, slightly observable in his conversation, was more prominent, and still more excusable, in his public speaking. No orator, we suppose, however naturally gifted, has ever *sustained* a high flight without taking preparatory pains; but of oratory, above all others, *ars est celare artem*. In Mackintosh, the preparation was too obvious. An appearance of *effort* is an insuperable bar to *effect*, and audiences are, very unjustly, disinclined to believe that a speaker feels what he says if they suspect him of having before thought of what he is to say. This, we believe, was the principal cause of that want of conviction—that air of insincerity to which Mr. Sydney Smith alludes, as derogating from the force of Mackintosh's oratory. Certainly no man ever spoke so well with so little weight. We know not whether or no it will support the foregoing theory, but we have heard that the two best speeches Mackintosh ever made were both short *impromptus*. One, on the purchase of the Burney Library, he himself mentions with a satisfaction which he seems to have rarely felt at any of his attempts; the other, of which we know not whether any trace is to be found, was on some subject connected with the architectural embellishments of London. Of both of these, high encomiums have reached us, as having been perfect in their little way; and it is probable; for they were subjects on which Mackintosh had, no doubt, thought much—his head was stored with the matter, while the suddenness of the occasion relieved him from the real trammels, as well as the injurious suspicion, of verbal preparation.

As a writer, he will ever be highly esteemed by a chosen few—but he is, we fear we must admit, not likely to sustain an *extensive* popularity with posterity; and such, indeed, must necessarily be the fate of every *idealogical* writer, who, treating of human affairs, prefers to deal with *thoughts* rather than *things*. The most wearisome if not the most useless, in our opinion, of all God's creatures is what is now-a-days called a *philosophical historian*, the best of whose productions is like bad turtle-soup, in which selected scraps of the real animal are sparingly dispersed in an ocean of home-made gravy—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. Yet such a dish it was for many years the mono-



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mania of Mackintosh to cook. He, we believe, saw in his latter days through that delusion, as he did through so many others; and modestly confesses that he found 'his talent was rather declamatory than historical;' but we suspect that he did himself, in this instance, some injustice, and did not attribute the defect altogether to the right cause. It was the style of his studies rather, perhaps, than that of his pen that he found on revision too 'declamatory.' After dreaming all his life about a philosophical history of England, he, in his very last years, lowered his ambition to the humble task of preparing an *abridgment for Lardner's Cyclopædia*, in which he did not wholly discard the philosophical style of writing history, and frequently suspends his narrative to make sometimes profound, but more often, trivial observations, which Hume used to condense into a single epithet. But even this abridgment he brought down only to the Reformation. He also left a few chapters of a History of the Revolution of 1688, (which we noticed in a former Number); but this, notwithstanding all that we hear of his diligence in seeking for information and of the large harvest produced by his search, contains, we believe, nothing new, and might, we think, be more truly called an attempt to reconcile the principles of the Whigs of 1830 with those of 1688. We have, also, of his a Life of Sir Thomas More, which is really such turtle-soup as we have before described, where the facts of the old biographies float about in a tureen of Mackintosh;—the gravy, we admit, is well made, and on the whole it is very palatable—we, however, are of Sir William Curtis's school, and still prefer what he used to call the turtle *dressed clean*.

We are inclined to rate as highly as any of his works, a short account of the writers on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, with a summary of their various theories; which was prepared for, and, we suppose, appeared in, a late Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. We have it, however, in a separate shape; it is small in volume, and has we believe attracted very little notice; but it appears, as far as it is lawful for us to judge of such mysteries, to be done with taste, discrimination, and, as far as the subject would admit, that ease and perspicuity which flow from the complete mastery of a congenial subject. The account of David Hume, in particular, struck us, not merely as excellent, but as *the best* specimen of Mackintosh's peculiar talents.

A reprint of this work, with some of Sir James's admirable articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and we must not omit to add his elegant and pathetic sketch of Mr. Canning's character, originally published in one of the Annuals—will ere long, we hope, be undertaken by the present editor.

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The day will no doubt come when his *Journals* may be published without mutilation or reserve; and we are inclined to believe—rather however from our knowledge of the man than from the cautious selections given in these volumes—that they will preserve some faint idea of Mackintosh's conversation and social qualities; which, after all, were his chief distinction among his contemporaries. It is to the Journals of the London life, from 1812 downward, that we particularly allude. *We* shall never see them—for although we are convinced, as well from the specimens we have, as from the habitual shyness and reserve of the man, that even to his wife Mackintosh would rarely *speak out* with entire freedom, yet it is hardly possible but that there must be too much of personal observation to permit their unreserved publication till the existing generation shall have passed away. They will also have, we cannot doubt, the frequent fault of partiality, and occasionally of prejudice; because, though Mackintosh, as we have said, was exceedingly candid, courteous, and cautious in his intercourse with society, it does not follow that his secret pen was always so discreet, either in praise or blame; and it is absolutely impossible that he should have lived so long in the atmosphere of party without being, occasionally at least, inflamed by its heat, and infected by its miasma. Nor can a diary written to amuse an absent friend be without some spice of satire and scandal. In the few extracts given of the later Journal, we see sufficient indication (if we needed any evidence of what is so natural as to be inevitable) of these deviations from impartial truth, as when—to give only two examples—he talks of his 'abhorrence of the Alien Bill'—a measure identically as necessary and as just as Sir James's right to shut and open the door of his own house in New Norfolk Street; and when—in the fervour of kindness with which Lord Holland's personal amiability inspires all his friends—Mackintosh is so transported as to declare, that 'in the highest attributes of an orator's genius, he (*Lord Holland*) excels not only Brougham, but—*Canning!*'

We notice these prejudices and partialities thus *slightly* because we could not go deeper without giving pain; we notice them *at all*, because, if we did not thus enter our *caveat*, it might be alleged hereafter, when the Journals shall come to be fully published, that *even we* had not ventured to breathe a doubt of their accuracy and impartiality. We, therefore, here register—not a doubt, but a *conviction* (which even now we have abundant materials to justify)—that Mackintosh's judgment of the men, measures, and manners of his day—though probably in the main moderate and just—must still be read with those wholesome suspicions and that prudent scepticism, from whose scrutiny no man—and, above all, no

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no man who has taken any share in the political parties of his time—ever has been or ought to be exempt.

In conclusion, we have no difficulty in saying, that this is, though not a good *Life* of this eminent man, a most interesting and entertaining collection of *Mackintoshiana;* and that, amidst the necessary defects of a filial editor, it is impossible not to admire the modest but manly tone and spirit, and unaffected good taste, of Mr. Robert Mackintosh's own connecting narrative.

The book includes two likenesses of Sir James—one from a portrait by Lawrence, painted in his thirty-eighth year; the other after a bust by Mr. Barlowe, done when he had reached the age of sixty-six: to the fidelity of this last representation of a mild and thoughtful good man we can bear witness.

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THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1835.

ART. I.—1. *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By S. Johnson, LL.D. With numerous Corrections and Additions, by the Rev. H. J. Todd, A.M. 4 vols. 4to. London. 1818.
2. *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By Noah Webster, LL.D. 2 vols. 4to. New York. 1828. Reprinted, London, 1832.
3. *A New Dictionary of the English Language.* By Charles Richardson. Parts I. and II. London. 1835.

THOUGH we were never enrolled in Pinkerton's corps of *mighty Goths*, being neither believers in his theories, nor admirers of the spirit and temper in which he maintained them, we do not mean to deny that we feel a strong partiality for almost every branch of the great Gothic and Teutonic family, by whatever appellation it may be designated. We may, perhaps, be a little out of humour at present with the Belgians—but we have a great regard for the Dutch, a still greater for the Germans, and an absolute enthusiasm for all the sons of Odin, whether Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, or Icelanders. Our Gallic neighbours, or rather the doctors of one of their literary sects, may still affect to doubt 'si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit'—but if even these fine gentlemen reflect on the part acted by the Germans and their kindred on the theatre of the world since Arminius struck Rome the blow from which she never recovered, they can hardly deny them power and valour, and a knowledge of the arts by which dominion is acquired and preserved. Our interest on behalf of this remarkable race extends not only to their history and civil polity, but also to their language, in all its branches. We well remember our delight at the discovery that Justin and Justinian originally bore the respectable names of Upright and Stock. We look upon Ulphilas's Mœso-Gothic Gospels as one of the most precious relics of antiquity, and would have every word of genuine Teutonic descent carefully preserved, whether spoken by the prince or the peasant.

Of course, we include English in our list of favourites, and believe, as in duty bound, that, take it for all in all, there is no tongue superior to it in the whole European circle. We are disposed, also, to take it as we find it, and are very far from wishing to banish any terms of southern descent that can produce proper warrants of naturalization. We are fully sensible of the advantage



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of possessing such words as *flower, florid, flourishing,* along with their counterparts *bloom, blooming, blow, blossom;* and feel—as every one must—that the union of the two classes furnishes a strength and richness of diction, and a choice of terms to express primary and secondary ideas, compared with which the vocabulary of the French and the Italians is poverty itself. But, after all, terms of Saxon and Northern origin constitute the sinews of our speech, and must be the most attentively studied by those who would form clear ideas of its genius and structure. Indeed, one principal reason why we prize a knowledge of the German and Scandinavian dialects, and would recommend it to others, is that they throw a light on the analogies of our own language, and the principles of its grammar, which cannot be obtained from any other source. We know that it is easy to sneer at such pursuits, and to ask—who but a dull pedant can see any use in confronting obscure and antiquated English terms with equally obscure German ones, all which might, without any great injury, be consigned to utter oblivion? It would have been equally easy to ask fifty or sixty years ago—and would at that time have sounded quite as plausibly—what can be the use of collecting and comparing unsightly fragments of bone that have been mouldering in the earth for centuries? But now, after the brilliant discoveries of Cuvier and Buckland, no man could propose such a question without exposing himself to the laughter and contempt of every man of science. Sciolists are very apt to despise what they do not understand; but they who are properly qualified to appreciate the matter know that philology is neither a useless nor a trivial pursuit,—that, when treated in an enlightened and philosophical spirit, it is worthy of all the exertions of the subtlest as well as most comprehensive intellect. The knowledge of words is, in its full and true acceptation, the knowledge of things, and a scientific acquaintance with a language cannot fail to throw some light on the origin, history, and condition of those who speak or spoke it. Who knew anything about the gipsies, till an examination of their language proved beyond all doubt that they came from the banks of the Indus? Who knows anything certain about the Pelasgi? And who does not perceive that two connected sentences of their language would tell us more clearly what they really were than all that has hitherto been written about them? The Irish antiquaries give magnificent accounts of the learning and civilization of their ancestors two or three thousand years ago; but when we find that their language, in some respects a copious as well as beautiful one, is utterly destitute of scientific terms, and cannot convey the import of them without a clumsy periphrasis, we are enabled to appreciate such statements at their real value.

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We are aware that Dugald Stewart, while combating the metaphysical conclusions of Horne Tooke, thought proper to speak somewhat slightingly of etymological investigations. With all due respect for such authority, we think that he took an insufficient as well as an unfair view of the matter. When he represents the cultivation of this branch of knowledge as unfavourable to elegance of composition, refined taste, or enlargement of the mental faculties, he seems to have forgotten the grammatical and etymological speculations of Plato, Cæsar, and Cicero—and that the collection and comparison of the provincialisms of Germany was a favourite employment of the illustrious Leibnitz. We fully assent to Mr. Stewart's strictures on the absurdity of Tooke's favourite position, that words ought *always* to be used in their primitive signification. A wise man employs the language of the country according to its current acceptation, as he uses the national coin according to its current value, taking care in both cases to choose the genuine and reject the counterfeit. But when Mr. Stewart tries to make it appear that it is better in many cases to remain ignorant of the original meanjng of words than to know it, we think him singularly unfortunate both in his position and in the illustration which he brings forward to support it. The learned Professor says :—

'The argument against the *critical* utility of these etymological researches might be carried much farther, by illustrating their tendency with respect to our poetical vocabulary. The power of *this* (which depends wholly on association) is often increased by the mystery which hangs over the origin of its consecrated terms; as the nobility of a family gains an accession of lustre, when its history is lost in the obscurity of the fabulous ages.

'A single instance will at once explain and confirm the foregoing remark. Few words, perhaps, in our language have been used more happily by some of our older poets than *harbinger;* more particularly by Milton, whose "Paradise Lost" has rendered even the organical sound pleasing to the fancy—

> "And now of love they treat, till th' evening star,
> Love's *harbinger*, appear'd."

How powerful are the associations which such a combination of ideas must establish in the memory of every reader capable of feeling their beauty; and what a charm is communicated to the word, thus blended in its effect with such pictures as those of the evening star, and of the loves of our first parents!

'When I look into Johnson for the etymology of *harbinger*, I find it is derived from the Dutch *herberger*, which denotes one who goes to provide lodgings or a harbour for those that follow. Whoever may thank the author for this conjecture, it certainly will not be the lover of Milton's poetry. The injury, however, which is here done to the word in question, is slight in comparison of what it would have been,



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if its origin had been traced to some root in our own language equally ignoble, and resembling it as nearly in point of orthography.'—*Philosophical Essays*, p. 195.

This is elegantly and plausibly expressed, and will doubtless appear very convincing to a certain class of readers. In our opinion the criticism is radically unsound, and more worthy of Lord Chesterfield than of Dugald Stewart. In fact, the implicit adoption of the principle involved in it would make us quarrel with half our national vocabulary, which must, in the nature of things, have been applied to low and familiar objects, when it was the language of a rude and barbarous people. Let us apply the canon to another expression, much more homely in its origin and associations than *harbinger*. We need not inform our readers who wrote the following passages—

> 'Though the *yesty* waves
> Confound and swallow navigation up.'
>
> 'These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
> They melt into thy *yeast* of waves, which mar
> Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.'

With all due reverence for Partridge's maxim—*de gustibus*—we cannot help maintaining that no man can perceive the full power of the above nervous expressions, unless he knows precisely what *yeast* means; and, moreover, that the critic who would quarrel with them on account of the connexion of the word with malt, hops, and beer-barrels, and propose the substitution of *froth*, *foam*, or any similar milk and water expression, had better shut up Shakspeare and Byron, and devote himself to the study of French tragedies. It seems as absurd to quarrel with a forcible and appropriate poetical epithet on account of the homeliness of its origin, as it would be to despise a beautiful butterfly, because it was once a caterpillar; and, to pursue the analogy, it is as interesting and instructive to trace the progress of language from rudeness to refinement, as to watch the successive transformations of the various tribes of insects.

Once more: Mr. Stewart describes philologists as a useful sort of inferior drudges, who may often furnish their betters with important data for illustrating the progress of laws, of arts, and of manners, or for tracing the migrations of mankind in ages of which we have no historical records. It does not seem to have occurred to him that it is very possible for the profound philologist, and the enlightened antiquary or historian, to be united in the same person; and that he who derives this species of knowledge from the fountain-head, must possess a great superiority over him who has it at second or third hand, as all can testify who know and are able to appreciate the profound researches of such men as the late illustrious Humboldt.

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Humboldt. Had Mr. Stewart himself possessed a little more of this sort of knowledge, he would never have brought forward that most extraordinary theory of the origin of Sanscrit, which he supposes to be a mere factitious language, manufactured by the Bramins on the model of the Greek. This, we are willing to admit, is the most flagrant absurdity that has emanated from the Scotch school since the days of Monboddo.

Our anxiety to vindicate a favourite pursuit has rather led us astray from our purpose, which is, to make some remarks on the present state of English lexicography. We shall not laboriously attempt to demonstrate the value of a good dictionary, or to show that there is as much reason for compiling a good one of the English language as of any other. Even supposing that we did not require such a work for ourselves, it must at all events be wanted by those foreigners who take an interest in our literature. In most parts of Europe, a knowledge of English is now a necessary part of a liberal education, and the scholars of Germany and Denmark are not satisfied with a meagre school vocabulary, but go to the best and most original sources of information, wherever they can procure them. It is, therefore, of great importance to them that the words of our language should be carefully collected and correctly explained, as they cannot always have recourse, like ourselves, to living sources of information. We heartily wish, for their sakes, as well as for our own credit, that they had some better guidance than they can command at present. We fear that our best means and appliances are far from trustworthy, and we feel rather inclined to agree with a worthy Hibernian of our acquaintance, who declared that the only good English dictionary we possess is Dr. Jamieson's *Scottish* one. None of our lexicographers has equalled, or even approached, the venerable Doctor's industry in collecting words, or his skill and care in explaining them; and though etymology is his weakest point, he has, even in this department, a decided superiority over his southern competitors. Etymology and philology do not seem to thrive on British ground. We were indebted to a foreigner (Junius) for the first systematic and comprehensive work on the analogies of our tongue, and it is humiliating to think how little real improvement has been effected in the two centuries that have since elapsed. We have manifested the same supineness in other matters connected with our national literature. We have allowed *a Bavarian* to print the first edition of the Old Saxon evangelical harmony—the most precious monument of the kind, next to the Mœso-Gothic Gospels—*from English manuscripts*. In like manner, we are indebted to *a Dane* for the first printed text of Beowulf, the most remarkable production in the whole range of Anglo-Saxon literature; and we have to thank another Dane

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Dane for our knowledge of the principles of Anglo-Saxon versification, and for the only grammar of that language which deserves the name. We have had, it is true, and still have, men who pride themselves on their exploits in English philology, but the best among them are much on a par with persons who fancy they are penetrating into the profoundest mysteries of geology, while they are only gathering up the pebbles that lie on the earth's surface.* We admit that Horne Tooke dug more deeply than his competitors, and by no means without success; but, for want of practical knowledge, he often laboured in the wrong vein, and as often failed to turn the right one to the utmost advantage.

One principal cause for the little progress hitherto made in this branch of science is, that it has too often been studied as physiology was before the time of Galileo and Bacon. It was found easier to guess than to explore; consequently, almost every etymologist—instead of forming his system from a copious and careful induction of facts—sets out with a determination to reduce everything to a certain preconceived chimerical theory. One starts with the doctrine, that Celtic was certainly spoken in Paradise; another assumes the identity of Irish with Phœnician; a third undertakes to prove that Welsh is the oldest daughter of the Hebrew. Murray clearly sees all languages lurking in nine uncouth monosyllables—like forests of oaks in a few acorns; Voss is content with extracting Greek from a couple. On this, a German philologist, of a better stamp, sarcastically observes, that we may just as well undertake to derive every word in every language from the vowel A; and that, if such theories are to be tolerated at all, the *simplest* must necessarily be the best. All extravagancies of this sort deserve to be classed with Darwin's process for manufacturing animal bodies from irritable fibres; and make us long for the re-appearance of Aristophanes on earth, to put the dreaming authors—λεπτοτάτων λήρων ἰσρεῖς—in the Clouds.

Another great source of failure has been, that nearly all our English etymologists took up their trade without sufficient capital; and showed themselves grievously deficient in the various kinds of knowledge requisite to pursue it with success. It is not sufficient to collect a mass of apparently similar words, according to their initial letters in dictionaries; an etymologist ought to know the affinity and different degrees of affinity between languages—to study the genius and grammatical structure of each—and, above all, to possess a certain intuitive quickness of perception, com-

* We are far from intending to include all our *Anglo-Saxon* scholars of the present day in this censure. We admired, and sincerely regret, Mr. Conybeare. Some others of them—especially Mr. Kemble and Mr. Thorpe—have also done good service in this department, and we sincerely hope that they will live to do a great deal more.

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bined with sound judgment, capable of distinguishing the real from the imaginary. Without this faculty of discrimination, mere ponderous learning is often worse than useless—the more a man knows, the more blunders he is likely to commit. We have a signal example of this in our countryman Hickes. Few works exhibit more zeal and industry than his 'Thesaurus;' and those who can separate the wheat from the chaff may glean from it a great deal of valuable information. Nevertheless, we should be sorry to send a *fellow-creature* thither for elementary instruction. Though he had so little discrimination as to confound old Saxon and Francic—the very north and south poles of the Germanic dialects—he, in an unlucky hour, took upon himself to determine *ex cathedrâ* the different periods of the Anglo-Saxon language, and to classify its written monuments according to their different degrees of purity or impurity. His method of proceeding was summary enough: he first constructed a grammatical and critical system of his own, on the most erroneous and imperfect data; and then proceeded to stigmatise everything that did not seem to accord with it, as Dano-Saxon, and corrupt. As he was unable to distinguish between archaisms and poetical forms, and actual corruptions, he has included under the above head innumerable compositions which do not exhibit a single Danish peculiarity, grammatical or verbal; some of them, in fact, being written before the Danish invaders were seen or heard of. Most unfortunately, he has been looked up to as a paramount authority for more than a century; consequently, his labours have been, in many respects, more injurious than beneficial. We do not hesitate to say, that a man may learn more of the genius of the Anglo-Saxon language, and of the true principles of its grammar, from Rask, in a single week, than he will be likely to do in a year from the ponderous, ill-digested, and bewildering compilation of Hickes.

Of course, not much was to be expected from the successors of Hickes, who had his faults without a tithe of his learning or industry. Some of them seem to have been qualified for the office they undertook, in the same way as the macers in the Scottish courts, 'of whom,' as the author of Redgauntlet records, 'it is expressly required that they shall be persons of *no knowledge*.' Not only do they manifest a gross ignorance of the grammatical structure of the languages they have to deal with, but a total want of perception of their most obvious analogies. The changes in corresponding words of kindred languages are not arbitrary and capricious, but regulated by fixed and deeply-seated principles; especially in the radical words of the more ancient dialects. When we meet with a simple verbal form in Anglo-Saxon, we know beforehand

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forehand in what shape it may be expected to occur in Icelandic, as well as what further modification it is likely to undergo in Danish and Swedish. Of this sort of knowledge—the very foundation of all rational etymology—our word-catchers do not seem to have had the smallest tincture, and consequently they are perpetually allowing themselves to be seduced by imaginary resemblances into the most ludicrous mistakes. One of their deficiencies is extraordinary enough in these days of universal diffusion of knowledge. We have taken some pains in making ourselves acquainted with our recent lexicographers and glossarists, and find great reason to doubt whether any two of the whole tribe have so much as a schoolboy acquaintance with modern German. It is well known that this language is of the utmost importance to the philologist, not only on account of the extent of its vocabulary and the number and value of its ancient literary monuments, but further, because the best works on almost every branch of the subject are only accessible to a person acquainted with it. Perhaps the writings of Grimm, Bopp, and their coadjutors—men who seem likely to effect the same sort of revolution in European philology that Cuvier wrought in the sciences of comparative anatomy and geology—have scarcely had time to make their way among our scholars: but how comes it that so little use has been made of works which have been forty or fifty years before the public? We indeed occasionally meet with references to Schilter, Haltaus, Wachter, and Richey, whose *Latin* furnishes some clue to their meaning; but we have looked in vain for an etymology from the valuable Bremisch-Sächsisches Wörterbuch—the Holsteinisches Idiotikon—the elaborate work of Stalder on the dialects of Switzerland; and what is still more extraordinary, we have not found the smallest notice taken of the celebrated dictionary of Adelung—which, as a comprehensive etymological depository, perhaps claims precedence over every European work of the same class. We can only account for this by concluding that the *key* to those treasures was wanting. The explanations and definitions are *German*—σφόδρα Τεύτονες—consequently, any attempt of the uninitiated to give us the benefit of them would have had the success of George Primrose's well-meant attempt to teach the Dutch English.

It is, however, time to take some notice of the different works we are professing to review. The limits of an article necessarily preclude all detailed analysis of their contents; we shall, therefore, give our opinion of their respective merits as briefly as we can. Concerning Mr. Todd's labours, we do not think it necessary to say much. He has shown much industry in collecting words from our old writers; and has made sundry corrections, which are not without their value. In short, it is easy to perceive that he has read

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read many books, and remembers a great deal of what he has read; and that he is sufficiently accurate in matters connected with his own particular department. But his acquaintance with the language is more scholastic than vernacular; and he too frequently reminds us of Lightfoot, who, after drawing up a most learned and elaborate topographical description of Jerusalem, was completely lost on the road to his own field. He has most especially failed in adapting his work to the present state of *science*. Innumerable terms of art are wholly omitted, and the explanations of many that are given are either defective or absolutely erroneous; in short, he seems to think that the terminology of science remains nearly what it was in the days of George II. The department of British botany, in which precision was both necessary and easily attainable, is executed throughout in the most slovenly and incomplete manner. Instead of the nomenclature of Linnæus, Mr. Todd has either given the exploded and forgotten definitions of Miller's Dictionary, or none at all; consequently, a foreigner would, in a vast majority of instances, be unable to discover what is meant. Let the following familiar words—respecting which one would think there could be no mistake—serve as a sample:—

1. 'Cockle (*coccel*, Sax.; *lolium*, *zizania*, Lat.), a weed that grows in corn. The same with corn-rose, a species of poppy.'

Here is a confusion of three distinct plants,—*Lolium temulentum*, or darnel—*Agrostemma githago*, the corn-cockle—and *Papaver rhœas*, the wild poppy.

2. 'Waybread (*plantago*), a plant.'

What plant?—Is it *Plantago* MAJOR—*media*—*lanceolata*—*coronopus*—or *maritima*? A reference to the Saxon *wegbræd*, or the German *wegebreit*, would have shown that the proper orthography is way*brede*; and also have served to identify the *species*.

3. 'Cranberry, the whortleberry or bilberry.'

No more than a *raspberry* is a *blackberry*—as every man, woman, or child, that has tasted a cranberry-tart, can testify. We hope it is unnecessary to tell our readers in what the difference consists; but we ask seriously, whether foreigners, who find these gross blunders in our most accredited dictionaries, will not have cause to say, that Englishmen neither know their own language, nor the most common natural productions of their own country?

As specimens of English natural history, the above are doubtless bad enough; they are, however, by no means the worst samples of the march of information among us. Our readers are probably aware that an Almanac is annually published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—

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ledge—with sufficiently lofty pretensions, and bearing in front the names of an ex-Lord Chancellor, and we know not how many cabinet ministers. The one published in 1832 is garnished with a calendar of British zoology, furnished, we suppose, by a professor of the London University—certainly by some one to whom the sound of Bow-bell is more familiar than the zoology of this or any other country. Among the natural phenomena in January, we are gravely informed that the *hearth-cricket*, the *bed-flea*, and the *cheese-mite* may be seen in their respective haunts, *particularly on fine days!* Undoubtedly! and so may bugs and other little creatures familiar to man! In February, 'the grayling ascends rivers from the sea.' We believe grayling are about as plentiful in the sea as herrings are in Virginia Water. In June 'the sheep—*Ovis aries*—is shorn and washed!'—(*qu.* washed and shorn?) a piece of *natural* history worthy of the wight who pronounced St. Paul's a great *natural curiosity*. In November, 'hares remain much in their *dens*'—(fearful places, no doubt); and the in-June-shorn-and-washed *ovis aries* 'pairs' (we thought the ram was *vir gregis*), 'and utters its *peculiar call*'—being, we suppose, *silent* at all other seasons. In December, the different species of swallows—like Horrebow's owls—'are *not* found:' we needed no ghost to tell us that. Surely such stuff as this—and there is plenty of the same sort—is not much better than Francis Moore's astrology! A botanical and floral register, in a subsequent Almanac, is pretty much of the same calibre. If the countrymen of Linnæus get hold of these publications—which they will naturally regard as containing the concentrated wisdom of the *Society*—what an elevated idea they will have of the state of knowledge among us! —But we must come back to our dictionaries.

We had seen Dr. Webster's work so highly praised, particularly by his countrymen, that we were led to form high expectations of its merit. These expectations have, in a great measure, been disappointed. We give the author credit for great industry—some of which is not unsuccessfully directed. He has added many words, and corrected many errors, especially in terms relating to natural history and other branches of modern science. But the general execution of his work is poor enough. It contains, indeed, the words in common use, with their ordinary acceptations, but conveys no luminous or correct views of the origin and structure of the language. Indeed, as an attempt to give the derivation and primary meaning of words it must be considered as a decided failure; and is throughout conducted on perverse and erroneous principles. The mere perusal of his Preface is sufficient to show that he is but slenderly qualified for the undertaking. There is everywhere a great parade of erudition, and a great

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a great lack of real knowledge; in short, we do not recollect ever to have witnessed in the same compass a greater number of crudities and errors, or more pains taken to so little purpose. In his sketch of languages, he describes Basque as a pure dialect of the old Celtic: it is neither allied to the Celtic nor to any other European family of tongues. He states further, that he 'has no particular knowledge of the Norwegian, Icelandic, and the dialects or languages spoken in Switzerland, further than that they belong to the Teutonic or Gothic family.' Could a man who professes to have spent half his life in comparing languages be ignorant that Icelandic is the venerable *parent* of the whole Scandinavian tribe; and, consequently, of first rate importance in tracing the origin of words? He discovers that the prefixed *a* in *awake, ashamed,* &c. is formed from the Anglo-Saxon *ge*—with which it has not the smallest connexion; and, moreover, that the same particle (*ge*) is retained in the Danish and in *some* German and Dutch words. It is notoriously of the most extensive use in Dutch and German—and the very few Danish words in which it occurs are one and all borrowed from the Lower Saxon. With equal felicity he asserts that the prefix *be* is of extensive use in Danish and Swedish. Just as much as *hyper* and *peri* are in Latin; *be* like *ge* is in those two languages a *borrowed* particle, and from the same quarter. He thinks the negative prefix *o* in Swedish is *probably* a contracted word, being unable to perceive its identity with the German and English *un*. As might be supposed from these specimens—Dr. Webster's application of the northern tongues to English etymologies is often erroneous and perverse enough—it is, however, upon the whole, better than we should have anticipated from one so slenderly acquainted with their structure and peculiarities. He has taken great pains in collecting and comparing synonymes from different languages, and is often sufficiently happy in the explanation of individual terms. But the ambitious attempt to develope the radical import of words was an undertaking far beyond his strength and acquirements. In nineteen instances out of twenty his explanations are founded on a mere *petitio principii*, and frequently they are too ludicrous to deserve a serious refutation. Our readers may judge of them by the following sample:—

'Heat usually implies excitement; but as the effect of heat as well as of cold is sometimes to *contract*—I think *both* are sometimes from the *same radix*.'

We fear the doctor had forgotten the fable of the satyr and the traveller, when he penned the above choice sentence.

The main feature of the doctor's work—and the point on which he evidently most prides himself—is a laborious parallel between Hebrew—

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Hebrew—with its kindred dialects—and those European languages from which English is derived. We hesitate not to say that it is a waste of time and labour to attempt to establish an analogy between two classes so totally unlike in their component elements, as well as their entire mechanism and grammatical structure. There are, it is true, a certain number of verbal resemblances, which, when carefully examined, generally prove more apparent than real. It is seldom that an affinity can be proved, and when a remote one does exist, the discovery of it rarely throws any light on the origin or philosophy of languages like ours. We will produce a single example of the fallacy of trusting to resemblances of this sort. In Matth. i. 2. *et seq.*, the Syriac translator renders ἐγέννησε by אוליד (*auled* or *avled*); in the modern Danish version we find *avlede*, apparently so closely resembling the Syriac term, in sound, spelling, and signification, that many a smatterer in etymology would jump to the conclusion of a community of origin. But an examination of the grammatical inflexions proves that there is not the smallest affinity between the two. The roots have just *one letter* in common, and the apparent similarity is, in fact, a proof of real difference, being accidentally brought about in each word by a totally opposite process of inflexion. Yet, unskilful as it would be to identify the above words with each other, it would hardly be so bad as deriving *preach* [Lat. prædico] from the Hebrew *barak*—to bless—or *establish* [Lat. sto!!!] from *yatzab*—which Dr. Webster does without the smallest symptoms of remorse, or apparent suspicion of the absurdity and impossibility of the thing. These specimens may make us thankful that the doctor's 'Synopsis of the Principal Uncompounded Words in *Twenty* Languages' is 'not published—and perhaps never will be.' It would certainly be a formidable addition to the mass of etymological trash already before the world.

The above strictures on the application of Oriental languages to etymology must, of course, be understood to refer to those of the Semitic family. With respect to Persian, the case is very different, and though Dr. Webster's etymologies from this source are not always to the purpose, they are more frequently so than those from Hebrew and Arabic. In fact, the Persian language is an undoubted descendant of Sanscrit, or some ancient tongue closely allied to it: wofully disfigured and corrupted, it is true, but still retaining sufficient traces of its origin. It is, therefore, capable of furnishing valuable materials for the illustration of the great Indo-European tribe, if used skilfully and soberly, but the mischief is, that half-learned philologists are always attempting to make some kind of coin pass for more than its real worth.

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Various attempts, for example, have been made to deduce German—*en ligne droite*—from the old Persian. Von Hammer, if we recollect rightly, maintains most pertinaciously, that not only the language, but the German men and the German horses are from this quarter, being the undoubted descendants of the warriors and steeds of Darius the son of Hystaspes. The verbal coincidences between the two languages are indeed so numerous, that a sufficiently plausible theory may be constructed by any one who takes care to exhibit everything that suits his purpose, and to keep all the rest out of sight, according to the established practice of system-mongers. But when carefully and impartially examined, they only go to prove a remote collateral affinity. The majority may be accounted for by a common descent from Sanscrit or its parent, and the points of dissimilarity are much more numerous than those of agreement. Still the latter are well worthy of notice, not only as illustrative of the history and affinities of language, but also of the manners, customs, and religious opinions of antiquity; and occasionally we are amused by meeting with things of this sort, where we should hardly expect, *à priori*, to find them. We will produce a couple of instances which have not, to our recollection, been noticed before.

We have observed that the Semitic languages do not throw much light on those of Europe. This remark, however, does not necessarily apply to the exotic terms that have found their way into some Semitic dialects. In a remarkable Syro-Chaldaic lectionarium in the Vatican library, supposed by Adler to be in the Jerusalem dialect, ὑποδήματα, Luke xv. 22, is rendered שוין, that is, in a more European dress, *shuuin*, or *shooin*—precisely the word which a West Riding Yorkshireman uses for *shoes*. Hence, it appears, that those Hierosolymitan Christians, if such they were, not only, to use the Beaufoy phrase, had their feet *accommodated* with shoes, but, moreover, had a very tolerable sort of English name for them. The termination *in* is the Chaldee or Syriac plural: the word itself cannot be referred to any known Semitic root. It is not very easy to explain how this Germanic word got into an Aramean dialect, but we believe the history of its progress thither would be both curious and instructive, if it were possible to trace it.

Much has been written to little purpose, respecting the origin of *Yule*. We are not without a suspicion that the following curious passage may in some way be connected with it. The substance of the story is in the Shah Nameh, but we prefer Castell's account, we know not whence derived, as more clear and consistent. In his Persian lexicon are the following articles:—

'Sheb yelda. Anni nox longissima. Sedeh et Sedheh. Sextus decimus dies mensis Behmen [*i. e.* medii mensis hyemis] magis solennis

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nis et festus. Item, Nox quædam festa qua ignes solenni ritu extruunt; al. *sheb sayeh*, et *sheb yelda* [see above]; Turc. *sayeh-bindsy* dictum. Tempore Regis Hushenk [Hoshung] magnus extitit draco, ut aiunt; quem ipse rex lapide potens forte fortuna alium lapidem jactu tetigit; quorum lapidum collisione ignis excitatus, qui herbas et arbores circumcirca consumpsit, earumque incendio draco ille periit. Læti incolæ sumpserunt de hoc igne, et veluti triumphales ignes ubique extruxerunt. Qui mos ab eo tempore ad hoc usque solemnis mansit.'

The story is not a bad one, though not quite so marvellous as Baron Munchausen's destruction of the bear by the collision of two flints. We lay no great stress on the verbal resemblance between *yelda* and *yule*, which may be wholly casual, but we consider the similarity of the two festivals, and especially the exact correspondence of the season of celebration, as very remarkable. If we mistake not, Firdusi deduces the whole system of fire-worship from this source—we think the other the more plausible version of the matter—we do not say more *true*. The feast was evidently, in its origin, in honour of the sun's passing the winter solstice. The story of the dragon we conceive to be an ancient mythus that has appeared in more than one shape, and as we vehemently suspect, also to be traced to an astronomical origin. The most obvious parallel is the destruction of the Lernæan Hydra by Hercules. In both cases we have a monster subdued by a professed hero-errant, and by the assistance of fire; it happens too, oddly enough, that Iolaus, or Iolas, who furnished Hercules with the burning brands from the adjoining forest, bears a name very capable of *petrifaction*. A clever mythologist might construct a *theory* out of much scantier materials. If the author of Nimrod, for instance, takes the matter in hand, we have no doubt of his explaining every part of it as ingeniously as he resolved St. Cuthbert into an avatar of *Cush the bright*. He would have little difficulty in identifying Hercules with Hoshung—the hydra with the dragon—Iolaus with the stone—or the stone with Iolaus—*ad libitum;* or, in proving that the Persian *Sheb yelda*—the Theban *Iolæa*—and the Scandinavian *Yule*, were originally one and the same festival; and finally, that the resuscitation, or rejuvenescence of Iolaus, charioteer of Hercules (*i. e.* of the *sun*), has a reference to the renewal of the solar year. We do not presume to decide such recondite questions, but merely wish to suggest, that a careful examination of the Indian and Persian traditions might perhaps throw some light on the mythology of Scandinavia, where we find the same blending of Sabianism, pantheism, and worship of deified heroes as in that of Greece, Egypt, and Hindostan, and resemblances in detail too numerous to be always accidental.

To those who care more about the business of real life than the

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the genealogy of gods and demigods, it may be more interesting to learn that Persia was not only, like Scotland, literally a land of *cakes**—with frontiers called *marzha* or *marches*, under the care of a *marzuban* or *custos confinium* (Anglicè, warden of the marches)—but that the inhabitants were moreover well acquainted with the truly English games of tipcat† and leap-frog. They who maintain that our ancestors were once tributaries of 'the Grand Cyrus,' are welcome to suppose that those words and things accompanied the Sakai Sunu, or Sacæ, on their passage from the banks of the Jaxartes to the shores of the Baltic; and that our adjective *bad*, a word only found in Persian and English, is from the same quarter.

On the whole, Dr. Webster's quartos were hardly worthy of being reprinted in England. Of the next work on our list, Mr.

* Kak, panis biscoctus.—Castell. Lex. Pers. col. 434. The word is also found in Syriac, Arabic, and Chaldee, evidently borrowed from the Persian.—Vide Michaelis' edition of Castell's Syriac Lexicon, p. 404. In the Germanic languages *cake* is significant, being formed from *cook*, like *ῥίμμα* from *νίπτω*; as is manifest in Lower Saxon, *koken*, to cook, *kauke*, a cake, and still more plainly in the Scottish form, *cookie*. It would be curious to trace the exact degrees of relationship between the Persian and Teutonic terms and the Latin *coquo*. Compare Sanscrit *pac*, to cook, Phrygian *bekos*, bread, and our own *bake*.

† We transcribe the following articles for the benefit of those who have not access to that extraordinary monument of ill-requited learning,—Castell's Lexicon Heptaglotton.

'Chelu chub (q. d. paxillus et baculus), Lusus genus puerorum; ligni teretis extremum alio ligno percutiunt, atque ita in aërem subsiliens propellunt.'—Lex Pers. col. 211. This game was formerly well known in Yorkshire under the appellation of *trippets*. In the southern counties it is called tipcat; in Northumberland trippet and coit.

'Meshid, Mesid et Mesideh. Lusus nomen quo aliqui quotcunque proni, ad genua manibus compositis consistunt, quorum extremus semper cæteros omnes supra dorsum transilit, et primo loco se eodem modo rursus constituit.'—col. 508. We leave it to persons better versed in the antiquities of popular sports than ourselves to decide whether the above were among the games invented by the Lydians in the time of the great famine, which enabled them to pass every alternate day during eighteen years without eating.—Vide Herodot. lib. 1, c. 94.

The following passage proves that the *plough-drill* is neither an English invention nor a very recent one:—

'Kesht karideh; ager aratus, seminatusque simul—ut in Curdistan—dum aratur, per exiguum foramen desuper granum decidit quovis momento ante vomerem, et parum à latere, quod subversâ deinde terrâ obtegitur.'—Lex Persicum, col. 458.

It seems the barbarous Kurds are at least no novices in agriculture. The missionary Garzoni, who resided in Kurdistan from 1764 to 1782, describes the valleys and champaign country as being at that time in a high state of cultivation. As his 'Grammatica e Vocabolario della Lingua Kurda' is in few hands, the following extract from the preface may not be unacceptable to our readers:—

'Li paesi Kurdi sono tutte montagne altissime appartenenti al monte Tauro, con le loro bellissime valli, fertili di frutta e riso. I loro monti sopratutto abbondano di ottima galla, della quale li mercanti esteri ne fanno un gran commercio, trafficandola nella Asia Minore, in Soria, in Aleppo, indi in Europa; per li buoni pascoli abbondano pure d'ottime pecore, e capre, in cui consiste la maggior entrata. Le pianure poi à piè de' monti, tanto dalla parte di Persia, quanto dalla parte di Mesopotamia, sono fertilissime di grano, lino, bombace e sesamo.'—p. 5.

Richardson's,

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Richardson's, we are inclined, on many accounts, to judge favourably. We do not consider it perfect, either in point of plan or execution, but we hope it is likely to become the *foundation* of a better dictionary than we have hitherto possessed—and that, in the mean time, the honourable zeal of the author may be properly encouraged by the public. His selection of words is, in the main, judicious, and he has shown laudable industry in the collection of authorities for their different acceptations. We still adhere to the opinion which we formerly expressed, that it would be a more scientific, and in all respects a preferable arrangement, to give the significations of words in the *natural* order of succession, for we hold Grandgoustier's golden rule—'*de commencer par le commencement*'—to be as applicable to etymology as any other subject. A *chronological table of authors* would enable every reader to classify the quotations according to their respective ages; and it is of much more consequence to ascertain what a word originally meant, than to know by what English *author* now extant it happened to be first used. We think, moreover, that there is too often a scantiness in Mr. Richardson's definitions, calculated to leave imperfectly informed persons, and especially foreigners, at a loss; and that the more remote senses of words, which are precisely those that most need explanation, are often wholly overlooked. For example, under *Aberration*, no notice is taken of the astronomical and optical employment of the term; and under *Alchymy*, the primary meaning is left to be collected from an absurd and erroneous etymology of Vossius, and the secondary one, viz., 'a factitious or mixed metal,' from a passage in Milton, unintelligible to common readers. We could easily show that Mr. Richardson has omitted many words employed by the writers of the middle ages—but we do not find fault with this;—we rather object to his having admitted too many. In our opinion, archaic and provincial terms belong rather to a glossary than to a standard dictionary of a cultivated language. A repository of such words, to be of any real value, ought to be complete; and it is easy to perceive what dreadful confusion it would cause, to blend a huge mass of antique and dialectical forms with the English of the present day. We conceive the following would be a proper division of the different periods of our tongue:—1. An Anglo-Saxon lexicon, concluding with the eleventh century. 2. A glossary of archaic, and, what is much the same thing, provincial English, to the end of the fifteenth century. 3. Classical and modern English, from A. D. 1500, to the present time. Words belonging to the second period must of course be referred to for the *illustration* of those in the third—but ought not to be classed with them.

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We shall not enter into any detailed examination of the etymological portion of Mr. Richardson's work, the defects of which are not so much chargeable on himself, as on the guide whose dicta he implicitly follows. He appears to take it for granted that the author of the Diversions of Purley proves everything that he asserts, and that all rational and philosophical English etymology must be founded on his system. As we think there are no sufficient grounds for this persuasion, and that the general prevalence of it would be more likely to impede the improvement of sound philology than to promote it, we shall avail ourselves of the present opportunity of making some strictures on this celebrated work, which has been praised and censured without sufficient discrimination.

It cannot be denied that Tooke has done some service to the cause of English philology. He has successfully exposed the dreaming theories of Harris and Monboddo. He has made valuable remarks on various grammatical subjects, and is frequently sagacious and happy in the explanation of particular words. Even his errors and paradoxes are not without their use. They are supported with an ingenuity that compels us to admire when we feel obliged to withhold our assent, and not unfrequently contain approximations to truth which more wary and cautious inquirers may turn to good account. In short, we know few books more instructive than the Diversions of Purley, to those who are able and willing to think for themselves; but those who are content to take up their opinions on trust, that is to say, the great majority of readers, are as likely to be misled by its author as directed aright. No one appears to have formed a more accurate estimate of the merits and defects of the work, than the late accomplished editor of Warton's History of Poetry—whose remarks are so distinguished by moderation and candour, as well as by their general truth and discrimination, that we make no apology for laying them before our readers.

'To those who will be at the trouble of examining Mr. Tooke's theory, and his own peculiar illustration of it, it will soon be evident, that, though no objections can be offered to his general results, yet his details, more especially those contained in his first volume, may be contested nearly as often as they are admitted. The cause of this will be found in what Mr. Tooke has himself related, of the manner in which those results were obtained, combined with another circumstance, which he did not think it of importance to communicate, but which, as he certainly did not feel its consequences, he could have no improper motive for concealing. The simple truth is, that Mr. Tooke, with whom, like every man of an active mind, idleness—in his case, perhaps, the idleness of a busy political life—ranked as an enjoyment, only investigated his system at its two extremes, the root



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and the summit, the Anglo-Saxon and English from the thirteenth century downwards,—and having satisfied himself on a review of its condition in these two stages, that his previous convictions were on the whole correct, he abandoned all further examination of the subject. The former, I should feel disposed to believe, he chiefly studied in Lye's vocabulary—of the latter, he certainly had ample experience. But in passing over the intervening space, and we might say for want of a due knowledge of those numerous laws which govern the Anglo-Saxon grammar—and no language can be familiar to us without a similar knowledge—a variety of the fainter lines and minor features, all contributing to give both form and expression to our language, entirely escaped him; and hence the facilities with which his system has been made the subject of attack, though in fact, it is not the system which has been vulnerable, but Mr. Tooke's occasionally loose application of it.'—*Warton's History of English Poetry*, vol ii. pp. 493-4. ed. 1824.

To this we assent, with some little limitation. We are of opinion that Tooke signally failed in establishing some leading points of his system, and that his knowledge of ancient English literature was more multifarious than accurate. He frequently mistakes the meaning of his English quotations, as well as of his Scottish ones, and often draws sweeping and utterly unwarrantable conclusions from the blunder of a printer, or a mere misconception of his own. What Mr. Price observes of his Anglo-Saxon scholarship is equally applicable to his acquaintance with the German and Scandinavian dialects. There is sufficient evidence that he did not possess an accurate grammatical knowledge of any one of those languages, and of their general analogies and distinguishing peculiarities he knew nothing at all. It is, therefore, not wonderful that he fell into many gross mistakes; there is more cause to be surprised that he was so often in the right.

Our limits do not permit us to enter into any detailed analysis of Tooke's work,—we shall merely produce some instances of what we conceive to be practical errors, and leave our opinion of his principles to be collected from our strictures on their particular application. Mr. Price observes that the details in the first part of his work, namely, his much vaunted analysis of particles, may be contested nearly as often as they are admitted. We venture to go further, and to pronounce that it is, both in principle and execution, the most erroneous and defective part of the system, and that it contains very little indeed that can be safely relied upon.

One copious source of error, affecting more or less every branch of Tooke's system, is the assumption that Anglo-Saxon and its sister dialects may be practically regarded as original languages, and, consequently, that the bulk of the abbreviated forms of speech, which we call particles, may be traced to verbs or nouns, actually existing

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existing in one or more of that tribe. All this is more easily asserted than proved: in fact, we have almost invincible evidence that the assumption is a downright *petitio principii* and totally erroneous. Collateral dialects, so closely related as those in question, as certainly prove the existence of a parent language, as the co-existence of brothers and sisters implies a father before them; and as we have reason to suppose that Hecuba had a mother, though we do not know who she was, it is at least possible, that this more ancient Teutonic, or whatever we choose to call it, might not itself be an original tongue, but a scion from a still older form of speech. If, therefore, Anglo-Saxon is a *nata natarum*, a language several descents removed from a primæval one now lost, but in all likelihood closely related to Sanscrit, is it to be supposed that all its component elements are self-existent and self-derived? Must all the primitive circulating medium be cast into the crucible and recoined? May not some of the pieces have come down to us, somewhat clipped and defaced, as might be expected, but still substantially the same coin? A little further consideration will show that, next to the numerals and pronouns, no words are more likely to have been thus transmitted than particles, especially *prepositions*, which are absolutely necessary both to the precision and facility of languages constructed like ours. They bear a close analogy to the symbols in algebra, and language would be as unintelligible without words denoting the *separation* and *connexion* of particulars, as the demonstrations of the analyst without signs denoting positive, negative, and proportional quantities. Prepositions, therefore, must have existed from a very early period, and if our ancestors found a quantity of suitable ones ready made to their hands, we see no earthly reason why they should reject them *in toto*. Let us examine how far this *à priori* reasoning is borne out by facts in a particular instance. If we search for the origin of the preposition *over*, we find the equivalent words *ofer*, *yfir*, and *upar*, in the oldest monuments of the Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, and German. Three or four centuries earlier occurs the Gothic *ufar*, then the Latin *super*, and Greek ὑπὲρ, and in Sanscrit, the most ancient and unmixed language of the whole class, *upari*,* all precisely in the same signification. We entertain not the smallest doubt of the original identity of all the above words, and would as soon believe that the Athenians sprung out of the ground like mushrooms, as that *ofer* is formed from an indigenous Anglo-Saxon root, totally unconnected with the Sanscrit. That we may not appear to rest our cause on a solitary instance, we shall examine a number of Tooke's etymologies of particles, beginning

* Compare Persian *eber*.



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with the prepositions, the most ancient and simple words of the class.

'THROUGH. No other than the Gothic substantive *dauro*, or the Teutonic substantive *thuruh*, and, like them, means *door, gate, passage.*'

To say nothing of confounding Teutonic *turi* (door) with the Old Saxon *thuruh* (through), it is sufficient to observe, that in the very Gothic dialect here appealed to,—*through* and *door* are different words, and from different roots, as is clearly shown by Ulphilas's *thairh* aggvu *daur* (Matth. vii. 13.),—*through* the strait *door*. It is, indeed, easy to assert that *th* is here substituted for *d*, and equivalent to it, but before we assent to this, we desire to have an unequivocal instance of such a change in the initial consonants of contemporary words in any Teutonic language. Medial and final consonants are variously modified, but initials are tenaciously preserved unaltered, by Goths, Saxons, and Scandinavians, and we have no more right to assume the identity of *thairh* and *daur*, than we have to confound *thorn* and *turn*, in English. We venture to substitute the following etymology, more as probable, than absolutely certain. Sanscrit, *trī*, transgredi, (of which Latin *trans* seems a participial form); old Swedish, *tæra, permeare, transire;* Gothic, *thairks*, foramen, and *thairh*, whence Anglo-Saxon, *thurh;* English, *through*. Compare Welsh, *trwy*—Gaelic and Irish, *troimh, tre, trid*, through—and probably Gothic *thaurn*, Anglo-Saxon, *thorn*, spina, *q. d.* the *piercer*. We may just observe that the Sanscrit, *trī*, appears to be the root of the comparative affix *tara* (Greek, τερος, Persian, *ter*), *q. d. exceeding*, or exactly equivalent to our *passing* strange, *passing* fair.

'OF. A fragment of Gothic, *afara, posteritas.* ANGLO-SAXON, *afora, proles.*'

No more than the Latin *post* is from English *posterity*, as will appear from the following synonyms. Sanscrit, *apa;* Greek, ἀπὸ; Latin, *ab;* Old German, *aba, apa;* Gothic, Icelandic, *af;* ANGLO-SAXON, *of*. The Gothic noun *afar* is two descents removed, being from the particle *afar, post*, which is evidently *derived* from *af*.

'TO, is the Gothic substantive *tavi* or *tawhts*, *i. e.*, act, effect, result, consummation. Which Gothic substantive is indeed no other than the past participle *tavid*, or *tawds*, of the verb *taujan*, agere. In the Teutonic this verb is written *tuan* or *tuon*, whence the modern German *thun*, and its preposition varying like the verb, *tu*. In Anglo-Saxon the verb is *teogan*, and preposition *to*.'

This assemblage of errors and crudities is enough to make one exclaim with Toinette, *Ignorantus, ignoranta, ignorantum!* The Gothic particle, here entirely overlooked, is *du—taujan* is not the Teutonic

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Teutonic *tuon*, but *zawjan*, quite a distinct verb. The German preposition is not *tu*, but *zu*—the Anglo-Saxon *teogan* does not mean *to do*, but *to draw* or *tow* (German, *ziehen*); and finally, the particle *to* cannot be derived from *do* in any Germanic dialect, old or new, without a gross violation of the elementary principles of language. Let our readers just compare the following parallel forms—

| | Verb. | Preposition. |
|---|---|---|
| Goth, | | du. |
| Old German, | tuan, tuon. | za, zi, zuo. |
| Old Saxon and Anglo-Saxon, | don, | te, to. |
| Modern German, | thun, | zu. |
| Dutch, | doen, | te, toe. |
| English, | do, | to. |

Surely this dissimilarity, running as it does through so many languages, is a pretty strong proof of a radically distinct origin! Respecting the true etymon of *to*, the best philologists have nothing but conjectures to offer, and we purposely refrain from adding to the number.

'By is the imperative byð of the Anglo-Saxon *beon*, to be.'

This is not only an assertion without proof, but as extravagant a proposition as ever was advanced. *By* simply denotes juxtaposition; *be* can convey no other idea than that of essential identity;—and how those two notions are to be reconciled with each other, we are unable to perceive. It is comparatively small criticism to remark that, after all, byð is not the *imperative* of *beon*, but the *indicative present, est*. The most probable etymon of *by* appears to be the Sanscrit *abhi*. Another form, *api*, seems the prototype of the Greek ἐπὶ, and the old Latin *ape:* Gloss. Philoxeni *ape*, παρὰ.

'Beyond, the imperative *be* with the past participle *geond*, of the verb *gan*, *gangan*, or *gongan*, to go, and means, *be passed*.'

A Saxon past participle in *ond* would be as strange a phenomenon as a Latin past participle in *ans* or *ens*. We believe that *geond* belongs to the class of pronominal particles, a numerous family that Tooke does not seem to have dreamt of. Gothic *jainar*, ἐκεῖνος, *jaind*, *jaindre*, ἐκεῖ, ἐκεῖσε, Bavarian *ent*, *enont*, from the demonstrative pronoun *ener*, German *jener*. It is remarkable that this pronoun does not appear in Anglo-Saxon, though we have it in the English *yon*, whence *yond*, *yonder*, *beyond*. The Anglo-Saxon *geond* (beyond), and *geond* (through), are apparently the same word, having reference, in the former instance, to a certain remote point, and in the latter, to the intervening space. In like manner, *over* may either include the sense of *trans* or *per*, according to the context.

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It would be tedious to enter into a minute examination of every individual preposition. Tooke's etymologies of *down* and *about* are very properly corrected by his editor, and we could easily show that his resolutions of *from*, *for*, *without*, *under*, are grossly erroneous; that those of *in* and *out* are unsupported by evidence and without intrinsic probability; and that the root of *against* is not a past participle, but a noun substantive. *Between* and *betwixt* are in the main correctly explained; and in his etymology of *with*, which we allow to be highly ingenious and plausible, he is right as to the primary signification, but greatly mistaken in making it, *more suo*, a verb in the imperative mood.

We must dispatch the remaining particles as briefly as we can, consistently with a due examination of Tooke's principles, which are most fully developed in his theory of conjunctions. For the little virtuous peace-making particle IF, which he places in front of his array, he appears to have felt a peculiar affection, if we may judge from the pains that he takes to establish its genealogy. In fact, we believe that this word was the foundation of his whole system. Having discovered, as he thought, that *if* is the imperative of *give*, he naturally enough concluded that other particles might be accounted for by the same process. Accordingly, he expends a profusion of labour and perverse ingenuity in detecting imperatives where none ever existed, or possibly could. In the present instance, a comparison of the cognate languages proves that *if* is neither an imperative of *give* nor of any other verb; consequently, any system founded on that basis is a mere castle in the air. It is unnecessary to repeat Dr. Jamieson's statement of the matter, which is, in our opinion, perfectly decisive against Tooke's etymology.* We shall merely observe, that the great variety of ancient forms makes it extremely difficult to determine the precise etymon. Some are not unlike the Sanscrit *iva*—sicut—others have plainly the form of *nouns*—*e. gr.* the old German *ibu*, *ipu*, may be resolved into the ablative or instrumental case of *iba*, *ipa*, dubium. Compare the Icelandic *efa*, to doubt, *efi*, a doubt, *ef*, if.

'BUT.' There is no single word which Tooke has laboured with more diligence and acuteness than this, none concerning which he delivers his conclusions more confidently, and, we venture to say, none in which he has more signally and demonstrably failed in establishing them. His theory of two *buts*—one the imperative of *botan*, and the other the imperative of Anglo-Saxon *beon*, combined with *utan*—*q. d. be out*, is a chimera from be-

* Vide Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, vol. i. art. Gif. The Doctor justly observes that neither the Gothic *jabai*, the Alemannic *ibu*, *ob*, *oba*, nor the Icelandic *if* or *ef*, can be formed from the verbs denoting *to give* in those languages. The Frisic and Old Saxon synonyms are equally unfavourable to Tooke's hypothesis.

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ginning to end. We assert most confidently, that *but* is, under every shade of signification, simply *bi utan* (exactly the Greek παρεκτὸς), under which form it plainly appears in Old Saxon. This compound term is peculiar to the Saxon and Belgic dialects; in Scandinavian and Old German we find the simple forms *utan, uzzan;* and a decisive argument against all necessity for two English *buts* is that *utan* and *uzzan*, originally denoting *extra*, are unequivocally employed in the various senses of *vero, sed, nisi, præter*, and *sine*. In fact, the office of *but*, under all its modifications, is merely to *discriminate*—sometimes with more, and sometimes with less, precision. In the beginning of a sentence it usually denotes transition, in the middle it is commonly adversative; and in each case, any word authorized by the custom of the language, conveying the idea of *distinction*, may be used to express it. Thus the Greek ἀλλὰ denotes diversity; the modern German *sondern*, separation; the Icelandic *helldŭr* (potius), Dutch *maar*, French *mais*, Spanish *mas*, and several others imply *preference*. It is worthy of notice, that the Latin *sed** anciently signified *without* (sine), as our *but* still does in some provincial dialects.

Did our limits permit, we could easily show that the conjunction *as* is not, as Tooke affirms, equivalent to *that*, but to *thus* or *so;* that *and* cannot be derived from *anan*, to give, because no such verb exists; that *though* is in all probability a pronominal particle; and *since* no corruption of *seen* or *seeing*, but simply *after that*. We further maintain that *else, unless*, and *least* have not the smallest connection with *lesan*, to dismiss. The first is a genitive absolute form of *elle*, alius, reliquus; the second, merely *on less—i. e. at* or *for less* (French *à moins*, Danish *med mindre*, literally *with less*); and the original form of the third, Anglo-Saxon *thy læs*, exactly corresponds with Latin *eò minus*. We think we could, moreover, show that Tooke's resolution of English pronouns into Anglo-Saxon verbal forms, is as preposterous in principle as it is thoroughly erroneous in its details. Most of our European pronouns are found already existing in the most ancient Sanscrit monuments, and frequently under nearly identical forms. Let our readers compare our Anglo-Saxon article *se, seo, that*, Gothic *sa, so, thata*, with the Sanscrit *sa, sā, tad*, or *tat*, and analyse their respective *inflections*. They will then be able to judge how far *se* is likely to come from *seon*, or *the* from *thean*, or any Saxon verbs whatever. Our readers may not be displeased to know the sentiments of two of the first philologists in Europe, Bopp and Grimm, on some of the above points.

* 'Eam pecuniam eis *sed fraude* suâ solvito.'—Fragm. Leg. xii. Tabular. apud Scaliger. ad Festum. *Se* in the same signification is of more common occurrence—'*se* dolo malo;' 'se fraude esto.' Both forms seem to be merely ablatives of *sui*, q.d. *by itself, apart;* consequently including the same idea of separation as Germ. *sondern*.

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points. The former, after observing that the bulk of words composing the Sanscrit language are formed from monosyllabic verbal roots, adds, that 'we cannot refer to this source either the *numerals*, the *pronouns*, or the majority of the *prepositions* and other particles, most of which last class may be traced with more or less certainty to *pronominal* roots.' On the prepositions and prepositional particles Grimm remarks—

'We are far from being able to trace their origin and peculiar formation in all cases. The oldest, like the pronouns with which a number of them are undeniably connected, belong to the more obscure parts of language—those of more recent formation may be more easily deduced from substantives or adjectives.'

On the whole, then, we are of opinion that Tooke has signally failed in some of his leading conclusions respecting our English particles. He overlooked the share which pronouns have in their formation; he sought the origin of the prepositions where it is no more to be found than the source of the Nile is in Egypt; and he forced upon many particles a verbal signification which they are not capable of bearing. According to Plutarch, the Delphian EI supported the tripod of truth; we fear that Tooke's *if imperative* led him into a labyrinth of error. Indeed, we doubt whether any genuine simple preposition or conjunction ever was, in point of fact, a verb imperative, or could be in the nature of things. Imperatives are often employed as interjections or interjectional adverbs—never, we conceive, as conjunctions, properly so called—still less as prepositions or pronouns.

We have not leisure to examine Tooke's explanations of English adverbs, much less to point out all the errors of detail in the second part of his work. In the principles there laid down we agree with him to a certain extent. It seems curious, yet it is an undoubted fact, that we can discover no nouns, denoting material objects, of a strict primary signification; all whose origin can be traced conveying a secondary or relative idea. A fox, for example, is a particular animal, distinguishable by well recognized characters from every other; but the name by which we designate it is not a primitive word, originally and essentially appropriate to the species, or even to the genus. On the contrary, Grimm has shown, that in English and German, *fox* simply denotes *hairy;* in Sanscrit, the feminine noun *lomasā*—*q. d.*, *villosa*, from *lomas* (hair)—means a fox; while the masculine *lomasă* (*villosus*), denotes quite a different animal, a *ram*. In other languages, *e. g.* in the Icelandic *refr*, and Persian *roubah*, the idea of hairiness quite disappears, and Reynard is designated by another single quality, *thievishness*. The reason of this is obvious. Though a fox is an individual, he is composed of an aggregate of particulars, which no simple word is capable

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capable of expressing. We therefore denote this complex idea by a term expressive of some single quality; and though the term may in itself be equally characteristic of a rat or a squirrel, it answers every purpose of oral communication, as long as people agree to employ it in the same sense. Tooke had consequently no difficulty in showing, that many names of material objects are mere verbal nouns. He has also shown that many adjectives were originally participles; though he too frequently refers those of remote origin to English or Saxon roots. There is, however, one part of his work calculated, as we think, to convey false notions, both of language and philosophy. We find in all languages a number of what are commonly called *abstract* nouns—that is, nouns not significative of sensible or material objects, but of mental conceptions. Tooke's peculiar grammatical and metaphysical notions rendered him anxious to get rid of them; accordingly, he made an indirect attempt to prove that no such words really exist. It is indeed true that the ideas expressed by them have only a relative, not an independent or positive existence. Without space there can be no extension—without matter there can be neither length, breadth, nor thickness; but matter being granted, the above properties of it necessarily follow. Our *senses*, it is true, cannot discern them, except as attributes of a material object; but the whole science of pure geometry proves that the *mind* is capable of conceiving them *abstractedly*—that is, without the smallest reference to matter. The words denoting such ideas form, therefore, a distinct as well as a highly important and interesting class; and the facility and nicety of discrimination with which the Indo-European tongues—especially Sanscrit, Greek, and German—are capable of expressing them, add greatly to their richness and beauty, and give them a marked superiority over all the Semitic family.

Tooke only attempted a small portion of our English abstract nouns, in anything like a direct method; but this portion was too hard for him. He resolves those ending in *th* into third persons of verbs, though no word can at the same time be a noun substantive and a verb in any person; and he all along confounds agent and patient, subject and predicate, in the most arbitrary and illogical manner. We shall not now stop to examine whether month is *mooneth*, fifth *fiveth*, or knave (German, *knabe*, a *youth!!*) which he has dragged in among the *abstracts—ne hafath, qui nihil habet;* but we will just bestow a few words on his famous etymology of *truth*. We are not going to animadvert on the moral and metaphysical part of the question, which has been sufficiently done already, but merely to view it in a philological light.

The whole of Tooke's case rests on two assumptions: first, that to

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to *trow* simply denotes to *think* or *believe*; secondly, that *truth* originally meant, and still does mean, what *is trowed*, and nothing more: and on the strength of these conclusions, neither of which he has proved, he flatters himself that the old-fashioned notion of *truth* is totally exploded. We venture to think that the following statement is rather more germane to the matter. Sanscrit *dhru*, to be established—*fixum esse;* whence, *dhruwa*, certain—i.e. *established;* German, *trauen*, to rely, trust; *treu*, faithful, true—πιστὸς; Anglo-Saxon, *treow*, fidus—*treowth*, fides—πίστις—both subjectively and objectively; English, *true*, *truth*. To these we may add, Gothic, *triggvus*,—Icelandic, *tryggr*,—fidus, securus, tutus: all from the same root, and all conveying the same idea of stability or security. *Truth*, therefore, neither means what is *thought* nor what is *said*, but that which is *permanent*, *stable*, and is and ought to be *relied upon*, because, upon sufficient data, it is capable of being demonstrated or shown to exist. If we admit this explanation, Tooke's assertions, that there is nothing but truth in the world;—in other words, that there is no difference between truth and falsehood; that without mankind there could be no truth, *i.e.* without mankind there could be no other mode of existence; and that two contradictory propositions may be true because *believed* by the utterers,—which amounts to saying, that a thing may be and not be at the same time—become *vox et præterea nihil*. In all inquiries after *truth* the question is, not what people, who may or may not be competent to form an opinion, *think* or *believe*, but what *grounds* they have for believing it. A man may feel persuaded that two and two make five, or that the angles of a triangle are equal to three right angles; but he can neither *prove* these propositions to others, nor have them demonstrated to himself, because they come under the Houhynymn category of *things that are not*. Mr. Stewart observes, that Tooke avoids all reference to mathematical science; we trow that he had good reasons for this omission.

We think we have shown that Tooke's doctrines are not to be admitted without restriction; and that his application of them is far from being universally correct. It may perhaps be said, that it is easier for a man to find fault with the doings of other etymologists than to produce anything more to the purpose himself. But though it would be *pessimi exempli*, and fatal to the whole craft of reviewing, to admit that no man is entitled to criticise a poem unless he is able to write one, we shall, on the present occasion, imitate the example of 'Milburn, the fairest of critics,' and give those, who may think themselves aggrieved by us, their revenge They may, if they please, consider the following detached articles as a specimen of a new Etymologicon Anglicanum, and deal

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deal with them as they think fit. At all events, the observations may serve as an extension of our critique on the books we have been professing to review, and as a vehicle for communicating some etymologies which, whether right or wrong, do not appear to be generally known.

ABRAID, BRAID.—Our etymologists have given the various significations of these words more or less correctly, and referred some of them to the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon *bregda*. No one has, as far as we know, attempted to assign the primary sense, or to classify the numerous and seemingly unconnected acceptations. This, we think, may be done as follows. The Icelandic verb *bregda*, and its corresponding noun *bragd*, denote—1. sudden, quick motion—whence *braid*, a start; 2. removal—'the kerchiefe off her hede she *braide*;' 3. transition, change to a different state of things—*v. t. q.*, 'out of her sleep she *braide*;' 4. change of countenance, gesture—whence the provincial term to *braid* of one's parents—*i. e.*, resemble them—*vultu vel gestu referre*; 5. change produced by artificial means, to *braid*, *nectere*—hence metaph., as Dr. Webster well observes; 6. deceit, to deceive—*nectere dolos*. The simple verb also denotes to reproach—whence our *upbraid*—the precise force of which is not quite obvious; it seems to include the idea of a sudden stroke or attack. Boucher's fancy of a connexion between *abraid* and *broad* is quite out of the question. We give this, out of a multitude of instances, to show the light thrown on our language by the Icelandic, which has hitherto been most strangely neglected by our lexicographers.

AGOG.—We shall say nothing of the innumerable conjectures respecting this word, except that Mr. Richardson's derivation from the Gothic *gaggan*, to go, is against all analogy. He ought to have known that this verb is in reality *gangan*, and cannot possibly be the parent of either *gag* or *gog*. We believe that the Roxburghshire phrase, *on gogs*, adduced by Mr. Brockett, points to the true origin; viz., Icelandic, *à gœyium*—on the watch or look-out—from the neuter passive verb *gœyiax*, to peep or pry.

AISTRE, ESTRE.—This word has long been a *crux etymologorum*; even Adelung confesses that he has nothing satisfactory to offer respecting it. Though found in one form or other all over the north of Europe, it is evidently not a native, but an exotic term of art. We believe the following to be the true history of it. Italian, *lastra* (*tabula lapidea*), a stone or marble slab used for flooring—*lastricare*, to lay a stone floor; *lastrico*, a pavement or stone floor—λιθόστρωτος. By a confusion between the initial consonant and the article, common in Italian (comp. *azzurro*, from *lazur*, *ninferno* for *inferno*), *lastrico* became *astrico*—a word preserved by Florio and Torriano, though omitted by Alberti and the

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the 'Vocabolario della Crusca.' In this form the Italian architects employed in our ecclesiastical edifices imported it into the transalpine regions, where, under the further mutations of *aesterich, estrich, astre, estre, aistre,* it appears at various times under the following gradation of meanings:—1. stone floor, pavement, paved causeway; 2. plaster-floor, also ceiling; 3. hearth, fire-place; 4. apartment; 5. dwelling-house. It is curious to see how nearly people often approach the truth without being able to find it. Schmeller traces the word to *astrico,* but no further; and Adelung actually refers to Ducange for *lastra,* without suspecting that it furnishes a clue to the whole matter. We leave those who have leisure and opportunity to inquire whether the original form is *lastra* or *astra.* Frisch gives *aster,* lapis quadratus; but we can find no other authority for the word.

ALDER.—'French, *aulne, aune;* Italian, *alno;* Spanish, *alamo;* Latin, *alnus:* so called *quod alatur amne.*'—Richardson.

Neither a complete etymology, nor entirely correct. The Spanish synonym is *aliso,* not *alamo,* which means a *poplar;* and the following are surely more nearly related to an English word than terms of Latin extraction: Anglo-Saxon, *ælr* (also *alor, alr*—apparently dialectical forms); old High German, *elira,* and, by transposition, *erila;* modern German, *erle;* Lower Saxon, *eller* (still used in Yorkshire and Scotland); Icelandic, *æln, elni* (resembling the Latin); Swedish, *al* (the simple root); Danish, *elle.* This is a sample of the care of our lexicographers in collecting Teutonic etymologies. Though the above synonyms illustrate several curious points relating to the formation of language, not one is given by Todd or Richardson; and Dr. Webster only has the Anglo-Saxon *alr*—not so genuine a form as *ælr.* We adduce this word chiefly for the sake of showing how unsafe it is to catch at mere resemblances in sound or spelling. Schmeller, in his valuable Bavarian Dictionary, observes, that the termination *ter* or *der* is a relic of an ancient word denoting *tree—holun-der,* elder-tree; *wachol-der,* juniper-tree. It might seem an obvious deduction from analogy, that *alder* is also *al-tree;* but this, though plausible enough, would be an erroneous conclusion. The *d* in *alder* is of very recent date, being introduced, *euphoniæ gratiâ,* to prevent the unpleasant collision between *l* and *r.* The Germans seem to have transposed their *elira* for the same reason. The derivation of *alnus* from *alo* does not seem very probable; it is more likely to be connected with a class of words denoting *moisture*—uligo, ulva, &c.

ASHLER STONES.—'Stones as they come from the quarry.'—Todd, Webster. Meant, we suppose, to prove Pope's dictum, that a dictionary-maker does not know the meaning of *two words* put

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put together. If any inquisitive foreigner should happen to learn that our most superb public edifices—St. Paul's and York cathedrals, for example—are *ashler-work;* that is, constructed (as here defined) of *stones as they come from the quarry;* what an elevated opinion he must form of English architecture! No one, as far as we know, has attempted an etymology of the word; which seems to be confined to the British islands: we believe it to be Celtic. The Gaelic is *clach shreathal* (pronounced *shreāl*); *i. e.,* stone laid in *rows*—from *sreah,* a row. We have another Celtic term still more extensively diffused—viz., *gavelock,* a large crow used by masons and quarrymen. A lynx-eyed antiquary might here find materials for some speculation respecting the native country of the workmen employed in the construction of our old castles and cathedrals. But indeed, speaking seriously—though we suspect Sir Francis Palgrave exaggerates the amount of the Celtic element in our actual language—we can have no doubt that that element is a very considerable one; and that the author, if there ever shall be one, of a complete English Lexicon, will be, *inter alia,* a Celtic scholar.

AVERAGE.—We believe our English termination has here helped to confound three perfectly distinct words. The old law-term denoting the service which a tenant was bound to render to his lord with teams and carriages, is from Latin. barb. *averium,* originally, goods, property; in a secondary sense, *jumentum;* Scoticè, *aiver* (compare *chattel* and *cattle*). The marine term—French, *avarie,* is the German *haferey;* Lower Saxon, *haverije*—meaning, in the first instance, *harbour dues;* more commonly, a contribution towards loss or damage incurred at sea; and in a still more extensive acceptation, a mean proportion between unequal quantities. Lastly, *average* or *averish,* after-grass, stubble—a sense, we believe, confined to the Anglian and Northumbrian counties—is the Icelandic *afrett* or *afrettr;* Danish, *afred, aevret*—primarily, an inclosure, also pasturage—after-grass. We are ashamed to say, that a whole bevy of provincial glossarists have acquiesced in the portentous mongrel etymology of *hiver, eatage!* Tell it not at Copenhagen! Had they resolved the parallel term *eddish* into *eatage,* it would have been more to the purpose. This is a word of remote antiquity. In Ulphilas, we find *atisks, seges;* in Anglo-Saxon, *edisc, vivarium;* in the Leges Bajuvariorum, *ezzisczun*—apparently, park or paddock-fence; in various glosses of the eighth and ninth centuries *ezzisc, ezzisca, seges;* and in the modern Bavarian, *ätzen,* to depasture—*ätz, eddish,* aftermath—and *essisch,* a common field; all from the verbs *etan, ezzan, essan,* to eat. In *average* the primary import is inclosure—the derivative, food or pasturage—in *eddish,* originally food, there is a curious

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a curious fluctuation between the two meanings. It is not unworthy of notice, that in Greek χόρτος means both *gramen* and *hortus:* if food or pasturage is the original sense, the Persian *khorden*, to eat, furnishes a plausible etymology.

AWARD.—Of the various etymologies proposed for this word, we shall merely observe, that Tooke's—'a determination *à qui c'est à garder*'—is the clumsiest and worst. *Award* has evidently a subjective, not an objective meaning; and an etymon that confounds the two ideas, seems neither logical nor very probable. We have nothing certain to offer in lieu of it; but, like Rumour, we have 'a couple of *suppose*s.' *Qvardi*, in Icelandic, is a half-ell, statute measure, whence the verb *aqvarda*, to allot; *i. e.*, to give a man his measure. If we suppose this to have come in with the Northmen, and to have become a forensic term, it follows, that when our barristers and commissioners make their *awards*, they are dealing out justice by the *half-ell*. They who think this *trop boutiquier*, may take refuge in the Lower Saxon *warden*, to fix the *worth*, to estimate. In the Rouchi or Valenciennes dialect, which has borrowed a good deal from the Belgic, *auvarde* is an *expert*, or legal appraiser—

'Utrum horum mavis accipe!'

BIRCH.—This tree of knowledge bears a name analogous to the one so well known at Eton and Westminster, not only in all the German and Slavonic tongues, but also in the Sanscrit—*b'hurjja*. On this foundation Klaproth builds an argument for the northern origin of the dominant race in Hindostan. It seems birch was the only tree the invaders recognized, and could name, on the south side of the Himalaya; all others being new to them. The inference may be right or wrong—it is, at all events, ingenious.

BLIND.—We admit the ingenuity of Tooke's derivation from *blinnan*, to stop, but, like Miss Edgeworth's hero, Mr. Macleod, we think it may be *dooted*—for the following reasons:—1. *blinnan* does not mean to stop up, *obturare*, but simply to cease, discontinue; 2. it is not a simple verb, but in reality *be-linnan*, as is proved by the old high German gloss *pi-linnan*, *cessare*, and the Icelandic *linnan*, the preposition *be* or *bi* not being known in this language; nevertheless the adjective is exactly the same, *blindr*, though it is not easy to see how it could be formed from the simple *linnan*. We say nothing respecting the real etymology, because we believe that nothing is known of it beyond the Mœso-Gothic *blinds*. Schmitthenner's reference of it to *blenden*, occœcare, seems to be a hysteron-proteron. *Blenden* is a causative verb, denoting to *make blind*, like *raise* from *rise*, *set* from *sit*, consequently, of more recent origin than the adjective. Grimm's derivation

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vation from *blandan*, to confuse, is more probable, but not quite convincing.

COTTER.—Our readers are doubtless aware that the appellations, *Cotarii, Coscez, Bordarii*, in Domesday, have caused our antiquaries a great deal of perplexity. We do not undertake to settle the entire question, but we may perhaps furnish something like a clue to one of the terms. In Lower Saxony, the former abode of our ancestors, the following classes existed late in the eighteenth century:—1. *bauer*, the Anglo-Saxon *ceorl*, one who holds and cultivates a farm of not less than a carucate or ploughgate of land, commonly about thirty acres; 2. *halbmeyer*, in Brunswick *halbspänner*, a smaller farmer occupying only half the amount; 3. *käterkother, kotsass, kossat*, one who holds a cottage and a quantity of land not exceeding the fourth part of an ordinary farm, having no plough or team, and, consequently, no land under tillage; 4. *brinksitter*, who has nothing but a cot, and a small garden or croft, sometimes called *handfröhner*, from being chiefly occupied in servile manual labour for his feudal superior. The above words are used with some occasional latitude of application, but we believe that we have given the original meanings. There is no etymological connexion between *bordarius* and *brinksitter*, the former being derived from *bord*, a cottage, the latter from *brink*, a small croft; nor do they appear to have denoted the same class of persons; but we have not the smallest doubt of the *original* identity of *coscez* with *kossat*, or *kotsass*. It is evident that the Anglo-Saxons brought the term with them from Germany, and, consequently, that something like the same gradations of society existed among them in their Pagan state as at the time of our national survey. We believe that a careful study of the old Lower Saxon, Frisic, Danish, and Icelandic laws would amply repay the legal and constitutional antiquary as well as the philologist.*

CURL.—Among various etymologies for this word, only one of which is to the purpose, Mr. Todd gives pleasantly enough, Danish *krille*, which means to *itch!* The Icelandic *krulla* does, indeed, signify to curl, but this is as etymologically distinct from *krille* as *κρυὸς* is from *χριὸς*. The primary meaning of the word seems to have been hitherto overlooked. We conceive that our *curl*, the Scottish *curling* (a game on the ice), with the verb to *hurl*, including the Cornish *hurling* (a sort of cricket), are merely different forms and modifications of *roll*. In Schmeller's Dictionary we find *krollen*, to curl the hair; *horlen, hurlen*, to roll, to play at skittles.

* We may take this opportunity of directing the attention of the reader curious in such matters to a valuable little tract on *Ancient Juries*, lately published by Mr. Repp, an Icelander of extensive learning, employed in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

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skittles. *Scroll* is also of the same family, exactly answering to Latin *volumen*. Compare *troll*, *stroll*, &c.

DEARTH.—Tooke, in his antipathy to *abstracts*, explains dearth into *dereth*, Anglo-Saxon *derian*, nocere. This we hold to be just as felicitous as the Bishop of Winchester's guess that a *lugg* meant a *cathedral*.* It is a noun formed from the adjective *dear*, like *caritas* from *carus*, and, etymologically speaking, neither denotes *suffering* nor *scarcity*, but simply *costliness*, *high price*—Old German, *tiur*, precious, *tiuran*, to hold dear, glorify. The German equivalent for *derian* is *derjan* or *daron*, lædere—as distinct from *tiur* and *dear* as light is from darkness.

EXCEPT.—It has been the fashion since the appearance of the Diversions of Purley to call *except*, *save*, and similar expressions, *verbs* in the imperative mood. Dr. Webster, though he professes o have made no use of Tooke's writings, frequently advances the same *doctrines* in nearly the same *words*, and is very severe on grammarians who regard such words as conjunctions. In the examples, 'Israel burned none of them *save* Hazor only'—'I would that all were as I am, *except* these bonds'—he considers it as certain that *save* and *except* are transitive verbs with an object following them. We hesitate not to say that they cannot be verbs, imperative or indicative, because they have no *subject*, and that a verb could not be employed in any language that distinguishes the different persons without a gross violation of idiom. This will clearly appear if, in the vulgar Latin version of the latter sentence, 'Opto omnes fieri tales, qualis et ego sum, exceptis vinculis his,' we substitute '*excipe vincula hæc*,' or any other person of *excipio*. The fact is, that in the above instances *save* is an adjective with the force of a participle (Latin, *salvus*), and *except* an abbreviated participle; in short, these and many similar forms were originally *ablatives absolute*, a construction as familiar in Anglo-Saxon, Old German, and Icelandic, as in Latin, but necessarily less apparent in modern languages, in which the distinctions of case are obliterated. The following examples, all taken from existing versions of the New Testament, show the progress of the ablative participle to an indeclinable word. Icelandic '*undanteknum thessum böndum*,' exactly equivalent to *exceptis vinculis his*—Italian, *eccettuate queste catene*, preserving the number and gender, but losing the case; Spanish, *salvo estas prisiones;* Portuguese, *excepto estas prizoēns;* German, *ausgenommen diese bände*, where all distinction of number, case, and gender is lost. Such phrases as *demus ita esse*, French *supposons qu'il vienne*, sometimes rendered in English by verbs and sometimes by conjunctions, are *different constructions*, totally unconnected with the point in debate.

* Vide Fortunes of Nigel, vol. iii. c. 9, p. 250.

HAGGLE.—

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HAGGLE.—Mr. Todd refers this word to the French *harceler*; and Dr. Webster tries to connect it through the medium of *higgle* with the Danish *hykle*, to play the hypocrite. *Hykle* is borrowed from the German *heucheln*, and neither agrees with our English word in form nor meaning. A derivation furnished by Schmeller is somewhat curious. *Häkeln*, literally to *hook*, also applied to a sort of boys'-play, in which each inserts his hooked forefinger into that of his opponent, and tries to drag him from his standing—whence metaphorically to *strive, wrangle.* According to this etymon, *haggling* is 'playing at *finger-hookey.*'

LOUD.—Mr. Tooke confidently refers this word to the Anglo-Saxon *hlowan*, to low, and exults greatly at the discovery that some of our old writers wrote it *lowd.* They who are acquainted with the capricious orthography of the middle ages will be able to appreciate this sort of evidence at its real worth. Until it is shown by what process *hlud* can be extracted from *hlowan*, which we do not think a very easy task, we shall prefer believing that *loud* does not mean what is *lowed* or *bellowed*, but what is *heard.* We do not, indeed, find any simple verb, *hluan*, or *hluen*, to hear; but there are the following traces of one—Gothic *hliuma*, the ear, evidently a verbal noun—Old German, *hliumunt*, hearsay, report; *hlosen*, to listen;—and many others. On this supposition, the Anglo-Saxon *hlud*, Old German, *hlut*, Modern German *laut, loud*, also, *sound*, will denote *quod aure percipitur.* It is, at least, certain that a similar verb has nearly gone the round of the European languages:—Greek κλύω, Latin *cluo, clueo, inclytus*, Lithuanian *klausyti*, Irish *cluinim*, Welsh *clywed*, besides several Sclavonic words. The root of all is to be found in the Sanscrit *sru*, to hear, in which the *s* is *palatal*, consequently organically allied to the initial consonant of κλύω and its fellows.

MUCH, MORE.—According to Tooke, '*more, most*, are from the Anglo-Saxon *mowe*, a *mow*, or *heap*, *q. d. mower, mowest. Much* is abbreviated from *mokel, mykel, mochel, muchel*, a diminutive of *mo.*'

More strange, we fear, than true! We know the Greeks had their δουλότερος, and similar words, but *nobis non licet esse tam disertis.* We affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is not an instance of a substantive in the comparative or superlative degree, in a single Germanic dialect of which we have any knowledge. The remainder of the statement is equally incredible. It would be difficult to show how the Gothic *mikils*, a word known to be more than fourteen hundred years old, was manufactured from either *mo* or *mow*; and such phrases as *se mycel Atlas*, that is, according to our oracle, Atlas the *little mow*, sound as odd to us, as *meritorious, respectable, worthy* of the *gallows*, did to Golownin's



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Japanese pupils. The real positive of *more* must be sought in a very different quarter. Sanscrit, *maha*, great, a present participle of *mah*, to grow, increase; Persian *mih*; Greek *μέγας, μεγαλος*; Gothic, *mikils*; Old German, *mihhil*; Icelandic, *mikill*; Anglo-Saxon, *micel*; Latin, *magnus*. For the comparative, we have Greek, *μεῖζων*; Gothic, *maiza*; Latin, *major*; Icelandic, *meiri*; Old German, *mero*; Anglo-Saxon, *mara—cum multis aliis*. If these comparatives are not from a more simple and primitive form than the positives now extant, the medial consonant may be dropped *euphoniæ gratiâ*. It re-appears in *μέγιστος*, and *maximus, i. e., mag-simus*, but not in Gothic, *maists*, nor any of its Germanic brethren. This example may direct us where to look for the verbal roots of many of our simple adjectives.

'Odd. *Oved*, wanted to make up another pair.' 'Ort, Orts, from Anglo-Saxon, *orettan*, deturpare, *i. e.*, made vile or worthless.'—*Tooke.*

Just as much as Cinderella's *cock-tailed mice* were identical with the *coctiles muri* of Semiramis. *Odd* does not signify deficiency but surplus; *ort* has not the least connexion with *orettan*; and both are, in fact, different forms of the same word. In Icelandic, *oddr*, is a point, cuspis; Danish, *odd*, the same; Swedish, *udd*, a point, also *odd* in the English sense. In German, the primary meaning of *ort* is also *point*. To establish a connexion between the two, we must have recourse to the Bavarian dialect. In this, *ort* not only denotes *point*, but also *beginning*, the *end* of a *thread* or *skein*—and what is most to our purpose, *ort oder eben*, is exactly our *odd or even*. In *odd*, the idea is that of unity, a single point, hence one over; *orts* are waste or superfluous *ends*, *leavings*. The latter is the German form, the former the Scandinavian, in which the *r* is *assimilated* to the following consonant, by a very common process in Icelandic—*e. gr.*, *broddr*, a sting, Anglo-Saxon, *brord*; *rödd*, voice, Anglo-Saxon, *reord*.

Spick and Span.—These words have been sadly tortured by our etymologists—we shall, therefore, do our best to deliver them from further persecution. Tooke is here more than usually abusive of his predecessors; however, Nemesis, always on the watch, has permitted him to give a lumbering, half Dutch, half German, etymology, of '*shining new from the warehouse*'—as if such simple colloquial terms were formed in this clumsy round-about way. Spick-new is simply *nail-new*, and span-new, *chip-new*. Many similar expressions are current in the north of Europe; *fire-new*, *spark-new*, *splinter-new*, also used in Cumberland; High German, *nagelneu*, equivalent to the Lower Saxon *spiker-neu*, and various others. The leading idea is that of something quickly produced or used only once. The Icelandic *spann* signifies not only *chip*, but

*spoon*,

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*spoon*, whence we may infer, that as the Latin *cochlear* denotes the employment of a *shell* to convey pottage to the mouth, our unsophisticated ancestors once used a *chip* for the same important purpose. We hope none of our 'exclusives' will quarrel with the word or the thing on this account; for our part, we think that those little disclosures of ancient manners are not the least interesting part of etymology.

STEP-FATHER.—Tooke refers this with great confidence to the Danish *stedfader, q. d., pater vicarius*; proving that he knew little either of the history or analogy of language. *Stedfader* is a corrupt word of yesterday: the genuine term *stiefader* is legitimately connected with all the older dialects; and we would sooner believe, on the authority of Mascarille, that the Armenians change *nis* into *rin*, than that our ancestors ever converted *sted* into *step*. We have no doubt that Junius is right in referring the word to *steop, orphanus*. The simplest, and consequently the original forms, Icelandic, *stiupr*, Old German, *stiuf*, do not denote step-father or mother, but step-child, orphan; and all doubt respecting the parent-verb is removed by the Carlsruhe glossary of the eighth century, in Graff's Diutiska, which gives us *pim arstiuphit suniu*=ultra urbabor (orbabor) filio.—We take this opportunity of observing, that those who wish to investigate the original forms and significations of the Teutonic tongues, must seek them in the vocabularies of the eighth and ninth centuries, where they are sometimes more plainly developed than in the Gothic of Ulphilas. The mere English or Latin scholar, however, had better let them alone, as it requires considerable knowledge of languages, and a certain skill in conjectural criticism, to use them to any good purpose. For example, *potho, apostolus*, conveys no idea to those who do not know that *bothe*, in modern German, is a messenger; and *lancnasech, aquilus*,* has by some been interpreted *eagle*, and by others, *dark-coloured, dusky*; whereas, it means neither, but *having a long (aquiline) nose*. In a very ancient glossary preserved at St. Gall, we find, *singularis, epur*—to understand which, we must remember the German *eber*, a boar, and the Italian *cinghiale*, or French *sanglier*, wild boar. This, which was written in the seventh century, illustrates the early formation of the rustic Roman; and the following specimens equally show the antiquity of some familiar terms in our own language:—*Clausura; piunte* (pound); *scopa; pesamo* (besom); *pala; soufla* (shovel); *sublimitare; drisgusli* (threshold):—*stool, thronus*, seems to have lost a little of its pristine dignity.

* Farmatia (pharmacia), *poisun*, seems to show that the compiler of this glossary was not an *apothecary*. The author of Douglas would have been delighted with "nectareus, *van clarette*," unless he had discovered that *claret* does not here mean Lafitte or Château Margeux, but *sweetened wine, clary*.



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WRITE.—The Germans undoubtedly derived their verb *schreiben*, and probably the art of writing with pen and ink, from the Romans. But the existence of an older verb, *ritzen*, originally, like the Anglo-Saxon *writan*, Icelandic *rita*, denoting *sculpere*, *incidere*, as well as the general diffusion of Runic characters among the various tribes, seem to imply that they were not wholly without letters before the Roman period. Otfried accurately discriminates between the two words. In the account of the woman taken in adultery, he says, Christ *writ mit demo fingere*, *digito scribebat*; but Pilate's, What I have written, is, thaz *ih scrib, quod scripsi*. *Grûben* appears from the glossaries to have been similarly employed to denote *literas incidere*, also *to write*. The preterite of *grîben*, *grôb*, *grîb*, furnishes an etymology for Grub Street, which we would recommend the inmates of that classical region by all means to adopt.

*Sed manum de tabula!*—We have endeavoured to show that the field of English philology is far from being exhausted, and we should be glad to see it treated with something of the same rigorous and scientific application of principles and copious induction of particulars, that have been exercised upon some of the sister tongues. Much has been done and is still doing by the Germans and Danes, which ought to excite our emulation, and which we may turn to our own advantage.

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ART. II.—*The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire; being Lives of the most distinguished Persons that have been born in, or connected with, those Provinces.* By Hartley Coleridge. 8vo. Leeds, 1834.

THIS collection of lives is, in our judgment, a work of such unusual merit, that it seems equally an act of justice to the author and a service to sound literature to rescue it from the common mass of county histories and provincial biographies, with which, in consequence of its title and the place of its publication, it runs the risk of being confounded. Mr. Hartley Coleridge proved himself a genuine poet by the beautiful sonnets, &c. which we noticed some time ago in this Journal, and which we trust will not long remain unaccompanied by others of a similar strain. In this volume he has not only given us many very lively and well stored narratives of the lives of eminent persons, but has contrived to interweave in them a series of literary and philosophical criticisms, which generally, for their truth and delicacy, and always

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always for their ingenuity and beauty, deserve, and will richly repay, the careful perusal of every man of letters. It is true, indeed, that we should not be disposed to rate some of the names in this collection quite so highly, much less to measure their relative worth and importance, as the author himself seems inclined to do. Still it may be allowed that the least distinguished of these persons deserves a place in any appropriate record; and in the one advantage of a local biography, that much of that which in itself is deeply interesting, but which, from the limited sphere of its exhibition, could attract little of public attention, is thus preserved in special repositories for the occasional uses of general literature and science. We may mention, as an instance of the sort of matter to which we allude, the life of Dr. Fothergill in the work before us; in which, by the by, we are surprised that Mr. H. Coleridge has not recorded, amongst the Quaker doctor's good deeds, his origination and direction of William Bartram's botanical expedition into the Floridas in 1773. Bartram's account of this tour*—a cheap reprint of which would be as acceptable to the common as to the scientific reader—was greatly admired by Mr. H. Coleridge's lamented father, who used to say that it was the latest book of travels he knew written in the spirit of the old travellers.† It is, indeed, an admirable volume, and we doubt very much whether there are half a dozen other works of which the American literature has so much reason to be proud; nor will any one lay down the book without a feeling of gratitude to Bartram's kind and intelligent patron.

We have lately expressed our opinion of the great difficulties attending biographical composition—not the least of which arises from the exactly contrary impression being generally prevalent, of its comparative ease—*Hinc veniæ minus*. To write the life of an individual in the present day justly, adequately, and with spirit, not only requires, as it always necessarily must require, something of the executive talents of the dramatist, the novelist, and the historian, combined and converged;—but, in addition to this, implies an emancipation from the influence of the many vicious examples of modern times, and a clear perception of the antithetic distinction which exists between biography and history, as species of literary composition. True it is, so manifold are the links of human sympathy—so strong the vulgar appetite for any garbage of anecdote—*quicquid de quoque*—that aimless and indigested as are most of the Lives, of which there has been so enormous a crop of late,

* Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee Country, the extensive Territories of the Muscogulges, or Creek Confederacy, &c. By William Bartram. Philadelphia, 1791. London, 1792.

† Table Talk, vol. i. p. 61.

late, they nevertheless interest the common reader, and find purchasers with sufficient readiness to insure a continuance of the trade. Such crude and trashy compilations may well be easy of execution to one who has taken his first degree in Grub Street; and really some of the subjects of very recent biography deserved nothing better, or in a better manner, to be said of them; but genuine and legitimate biography is now-a-days little understood or appreciated—certainly much less so than formerly: and even the popularity of the well-known 'Life of Nelson,' and of some few other admitted instances of excellence in this line, seems to be entirely without effect in teaching its true character and limits. The whole of this subject is remarkably well stated and illustrated by Mr. H. Coleridge in his Introductory Essay:—

'In history,' he there says, 'all that belongs to the individual is exhibited in subordinate relation to the commonwealth; in biography, the acts and accidents of the commonwealth are considered in their relation to the individual, as influences by which his character is formed or modified—as *circumstances* amid which he is placed—as the sphere in which he moves—or the materials he works with. The man with his works, his words, his affections, his fortunes, is the end and aim of all. He does not, indeed, as in a panegyric, stand alone like a statue—but like the central figure of a picture, around which others are grouped in due subordination and perspective, the general circumstances of his times forming the back and fore ground. In history, the man, like the earth on the Copernican hypothesis, is part of a system; in biography he is, like the earth in the ancient cosmogony, the centre and final cause of the system.'—p. 5.

And he afterwards adds, with equal wisdom and eloquence:—

'We cannot be supposed to censure the study of history; we only wish it to be properly balanced by studies which tend to keep the eye of man upon his own heart, upon the sphere of his immediate duties, of those duties where his affections are to be exercised and regulated, and which, considering man as a person, consider him as sentient, intelligent, moral, and immortal. *For simply to think of a man as a sentient being is inconsistent with that hard-hearted policy which would employ him, reckless of his suffering or enjoyment, like a wedge or a rivet, to build up the idol temple of a false national greatness; to regard him as intelligent, or rather as capable of intelligence, condemns the system that would keep him in ignorance to serve the purposes of his rulers, as game cocks are penned up in the dark that they may fight the better; to regard him as moral, corrects the primary conception of national prosperity; and to revere him as immortal, commands peremptorily that he shall never be made a tool or an instrument to any end in which his own permanent welfare is not included.*'—p. 7.

And we may with some seriousness remark, in the spirit of this fine passage, that it ought to be one of the chief aims, as it may be

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be the noblest use, of biography, to operate as a moral antidote to the soul-hardening study of history—to correct what the habits of public life, the maxims of political economy, and even the pursuit of science itself, each, more or less, will generally produce,—namely, a disposition to depreciate all individual agencies, to slight all faith in the energies of genius or of goodness, and to merge the personal being of men in the generalized qualities of the abstraction, Man. In no age since the world began has this mechanical, this downright wedge and screw spirit been so tyrannically exclusive as in the present; every movement must be in bodies, and all existence marshalled, as if, in Coleridge's words, 'the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint-stock of it.' The favourite phrase of the revolutionary faction in this country—borrowed, we believe from the French—now is, that this and that institution must be destroyed because the MASSES choose it—that the best and noblest citizens must be hunted down if these MASSES take offence at them! And this is but a vile juggle after all; for those who actually suggest the offence and do the dirty work of vulgar persecution are, for the most part, solitary individuals, without personal credit, or any known station or interest in society,—creatures not more malignant to every thing individually high and magnanimous, than abject to the basest string of sycophancy in their watchful adulation of the bewildered Demus, whom it is their sordid trade to agitate and inflate.

But not only where the aim is directly evil is this tendency conspicuous; in the plans and pursuits of men, whose benevolent intentions are indisputable, it is equally operative. Nevertheless, whether it be for immediate good or evil, the principle is equally unsound, demoralizing, and dangerous; and sure we are, that to those who, in disregard of the still voice of reason and humanity, trample on the sacred distinction between persons and things, that everlasting truth will sooner or later make itself intelligible in the murmurs of discontent, or in the shocks of revolution. The nature of man will right itself at last, and vindicate an individual sphere and a personal end. Things were made for man—man was made for himself; and those who would treat the one as the other, although they may do so without guile, will not long do it with impunity. But we have wandered from our subject.

The collection before us begins with the life of Marvell and ends with that of Fothergill—comprising in the interval, but not in any particular order, the lives of Bentley; Fairfax, the parliamentary general; James Earl of Derby, who was beheaded in 1651; Anne Clifford, the famous Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, &c.; Roger Ascham; Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; Mason the poet;

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poet; Arkwright; Roscoe; Captain Cook; and Congreve. And although we believe that the lives of all these individuals have been elsewhere written,—and in the recent instances of Bentley and Roscoe, with ability,—we can assure our readers that time will not be misspent in perusing the narratives contained in this volume. In particular, the life of Bentley before us, although founded of course on Bishop Monk's elaborate work, is a most original and spirited portrait of that prince of English scholars, by one who is evidently a very accomplished scholar himself, and who has well succeeded in expressing the coarse dignity and surly majesty with which Bentley still *held his own* through the long series of violence, and litigation, and defeat which disgraced the latter years of his life. 'Perhaps, after all,' says Mr. H. Coleridge, speaking of Bishop Greene, the Visitor, 'the prelate was satisfied with having done what *he* could call his best, and was not anxious to drive the famous old man from his home. There is something in dauntless perseverance, however exercised, that overawes the weak and gains the respect of the noble.' In this life, there are some occasional flashes of opinion rather than definite positions, with respect to the rank and due relation of classical studies to other departments of knowledge, or, as we should say, to other modes or instruments of educating the mind, with which we entirely disagree, and which in fact we can scarcely believe to be the author's mature convictions. Yet, that he has some right to speak out, whatever he may think on such a subject, let the following passage witness:—

'On the merits and defects of Bentley's Horace none but the accomplished scholar can expatiate, and none but professional scholars could feel much interest in the discussion. The intrusion of the conjectural readings into the text has been censured as altogether unwarrantable. Many of them go to crop the most delicate flowers of Horatian fancy, and shear away the love-locks which the world has doted on. The value of the work consists in the extraordinary display of learning and ingenuity which the defence of these innovations called forth,—in the skilful allegation of parallel passages,—in the wonderful adroitness with which every line and every letter that supports the proposed change is hunted out from the obscurest corners of Roman literature, and made to bear on the case in point,—and in the logical dexterity with which apparent objections are turned into confirmations. Vast as was Bentley's reading, none of it was superfluous, for he turns it all to account; his felicity in fixing his eye at once on what he needed, in always finding the evidence that he wanted, often where no one else would have thought of looking for it, is almost preternatural. His learning suggested all the phrases that might be admitted in any given passage; but his taste did not always lead him to select the best.'—p. 120.

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This is in one sense just; yet it does not quite render full justice to Bentley. We have no respect for his 'slashings,' and think his *si non scripsit Horatius, debuit scripsisse*, a mere freak,—criticism run mad; but still it should be remembered and stated that, independently of what may be called the collateral erudition of his annotations,—the value of which, nevertheless, to the general scholar can hardly be overrated,—he in many well-known instances corrected the Horatian text upon the ground of critical canons, the accuracy of which has been universally acknowledged, and which now constitute guiding lights in fixing the idiom of the Latin language. The same may be said of his Terence,—a wonderful work,—and to which philology, in its widest sense, must ever be deeply indebted. It is, perhaps, deserving of notice, that the modern German scholars, who have, we fear, but small respect for our English classical erudition in the present day, rarely mention Bentley without prefixing an epithet denoting transcendant excellency to his name. Hermann generally writes *summus Bentleius*.

The Life of Fairfax is one of the most important in this volume, in respect equally of the general wisdom of its political reflections, and of the brilliant powers of description which it displays. In the following passage Mr. H. Coleridge is considering one of the effects of the peaceful policy of James I. There may be, perhaps, something *rash*, if not *quasi*-Machiavellic, in the first paragraph, and certainly there are in the last some sentences touching bishops and prelates, which we hold to be mistaken; but upon the whole we think it a passage of deep insight and weighty truth, conceived and expressed in the spirit of philosophic history:—

'The long peace, which James I. so prided himself in preserving, was unable to extinguish the warlike quality of English blood. The noble youth sought action in foreign campaigns; and many of lower *grade*, or desperate fortunes, adventurers who had spent all, "younger sons of younger brothers," and the like "cankers of a calm world," adopted, in countries not their own, the mercenary trade of war, which, perhaps, after all, is neither more sinful nor less honourable than the gentlemanly profession of arms; at least it has as much of "the dignity of danger." But it is a great neglect in the policy of any state to suffer its subjects, at their own discretion, to adopt a foreign service; and a great error in a monarch to keep his dominions so long in peace that the art military is forgotten, and military habits of unconditional obedience and undeliberative execution become obsolete. "No bishop, no king," was the favourite maxim of the *Rex pacificus*. "No soldier, no king," is the doctrine of historic experience. Monarchy, at least the feudal monarchy, established on the downfall of the Roman empire, is an institution essentially military. A crown is a bauble without a helmet; the true sceptre is the sword. Under

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Under the feudal system, the whole constitution of society was military; to bear arms was the distinction of free-birth, to be a *lay-man* of peace, was to be a churl, a knave, a villain, a slave.

'While this system continued in vigour, the pride of heraldry retained a meaning, and the throne was respected as the fountain of honour even when the king was persecuted, deposed, or assassinated. But when the constitution of general society grew pacific, it became necessary that the power of the sword should centre in permanent bodies, more immediately devoted to the sovereign—wherein, by an obvious and intelligible necessity, the monarchical principle is preserved untainted—and which may supply at once a safe channel for the ambition of enterprising youth, and a regular occupation for those unruly natures among the commonalty, for whom the ordinary restraints of civil life are as insufficient as the engagements of humble industry are irksome; those choice spirits, in a word, that would rather fight than work. The policy, perhaps the religion, of the first James, (for there appears no good ground for suspecting him of disgraceful cowardice, and the strongest reason for believing, that amid all his strange vanity and vicious infatuations, he still retained a conscience,) made him averse to war; the interests of the nation (considered as distinct from those of the monarch) allowed and required peace; and the learned king fondly imagined that, by maintaining the monarchical principle in the church, he was raising around the throne a host of bloodless champions, who would secure the allegiance of the nation by all the fears of eternal punishment:—Not considering that, while he bound the hierarchy to himself, he was setting them at an incommunicable distance from the people, and leaving a gap for the disaffected, who were sure to make a dangerous use of the favour and attention which the multitude always bestow on those who persuade them that they are not taught or governed as they should be. He found the church divided into two parties, and thought by his regal authority to give the victory to the anti-popular side. Thus he hastened the schism which might yet have been prevented; arrayed all the discontent of the country against the doctrines which he patronized; gave to the demagogue preachers the *speciem libertatis*, the show of freedom and the glory of daring, and brought upon the court ecclesiastics the odium of flatterers and self-seekers. The best arguments of the Arminians and prelatists were disregarded, because they had too visible an interest in their tenets—while the wildest declamation of the Puritans passed for gospel, because they declaimed at the risk of their ears.

'Meanwhile, the youth and valour of the kingdom, engaged as volunteers in the contests of Holland, France, and Germany, were imbibing principles and acquiring habits, by no means favourable to the state of things which the king was desirous to establish and uphold. Even the few expeditions undertaken by command, or with the countenance of the state, were all in behalf of revolted nations; and the assistance afforded to the United Provinces, to the French Hugonots, and

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and to the German Protestants, was a practical acknowledgment of the right of resistance. The alliance of France with the insurgent Americans contributed not more to the French revolution, than the alliance of England with the continental Protestants to the temporary suspension of English monarchy. The Dutch, adopting a republican government, consistently adopted a Presbyterian church; and though the German Lutherans retained the name of Episcopacy, the Lutheran bishop fell so far short of the wealth, pomp, aristocratic rank, and apostolical pretensions of the English prelate, as to bear a much nearer resemblance to the plain, if not humble presbyter. There were no doubt very good and sufficient reasons for the difference;—but they were not reasons likely to occur to a young man, whose slender stock of theology was derived from Scripture and his own unlearned judgment—not perhaps wholly unbiassed by that love of novelty which is as endemic a disease of youth as poetry or love. And the hot-blooded gallants, *who cared for none of these things*, at all events lost some of their attachment to ancient custom; the line of their associations was broken; if, on their return, they proved ever so loyal, they were lawless in their loyalty; and under all suppositions, they had been habituated to separate the idea of military from that of civil obedience; to obey, where they owed not a subject's allegiance, and to command without their sovereign's commission.'—p. 178.

We are much surprised and grieved that Mr. H. Coleridge, in this last paragraph, is so inaccurate, and so injuriously, though unintentionally, unfair, as to contrast the 'Lutheran bishop' with the 'English prelate.' The comparison is *in alio genere*. The Bishop of London is a bishop *and* a prelate—*episcopus ecclesiæ Christi—prælatus ecclesiæ nationis*. The Christian Church and the National Church are *distinct*, though, blessed be God! in this yet mercifully-preserved country, they are not *separate*. The English bishops of the present day, as ministers in Christ's spiritual church, may calmly submit to a comparison with the bishops of any other section of the Christian world;—as *prelates* of the national establishment, they stand on the constitution of their country, and have duties to perform, and a position to defend, in respect of which they are no more fit parallels with a Lutheran bishop than is an English Baron with the curate of Langdale or Buttermere.

In a very different strain from the foregoing passage, is the following splendid picture of the armies which met on Marston Moor:—

'Fifty thousand subjects of one king stood face to face on Marston Moor. The numbers on each side were not far unequal, but never were two hosts speaking one language of more dissimilar aspects. The Cavaliers, flushed with recent victory, identifying their quarrel with their honour and their love, their loose locks escaping beneath their

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their plumed helmets, glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-day like a pageant or a festival, and prancing forth with all the grace of gentle love, as they would make a jest of death, while the spirit-rousing strains of the trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears; the Roundheads, arranged in thick dark masses, their steel caps and high-crowned hats drawn close over their brows, looking determination, expressing with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips the inly-working rage which was blown up to furnace heat by the extempore effusions of their preachers, and found vent in the terrible denunciations of the Hebrew psalms and prophecies. The arms of each party were adapted to the nature of their courage; the swords, pikes, and pistols of the royalists, light and bright, were suited for swift onset and ready use; while the ponderous basket-hilted blades, long halberts, and heavy fire-arms of the parliamentarians were equally suited to resist a sharp attack, and to do execution upon a broken enemy. The royalists regarded their adversaries with that scorn which the gay and high-born always feel or affect for the precise and sour-mannered: the soldiers of the Covenant looked on their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves as the elect and chosen people—a creed which extinguished fear and remorse together. It would be hard to say whether there was more praying on one side, or swearing on the other, or which, to a truly Christian ear, had been the most offensive. Yet both esteemed themselves the champions of the church; there was bravery and virtue in both; but with this high advantage on the parliamentary side—that while the aristocratic honour of the royalists could only inspire a certain number of *gentlemen*, and separated the patrician from the plebeian soldier, the religious zeal of the puritans bound officer and man, general and pioneer together, in a fierce and resolute sympathy, and made equality itself an argument for subordination. The captain prayed at the head of his company, and the general's oration was a sermon.

'In the morning of the 2d of July the battle commenced. The charge was sounded, and Prince Rupert, with his gallant cavalry, dashed in upon the Scots, who quickly took to flight—perhaps sincerely—but had their running away been a concerted manœuvre, it could not have answered better; for by this means the right wing of the royalists, with Rupert, was drawn off in pursuit of the runaways, and left the main body exposed to the steady disciplined troops of Manchester and Cromwell. The royalists never seem to have learned, till too late, that a pitched battle is not a hunting day. Advancing to the charge with the same light hearts, and pursuing their game with as little consideration, as if the business were a chase, in which the danger only went to enhance the pleasure, they were no match for such serious fighters as Oliver and Fairfax. The centre of the king's army was left with its right flank unguarded, to oppose the individual valour of the men who composed it to the combined strength of a multitude

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multitude made one by a discipline the rule whereof was passion. The republicans (for such the troops of Cromwell were then become) withstood the onset of the royalists like a rock, and rolled back upon them like a rock tumbled from its base by an earthquake. The horse, commanded by the quick-witted, dissolute Goring, wheeled round to meet the returning squadrons of Rupert; the infantry fled fighting, and fought flying. The Marquis of Newcastle alone, with his own regiment, composed of his old tenants and domestic retainers, would not give an inch. Newcastle's infantry were slain almost to a man, and their corpses lay side by side, an unbroken line of honourable dead.'—p. 199.

The battle of Naseby is told with great spirit, and the genuine *English* courage of Fairfax, who did, perhaps, as much as Cromwell in winning that decisive day, is very agreeably brought out into relief:—

'Not content to exercise the functions of a captain, he grappled personally with the foe, galloped through the thickest of the fray, encouraged with his dauntless example the brave, and shamed, by the risk of his own life, those who were inclined to yield. Though his helmet was beaten to pieces, he continued to ride about bare-headed—to mark, with his experienced eye, where an advantage was to be gained, and where a weak point was to be strengthened. While thus engaged, he came up to his body-guard, commanded by Colonel Charles Doyley, who respectfully rebuked him for thus hazarding his person, wherein lay the safety of the whole army and of the *good cause*, by riding bare-headed among the showering bullets, and offered him his own helmet; but Fairfax, who was not a man of many words, put it by, saying, "'Tis well enough, Charles." There was wisdom as well as gallantry in this. Soldiers, even regular soldiers, seldom fight with hearty good will for a general who betrays by superfluous caution an over-consciousness of his own value; but an army of predestinarians, who persuaded themselves that the bloody work they were about was actually "the good fight of faith," would have ascribed any anxiety for self-preservation to a distrust of the promises of heaven.'—p. 209.

Mr. Hartley Coleridge speaks severely of the conduct of the Parliament in publishing the 'King's Cabinet Opened,' and says—

'The laws of war *authorize*, if they do not *justify*, the interception, detention, examination, and publication of all documents of a purely public nature—as letters to and from ambassadors, commanders, &c. Hence we pass no censure upon Fairfax for availing himself of Goring's letter to Charles, or for the means he used to possess himself of it. But private correspondence, like private property, should always be sacred in war as in peace—most especially the correspondence of husband and wife; and not the less so, because the husband and wife happen to be a king and queen. It was a most ungentleman-like act for the weekly-fast-ordaining parliament, or their agents, to open Charles's letters

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letters to his wife, and all historians who make use of them to blacken his character ought to forfeit the character of gentlemen.'—p. 211.

Now we have no special vocation to defend the Long Parliament; but we regard the great struggle of the seventeenth century with a profound interest, both in and for itself, and also for ourselves; and the story of those times being, as it undoubtedly is, the most solemn and pregnant document which Englishmen of this present year 1835, who truly love their country, can study, we should be glad to see every point of it on either side stated with simplicity and candour. How then, we may ask, since by right or by wrong these letters *have been* published, can any faithful historian avoid drawing such inferences from them as their contents may in his honest judgment seem to warrant? But further—without stopping to discuss the practicability of such a distinction between domestic and public communications as is suggested in the text—we would wish it to be fairly considered whether, under all the known facts up to the date of Naseby fight, Henrietta Maria could reasonably be regarded as a mere *wife* to the man Charles Stuart. Was there the smallest resemblance between that couple and Charles XI. of Sweden and *his* good woman, or even, if we are to be grave upon such an analogy, Philip of Macedon and his Olympia? The truth, the unhappy truth for our Charles was notorious, that his queen was an active and most influential member of his cabinet council, and directly interfered in the conduct of affairs. Now the parliament had repeatedly declared their distrust of the king's sincerity in his professions, and they had always justified their military resistance expressly upon that ground. Surely, therefore, if they were right in resisting at all, they were by consequence well justified in attempting to prove to the nation, by such evidence as might without danger to the state be advanced, that their suspicions were well founded. We make these remarks upon an admission of our author's own principles—the passage in the text appearing to us to be a mere escape of feeling altogether inconsistent with them. But really, after all, have the most *gentlemanly*, or the most *liberal* commanders—take which class you please, if there is a difference—of *this* enlightened age respected the seals of *any* letters intercepted in war? Were not the unquestionably private letters of Don Carlos to his sick and distressed wife published in the Paris newspapers, but as yesterday? Of course, the fact is, the propriety of such publication must depend on the circumstances of each particular case; and certainly it does seem to us, looking at the one in question apart from any political feeling, that the parliament, upon their own grounds, were strictly justified

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in what they did. And a better cause, we may heartily add than that of the parliament, at its commencement, there could hardly be; profounder heads or braver hearts to maintain it were not wanted. In the first session of the House of Commons there was not a single voice raised even in palliation of the misdemeanours of various parts of the executive government. Several of those who afterwards lost their fortunes or their lives on the king's side were amongst the most distinguished speakers and movers; and grievance after grievance, abuse after abuse, fell with a touch. Why—why, we may well ask with emphatic earnestness—did a morning so bright and clear end in an evening of storm and tempest? How came it that this House of Commons, which set out with asserting the public liberties of the nation, in a very short time became the invader of the private rights of the people—a close committee of sordid tyrants, who violated every principle of law and justice—who imprisoned their own constituents for refusing to answer criminating interrogatories, which no judge in England would have dared to ask or have permitted to be put—who, professing hostility to corruption, could deal secretly for the whitewashing of the blasted character, or replenishing the empty purse of an useful associate—who, in a word, with patriotism for ever in their mouths, went on to deluge their country with civil blood, and hack and mutilate the constitution, which they swore they were defending, till it fell prostrate and lifeless at the feet of a military usurper?

Among all the devoted subjects who died for the king's cause, which had now unequivocally become the cause of the constitution, there fell none purer, brighter, more heroic than the Earl of Derby. Mr. H. Coleridge's memoir of this gallant man is a just and happy pendant or parallel to the Life of Fairfax.

'Such is the motto (*Sans changer*),' says the author, 'of the noble house of Stanley, and well was it fulfilled in the stedfast loyalty of this brave man and his heroic spouse. Their story, as far as it has been recorded, is but short, and we shall tell it simply—singling out their acts and sufferings from the chaos of contemporary occurrences, and relating them by themselves, unmixed with baser matter.'—p. 225.

Derby and his noble wife are the consummate patterns—the absolute ideals—of a romantic, and yet everyway sober and dignified, loyalty to the personal authority of the prince.

'Treatment like this,' says our author, speaking of the ungracious manner in which Derby's vast services were received and requited in the earlier part of the war; 'treatment like this, and a course of management enough to ruin any cause, would have made many a man retire in disgust, if not actually change. But

"Loyalty

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"Loyalty is still the same
Whether it lose or win the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

'Derby's loyalty was of that exalted, pure, and simple character, which was ready to suffer all things, not only *for* the king, but *from* the king.'—p. 226.

This is well expressed; and in the Lives of Marvell, Fairfax, and Derby in this collection, we have the characteristic tempers and tendencies of the spirits of patriotism and personal loyalty (taken for a moment as in contrast to each other) noted and exemplified. The love of liberty is, indeed, a holy passion; that which is the most surely founded on reason and religion, and which may best justify the fiercest efforts of man in obedience to it; but great and noble as it is, it seizes on the imagination rather than the affections of its votaries, and is for the most part without that spirit of personal heroism which has illumined so many pages of English history with the magical light of romance. Patriotism, in its popular sense, is generally presented to the mind in masses; it penetrates crowds; it arms a town, a province, a nation; it speaks the universal language; it addresses the universal feeling; it is generated by society, and is often destroyed by dispersion;—whilst loyalty to a prince becomes prominent in particular instances; it begins and ends and is centered in the individual: it speaks to personal habits; and grows more and more vivid and intense as the atmosphere around it is darkened, and the hour of its own extinction approaches.

'When, linnet-like, confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is—how great should be—
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie;'—

sings our gallant Lovelace through the bars of the Gatehouse.

The Life of Anne Clifford is an especially delightful paper, comprising accounts of all the memorable individuals of that renowned house. Besides the Countess herself, we have the stories of Shakspeare's Black Clifford, of the *Shepherd* Lord, and of George Clifford, the third Earl of Cumberland, the great seaman:—

'The *Shepherd Lord* was restored to all his estates and titles in the first year of Henry VII. He was a lover of study and retirement, and had lived too long at liberty, and, according to reason, to assimilate

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milate readily with the court of the crafty Henry. By the Lady Anne he is described as "a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to court or to London, excepting when called to parliament, on which occasion he behaved himself like a wise and good English nobleman." His usual retreat, when in Yorkshire, was Barden Tower; his chosen companions the canons of Bolton; his favourite pursuit was astronomy. He had been accustomed to watch the motions of the heavenly bodies from the hill-tops, when he kept sheep; for in those days, when clocks and almanacks were few, every shepherd made acquaintance with the stars. If he added a little judicial astrology, and was a seeker for the philosophers' stone, he had the countenance of the wisest of his time for his learned superstition. It is asserted that, at the period of his restoration, he was almost wholly illiterate. Very probably he was so; but it does not follow that he was *ignorant*. He might know many things well worth knowing, without being able to write his name. He might learn a great deal of astronomy by patient observation. He might know where each native flower of the hills was grown, what real qualities it possessed, and what occult powers the fancy, the fears, or the wishes of men had ascribed to it. The haunts, habits, and instincts of animals, the notes of birds, and their wondrous architecture, were to him instead of books; but, above all, he learned to know something of what man is, in that condition to which the greater number of men are born, and to know himself better than he could have done in his hereditary sphere.'—p. 250.

'Love had he found in huts, where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

'In him the savage virtue of the Race—
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead;
Nor did he change, but kept in lonely place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

'Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd-Lord was honoured more;
And ages after he was laid in earth,
"The Good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.'

Mr. Hartley Coleridge, following Lodge, discredits (p. 290) the genuineness of the famous letter ascribed to Anne Clifford, in answer to some ministerial application touching the representation of what the author sarcastically calls the 'late borough of Appleby, of blessed memory.' The letter is well known:—

'I have been bullied by a usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand.—*Anne Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.*'

Now, we have no strong opinion in favour of the genuineness of this *billet-doux*, for external evidence is altogether wanting. It



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first appeared in 1753, in a paper in 'The World,' attributed to Horace Walpole, whose word can prove nothing. But as to Mr. Lodge's objections because 'bully' was not then used as a verb, nor 'to stand' applied to electioneering matters, we think them quite groundless. 'Bully,' as a substantive, was a common conversational term at least from Shakspeare's and Ben Jonson's time; and every one knows the facility with which, in many instances to the serious injury of the language, our substantives have been forced to do duty as verbs; and at all events, by 1709, not thirty years later than the supposed date of this letter, the verbal use had become quite familiar—witness 'King's Cookery,' 'he that's bullied pays the treat,' and the 26th Number of 'The Tatler,' where we read of 'bullying the French.' As to the application of the verb 'to stand,' in reference to a candidate, we are surprised that Mr. Lodge did not turn to 'Johnson's Dictionary,' where he would have found one instance of this from Shakspeare's 'Coriolanus,' and another from 'Izaak Walton's Lives.'

'It was probably,' says our author, 'about her sixty-third year that the Countess employed some nameless artist to compile the famous family-picture. Its merit, as a work of art, may not be very high; but it need not have exposed the Countess to reproach for parsimony for not engaging the pencil of Vandyke or Mytens, which a learned author gravely assures us were at her command. Vandyke had been dead more than a dozen years before the earliest possible date of this picture. Nor would any painter, who was above practising the mechanical part of his business, have willingly undertaken a work which was to include so many coats of arms, so many written pedigrees. A fine composition was not what the lady wanted, but a plain prose representation of the lineaments of those most dear to her. She was a patroness of poets and a lover of poetry. Yet we do not read that she employed a bard for her land-steward, or that her leases were in rhyme.

'The picture, besides several detached half-length portraits, such as those of Daniel [the poet] and of Mrs. Taylor, her tutor and governess, consists of a centre and two wings; the centre representing her father, mother, and brother, and each of the wings her own likeness at different periods of life,—the one, as a maiden of thirteen; the other as a widow in her grand climacteric. In the latter she is depicted as clothed in a black serge habit, with sad-coloured hood, the usual habiliments of her declining years. Books are introduced into both, as if purposely to show that the love of reading acquired in her youth had lasted to her old age; which was so true, that when the decay of her sight forbade her to read for herself, she employed a regular reader. But it appears that, as she grew older, she limited her studies more within the range of her practical duties; for while her youthful effigy is attended by Eusebius, Godfrey of Bulloigne, and Agrippa *de Vanitate Scientiarum*, the maturer image has only Charron on

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on Wisdom, a Book of Distillations and rare Medicines, and the Bible.

'To have revived the martial and festal magnificence of the past would have accorded neither with her means nor her mind,—but she maintained all that was best in the feudal system,—the duteous interdependence of superiors and inferiors, the lasting ties between master and servant, the plain but ample hospitality, and the wholesome adherence to time-honoured customs. Large as her revenues were, her expenditure, especially in building, was such as to leave little for idle parade. She rebuilt, or repaired, six castles and seven churches, and founded two hospitals. So strictly did she earn the character of a restorer, that finding an ancient yew in one of the courts of Skipton destroyed by the besiegers, she took care to have another planted precisely in the same place, which some years ago was standing, and a noble tree.'—p. 288.

We especially recommend to our readers the perusal of our author's Life of Roger Ascham. It is altogether a most charming narrative, full of scholarship, taste, and kindly feeling. There are in it, as in other parts of this collection, some little outbreaks of opinion, or wilfulness, which we are sorry to meet with in such a writer; but these are rarely of such importance as to require particular mention, or to interfere seriously with the general truthfulness and propriety which reign throughout the work:—

'There was a primitive honesty, and a kindly innocence, about this good old scholar, which give a personal interest to the homeliest details of his life. He had the rare felicity of passing through the worst of times without persecution and without dishonour. He lived with princes and princesses, prelates and diplomatists, without offence and without ambition. Though he enjoyed the smiles of royalty, his heart was none the worse, and his fortune little the better. He had that disposition which, above all things, qualifies the conscientious and successful teacher; for he delighted rather to discover and call forth the talents of others than to make a display of his own.'—p. 293.

Ascham was born at Kirby Wicke, near Northallerton, in 1515. In 1530 he was admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge,

'where his studies neither went astray for lack of guidance, nor loitered for want of emulation. St. John's was then replete with all such learning as the time esteemed. The hard-headed dialectics and divinity of the schoolmen were interchanged with the newly recovered literature of Greece and Rome. The mind of Europe, divided between the rigidity of the old scholastic discipline and the inquisitive imaginations of the Italian Platonism, which brought poetry and philology in its train, might be likened to an old hawthorn stock, white with the blossoms of the spring; and if credit be given to Ascham's panegyrist, St. John's was a brief abstract, containing fair samples of every kind of excellence.'—p. 294.

Dr. Medcalf, the master of the college, was attached to the old



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religion, and had but slender qualifications as a scholar. Ascham had talked openly against the pope's authority on the eve of the election for fellowships, and had been publicly admonished for his offence. Yet so amiable and dispassionate a patron of worth was Medcalf, that he secretly procured Ascham to be elected fellow, although he afterwards affected displeasure thereat. Ascham speaks in warm terms of affection and gratitude of this good man:

'His goodness and fatherly discretion used towards me that one day shall never be out of my remembrance all the days of my life. And for the same cause have I put it here in this small record of learning. For, next to God's providence, surely that day was by that good father's means *dies natalis* unto me for the whole foundation of the poor learning I have, and of all the furtherance that hitherto elsewhere I have obtained.'

Mr. Hartley Coleridge beautifully remarks,—

'The human heart is capable of no more generous feeling than the genuine gratitude of a scholar to his instructor. It is twice blessed; honourable alike to the youth and to the elder, and never can exist where it is not just. But it is at the same time a melancholy instance of the pride of fallen nature, that this feeling is seldom uttered except where the pupil has, by general consent, excelled the master. Intellectual benefits are more reluctantly acknowledged than any others. For kindness, for encouragement, for maintenance of studies, for exhortation, even for salutary corrections, our thanks are generally ready and often sincere; but who is willing to own, even to himself, how much of his knowledge, how much of his mental power, has been communicated by a teacher?—how many of his *thoughts* are mere recollections? However much we may profit by the wisdom of others, it is as much as most of us can do to forgive them for being wiser, or earlier wise, than ourselves. The utterance of grateful sentiments is wonderfully facilitated when it can be accompanied with certain qualifying clauses and admissions. Thus Ascham evidently dwells with the more satisfaction on his obligations to Medcalf, because the latter was a man meanly learned, and a *Papist*.'—p. 299.*

* Mr. H. Coleridge quotes the expression of Pember, in a letter of praise and encouragement to young Ascham, who had written to him in Greek,—'Da operam ut sis perfectus, non Stoicus, ἀλλὰ Λυρικὸς, ut belle pulses lyram,'—and after justly ridiculing the translation which made these words an exhortation to learn instrumental music, interprets the phrase as recommending 'an opening and exaltation of the understanding by the aid of the imagination.' With submission, this is a misapprehension too. The meaning of Stoicus and Lyricus, as opposed to each other, is, on the one hand, the exalter of the sovereignty of the very highest knowledge though but a part, by a sacrifice of all the inferior, and on the other, the student of the whole, as a beautiful one by harmonious subordination. Pember prefers the latter. And we may remark that Mr. H. Coleridge takes unnecessary trouble in allusion to Galen's observation, to prove, by the instances of Milton and others, that 'the practice of music no way impairs the faculty of severe thought;' because Galen's position is confined to '*much* music marring men's manners;' and the truth of *that* remark will not, we believe, be questioned by any one who has ever had an opportunity of making the requisite observations anywhere—and, not to come too close home, we refer to a book called 'A Ramble amongst the Musicians of Germany, by a Musical Professor,' which appeared a few years ago. There

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There are exceptions, we trust, to this as to other generally just rules; we have no moral difficulty, for instance, in believing the old story of Virgil that he received as much pleasure from the good verses of his friends as from his own; the nobility of true genius may surely go as far as that;—and how many affectionate acknowledgments have been publicly made of intellectual benefits received during intercourse with our author's own father, in cases where assuredly no fond dream of rivalry with the instructor had ever been entertained!

'Ascham,' continues our biographer, 'had rightly a very moderate estimation of that sort of learning which can be taught by voice or book, and passively received into the memory. With as little of pugnacity or indocility as ever belonged to a lively and inquiring mind, he held fast the truth, that it is only by its own free agency that the intellect can either be enriched or invigorated;—that true knowledge is an act, a continuous immanent act, and at the same time an operation of the reflective faculty on its own objects. How he applied this principle to the purposes of education, his "Schoolmaster," written in the maturity of his powers, and out of the fulness of his experience, sufficiently shows. But the idea, though undeveloped, wrought in him from his earliest youth: his favourite maxim was *Docendo disces.* The affectionate wish and strenuous effort to impart knowledge is the best possible condition for receiving it. *The necessity of bring intelligible to others brings with it an obligation to understand ourselves,*—to find words apt to our meaning, and a meaning commensurate with our words,—to seek out just analogies and happy illustrations. But above all, by teaching, or more properly by reciprocal inter-communication of instruction, we gain a practical acquaintance with the universal laws of thought, and with the process of perception, abstracted from the accidents of the individual constitution; for *it is only by a sympathetic intercourse with other minds that we gain any true knowledge of our own.*'—p. 300.

In the controversy which arose at Cambridge, about 1545, upon the subject of the new mode of pronouncing Greek introduced by Sir John Cheke and Sir Thomas Smith, and which Gardiner, as Chancellor, so violently opposed, Ascham, after a little wavering of opinion, finally embraced the new doctrine in this as in the graver matter of religion, and distinguished himself a good deal in the argument:—

'Among other absurdities,' says Mr. H. Coleridge, 'of the exploded system, was that of giving the sound of the English V to the Greek B. Now Eustathius asserts, that the Greek word βῆ exactly resembled the bleating of a sheep, and therefore it is easy to determine how it is to be pronounced; unless, says Roger, the Greek sheep bleated differently from those of England, Italy, and Germany:—"Jam utrum illa ovis effert *ve* ut vos, an *be* ut nos, judicetis. Anglæ scio omnes et Germanæ

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Germanæ et Italæ pro nobis faciunt, sed fortasse Græcæ oves olim non *balabant* sed *velabant.*" '—p. 305.

Now, surely, Ascham and his biographer are a little too hasty here. In the first place, the B and the V are merely different expressions, with greater or less force, of the common digammate power, of which F is the strongest exponent; and, accordingly, the B and the V are a hundred times over interchanged in Greek and Latin: βούλομαι = volo—βόσκω = vescor, &c., on the one hand; and Servius = Σέρβιος—Varro = Βάρρων, &c., on the other. The modern Greeks pronounce βούλομαι = *voulomai*, βαθυς = *vathys*, &c.; and we are much inclined to agree with Mitford, that 'for the pronunciation of the ancient Greek language we should take no evidence against the practice of the modern Greeks, but the evidence of their forefathers, or of the contemporary Latin authors.'* In the ordinary speech of a Castilian, the B and the V are almost indistinguishable. No one can suppose that the old Greeks pronounced Varro as Barron in English; they could surely have had as little difficulty in saying *Varron* as their modern descendants in saying *voulomai*. And as to the test supposed to be afforded by the βῆ βῆ of Cratinus, as cited by Eustathius, the point of that quotation was to prove the sound of the *eta*, the vowel sound, and not the quality of the mere aspirate and prefix. Yet the instance, after all, does not establish the sound of the *eta*: for different nations frequently differ in their perception and expression of the same natural sound; as a German (and perhaps citing the κοκκὺ of Aristophanes in the Birds) will tell you that a cuckoo's note is 'gookoo.' And in the particular example adduced by Ascham, we English represent the bleating of a sheep by the word *bah*, like *ah*, a sound which, we venture to say, has *never* been ascribed to the *eta*.

In 1548, Ascham became tutor to the Princess Elizabeth—

'He found her a most agreeable pupil, and the diligence, docility, modest affection, and self-respecting deference of the royal maiden endeared an office which the shy scholar had not undertaken without fears and misgivings. . . . . "I teach her words," said he, "and she teaches me things. I teach her the tongues to speak, and her modest and maidenly looks teach me works to do; for I think she is the best disposed of any in Europe." In several of his Latin epistles, and also in his "Schoolmaster," he explains and recommends his mode of instructing the princess with evident exultation at his success. It was the same method of double translation pursued with such distinguished results by Sir John Cheke, from whom Ascham adopted it; and, indeed, like many of the best discoveries, it seems so simple that we wonder how it ever could be missed, and so excel-

* Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language, &c., p. 195.

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lent, that we know not why it is so little practised. It had, indeed, been suggested by the younger Pliny, in an epistle to Fuscus, and by Cicero, in his Dialogue de Oratore. "Pliny," saith Roger, "expresses many good ways for order in study, but beginneth with translation, and preferreth it to all the rest. But a better and nearer example herein may be our noble Queen Elizabeth, who never yet took Greek nor Latin grammar in her hand after the first declining of a noun and a verb; but only by this double translating of Demosthenes and Isocrates daily without missing, every forenoon, and likewise some part of Tully every afternoon, for the space of a year or two, hath attained to such perfect understanding in both the tongues, and to such a ready utterance in the Latin, and that with such a judgment, as they be few in number in both universities, or elsewhere in England, that be in both tongues comparable to her Majesty." . . . . . We may well allow a teacher to be a little rapturous about the proficiency of a lady, a queen, and his own pupil; but, after all due abatements, the testimony remains unshaken, both to the talent of the learner and the efficiency of the system of instruction.'—p. 307.

In 1550 Ascham accompanied Sir Richard Morisine to Germany on an embassy to the Emperor Charles. The extracts from his correspondence given by our biographer are very amusing; *e. g.*—

'England need fear no outward enemies. The lusty lads verily be in England. I have seen on a Sunday more likely men walking in St. Paul's Church than I ever yet saw in Augusta [Augsburgh], where lieth an emperor with a garrison, three kings, a queen, three princes, a number of dukes, &c. I study Greek apace, but no other tongue; for I cannot. . . . . I think I shall forget all tongues but the Greek afore I come home. I *have read to my lord since I came to Augusta whole Herodotus, five tragedies, three orations of Isocrates, seventeen orations of Demosthenes.* For understanding of the Italian I am meet well; but surely I drink Dutch better than I speak Dutch. Tell Mr. D. Maden, I will drink with him now a carouse of wine; and would to God he had a vessel of Rhenish wine, on condition that I paid 40*s.* for it; and, perchance, when I come to Cambridge, I will so provide here, that every year I will have a little piece of Rhenish wine. . . . . The Rhenish wine is so gentle a drink, that I cannot tell how to do when I come home.'—p. 317.

Ascham was jovial, we see; he also drew a good bow, and dearly loved a main of cocks. His 'Toxophilus' might, we think, be reprinted in these days of pic-nic archery. He projected a treatise on cock-fighting, but did not publish it. But there is no ground for calling him *a gamester* in the bad sense of the word, and we are by no means sure that his love for *alectryomachy* proves anything at all against his gentleness. Mr. H. Coleridge says—

'Hence it appears, but too clearly as many would say, that Roger was a cock-fighter. Had he been a contemporary of Hogarth, his features

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features would have been preserved in that wonderful man's living representation of the cock-pit. It is also evident, that certain curious persons were scandalized at the propensity—not, however, as tender-hearted folks unacquainted with ancient manners may suppose, on account of the inhumanity or vulgarity of the amusement—but because it was not deemed compatible with the severity of the scholastic character. Few, if any, in the sixteenth century condemned any sport because it involved the pain or destruction of animals, and none would call the pastime of monarchs *low*..... Angling is, doubtless, much fitter recreation for a "contemplative man," besides being much cheaper for a poor man, than cock-fighting; but it is equally opposed to the poet's rule, which bids us

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

If animal suffering be computed, the sod is an altar of mercy compared to the chace; for the excitement of the combat is an instinctive pleasure to the pugnacious fowls, who, could they give an opinion on the subject, would infallibly prefer dying in glorious battle, to having their necks ignominiously wrung for the spit, or enduring the miseries of superannuation. Roger never lived to publish, or probably to compose, his Apology for the Cock-pit; but we know not whether it was in pursuance of his recommendation that a yearly cock-fight was, till lately, a part of the annual routine of the northern free-schools. The master's perquisites are still called cock-pennies.'—p. 326.

But we must hasten to a conclusion with Ascham. He died in 1568, aged fifty-three. Dr. Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, who preached his funeral sermon, declared, that he never knew man live more honestly, nor die more Christianly: and Queen Elizabeth said, that 'she had rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost her Ascham.'

The Life of Roscoe is remarkably well written; but it seems to us as if the author had been *in duty bound* to write it. We frankly acknowledge that we think the commendation bestowed altogether out of proportion to the real merits of the subject.

Towards the conclusion of the Life of Sir Richard Arkwright, we find a passage, which, both for its eloquence and its profound insight into the truth, we must quote:—

'And here the question occurs,—Ought Arkwright, and others such as he, who, by multiplying the powers of production, have so greatly increased the public and private wealth of Britain, to be considered as benefactors or not?—Or, to state the question more strongly and more truly, was it in wrath or in mercy, that mankind were led to the modern improvements in machinery? Should we merely take a survey of the present state of the country—especially as far as the labouring classes are concerned—we should be apt to denominate these inventions the self-inflicted scourges of avarice. They have indeed increased wealth, but they have tremendously increased

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creased poverty; not that willing poverty which weans the soul from earth, and fixes the desires on high—not that poverty which was heretofore to be found in mountain villages, in solitary dwellings midway up the bleak fell-side, where one green speck, one garden plot, a hive of bees, and a few sheep, would keep a family content—not that poverty which is the nurse of temperance and thoughtful piety; but squalid, ever-murmuring poverty, cooped in mephitic dens and sunless alleys—hopeless, purposeless, wasteful in the midst of want—a poverty which dwarfs and disfeatures body and soul; makes the capacities, and even the acquirements of intellect, useless and pernicious: and multiplies a race of men without the virtues which beasts oft-times display—without fidelity, gratitude, or natural affection.

'The moral degradation of this caste may not be greater in England than elsewhere, but their physical sufferings are more constant than in the southern climates, and their tendency to increase much stronger than in the northern latitudes. But has machinery occasioned the existence or *growth* (?) of this class? Certainly not; for it has always existed since society assumed its present shape, and is to be found in countries like Spain and Naples, where pride and indolence are too powerful even for the desire of wealth to overcome.

'But the artificial wealth which manufactures have assisted to produce has generated or aggregated a factitious population, dependent for employment and subsistence on a state of things exceedingly and incalculably precarious, and seldom able to practise more than one department of a trade in which labour is minutely divided; a population naturally improvident in prosperity and impatient in distress, whom the first interruption of trade converts into paupers, and whom a continuance of bad times is sure to fix in that permanent pauperism from which there is no redemption. Times may mend, but man, once prostrate, never recovers his upright posture—once a vagabond and always a vagabond—once accustomed to eat the bread of idleness, the operative seldom takes pains to procure employment; and having been paid something for doing nothing, thinks ever after that he is paid too little for toil, and seizes every pretext to throw up his work again. Character has little influence on a man whom the world considers, and teaches to consider himself, but as a portion of a mass. To be sensible of character, man must feel himself a responsible individual; and to individualize the human being, not only must the reflective powers be evoked and disciplined by education, but there must be property, or profession, or political privilege, or something equivalent, a certain sphere of free-agency, to make the man revere himself as man, and respect the opinions of his fellow-men. Now it is the tendency of wealth to increase the number of those who have no property but the strength or skill which they must sell to the highest bidder—who, either by labour or without labour, must live upon the property of others—and who, having no permanent mooring, are liable by every wind of circumstance to slip their cables and drift away with the idle sea-weed and the rotting wrecks of long-past tempests.

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tempests. Thus, to vary the metaphor, the sediment of the commonwealth is augmented with continual fresh depositions, till the stream of society is nigh choked up, and our gallant vessels stranded on the flats and shallows. Without metaphor—so many of the people drop into the mob, that the mob is like to be too many for the people, and wealth itself to be swallowed up by the poverty itself has begotten!'—p. 477.

We exceedingly regret that our limits do not permit us to bestow that particular notice on the lives of Mason and Congreve which they deserve. In these lives, Mr. Hartley Coleridge has poured forth the treasures of his mind on poetical and more especially on dramatic criticism.

'Among the peculiar difficulties of dramatic composition,' says the author, in commencing a criticism on Mason's 'Elfrida,' 'what is called the *opening of the plot* is one of the most formidable; and I know very few plays in which it has been skilfully surmounted. But this difficulty is materially augmented, if the unities of place and time are to be kept inviolate; for, in that case, it is impossible to represent a series of actions from their commencement: the play must begin just before the crisis, and the auditor must be put in possession of the previous occurrences as soon as possible; for if they be left in obscurity till they are naturally developed by the incidents and passions of the action itself, half the play will pass over before any one knows what is going forward, or where is the scene, or who are the *dramatis personæ*. In written or printed plays, to be sure, we may be informed of these particulars by lists of characters, stage-directions, &c.; but no play can be regarded as a legitimate work of art which would not be intelligible in representation. The ancient dramas, so long as the genuine Greek tragedy flourished, were, with few exceptions, taken from the storehouse of mythology, which was familiar to every Greek from his childhood; and consequently the Athenian audiences were never at a loss to understand the subject of a new production. But this, though it was a great convenience, did not exonerate the poet from his duty; he was not to take it for granted that his story was known, but was to make his plot unfold itself. *The chorus was of great use in this business, their odes consisting for the most part of references to the past and forebodings of the future. Prophecies and oracles to be fulfilled, old crimes to be expiated, mysterious circumstances to be cleared up, a fearful future involved in a fearful past, were the main ingredients in the choral strains, in which nothing is told—everything is assumed or hinted at, in accordance with the religious nature of Greek tragedy.* But as some more straightforward exposition was deemed necessary in many instances, Euripides in particular had recourse to the very inartificial expedient of a retrospective soliloquy, sometimes spoken by a ghost, in which the history was brought down to the point at which it was convenient that the scene should open. This is but a clumsy device; but perhaps it is better than occupying the first act with

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with tedious narrative in which *Prologue plays dialogue with Dummy;* and it avoids the worst of all *critical* faults, that of tediousness. Such as it is, Mason has adopted it in his Elfrida, without an attempt to disguise its manifest absurdity.'—p. 417.

We have put a few lines in this passage in italics, as involving in our judgment a very valuable hint on the theory of Greek tragedy. Not less truth of moral discernment is contained in the author's remarks on Evelina's speech to the Druids, in Caractacus.

> 'I know it well,
> Yet must I still distrust the elder brother;
> For while he talks (and much the flatterer talks),
> His brother's silent carriage gives disproof
> Of all his boast; indeed I marked it well,' &c.

Upon which Mr. Hartley Coleridge remarks:

'This is beautifully true to nature. Men are deceived in their judgments of others by a thousand causes,—by their hopes, their ambition, their vanity, their antipathies, their likes and dislikes, their party feelings, their nationality, but, above all, by their presumptuous reliance on the ratiocinative understanding, their disregard to presentiments and unaccountable impressions, and their vain attempts to reduce every thing to rule and measure. Women, on the other hand, if they be very women, are seldom deceived, except by love, compassion, or religious sympathy,—by the latter too often deplorably; but then it is not because their better angel neglects to give warning, but because they are persuaded to make a merit of disregarding his admonitions. The craftiest Iago cannot win the good opinion of a *true* woman, unless he approach her as a lover, an unfortunate, or a religious confidant. Be it, however, remembered that this superior discernment in character is merely a female *instinct*, arising from a more delicate sensibility, a finer tact, a clearer intuition, and a natural abhorrence of every appearance of evil. It is a sense which only belongs to the innocent, and is quite distinct from the tact of experience. If, therefore, ladies without experience attempt to *judge*, to draw conclusions from premises, and give a reason for their sentiments, there is nothing in their sex to preserve them from error.'—p. 438.

In the author's general estimate of Mason's poetry we upon the whole agree; though we cannot bring ourselves to rate the particular passages quoted in the life so highly as Mr. H. Coleridge is inclined to do. But the criticism on Congreve is, we think, excellent, both from its subtilty and its moderation. Speaking of 'The Way of the World,' he says,—

'That very polish, that diligent selection and considerate collocation of words—that tight-lacing of sentences into symmetry—that exquisite propriety of each part and particle of the whole—which make "The Way of the World" so perfect a model of acuminated satire, detract

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detract more from scenic illusion than they add to histrionic effect. The dialogue of this play is no more akin to actual conversation than the quick step of an opera-dancer to the haste of pursuit or terror. No actor could give it the unpremeditated air of common speech. But there is another and more serious obstacle to the success of "The Way of the World" as an acting play. It has no moral interest. There is no one person in the *dramatis personæ* for whom it is possible to care. Vice may be, and too often has been, made interesting; but cold-hearted, unprincipled villany never can. The conduct of every character is so thoroughly and so equally contemptible, that however you suspend the moral codes of judgment, you cannot sympathise in the success, or exult in the defeat, of any.'—p. 688.

And Congreve is summed up in these words:—

'From a rapid survey of his life and character, he seems to have been one of those indifferent children of the earth whom the world cannot hate; who are neither too good nor too bad for the present state of existence, and who may fairly expect their portion here. The darkest—at least the most enduring—stain on his memory is the immorality of his writings; but this was the vice of the time, and his comedies are considerably more decorous than those of his predecessors. They are too cold to be mischievous; they keep the brain in too incessant action to allow the passions to kindle. For those who search into the powers of intellect, the combinations of thought which may be produced by volition, the plays of Congreve may form a profitable study. But their time is fled—on the stage they will be received no more; and, of the devotees of light reading, such as could read them without disgust, would probably peruse them with little pleasure.'—p. 693.

The author ought to have borne more steadily in his mind the very early period of life at which Congreve wrote his comedies; but upon the whole, we can truly say we have not for a long time been more delighted or instructed by any essays on such subjects, than by these two Lives of Mason and Congreve. Everything, indeed, said in this work is said with an individual feeling; the force and freshness of a single and somewhat peculiar man of genius is thrown around the commonplaces of literature; and in the few particulars in which we are unable to agree with him, we recognize some unimportant circumstance of temperament or locality as the cause of what we consider the error. The principal defect or fault of these Essays, as pieces of biography, is precisely that which, however at once ludicrous and disgusting in the writings of small men, is never very disagreeable to the thoughtful reader of a work of real genius—we mean the frequent appearance of the author himself, with his own principles, and modes of thinking and feeling, in the midst of the narrative. There is accordingly observable in these Lives an occasional want of fusion;

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fusion; the text and the comment are sometimes disproportioned, if not out of place, and the story itself is forgotten during a longer digression than the ordinary reader likes, or the just rules of narrative allow. Still the material facts of each life are detailed with fidelity and spirit; and the particular subject of the biography is not only adequately drawn up, on the whole, but is illustrated by animated comparisons with many of his contemporaries.

Mr. Hartley Coleridge does not in this work run any race with Whitaker, or Prince, or Borlase. He is not over-learned in genealogies of no importance, nor expert in blazoning an extinct coat of arms, and neither describes the devolution of estates, nor sets forth the boundaries of manors. This book is *sui generis*—a most agreeable and instructive compound—addressed to readers of any corner of England, and yet possessing many points of particular interest for natives of the northern counties. So much original thought is very rarely found in any modern volume; and, differing as we do from what we perceive to be the author's inclinations in certain agitated questions of politics, we can nevertheless declare, that throughout the whole work we have met with no expression which did not bear testimony to the integrity of his principles, and to the generosity of his heart. *Cum talis et tantus sit speramus nostrum futurum esse.*

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ART. III.—*Visit to Iceland in the Summer of* 1834. By John Barrow, Jun. Post 8vo. London. 1835.

A PERIOD of twenty years has now elapsed since we have received any report of what has been passing in that interesting island, which, though placed within a few days' voyage, by steam, of the remotest part of the coast of England, may be said to be what the Romans applied to us—*toto ab orbe divisus;* and we therefore welcome even such a brief account of a 'Visit to Iceland' as that which a very young author has just placed before the public. This island is not enrolled among the colonies of the British empire—as, for the mutual advantage of both, we once could have wished to have been the case,—and our commercial intercourse has long ceased; but the manners of its inhabitants have always been contemplated with curiosity and gratification by English travellers; and it is particularly agreeable just at present to find ourselves, even for an hour, among a simple and unchanged people.

Mr. Barrow ascribes the first account given of this island, by an eye-witness, to a Frenchman, who published in the year 1670; but, in the English translation of 'Von Troil's Letters,' we find a catalogue of not less than one hundred and twenty books on Iceland

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land and Icelandic subjects, some of them of an earlier date. Few of these, indeed, could ever have been generally known to the English reader, being mostly in Danish, Swedish, German —in the native language, or in Latin. It is clear, however, from 'the Policie of England's keeping the Sea,' that our own countrymen were occasionally 'eye-witnesses,' pursuing their 'trafiques' and fisheries to Iceland a century or more before the period of the Frenchman's visit:—

> 'Of Island to write is little nede,
> Save of stock-fish: yet forsooth indeed,
> Out of Bristowe, and costes many one,
> Men have practised by needle and by stone
> Thitherwardes*——"

But Iceland has also other attractions besides those of association with the adventures and perils of our early trade, and the primeval virtues of its population. The astounding and awful operations which have been carried on in this great laboratory of nature, and are still in full vigour—the desolate majesty of its general scenery, and the brilliant phenomena of earth, sea, and sky, are calculated to engage and reward equally the attention of every one who has any tinge either of poetical or of scientific enthusiasm in his composition.

Our readers will be able duly to appreciate the present author's temper, when they learn that he considers a visit to the Geysers, and the gratification of seeing them play in full activity, alone worth a voyage, *at any time*, of a thousand miles in the Northern Atlantic, even in a frail yacht. This is the right spirit for a young traveller; but we confess that, with our own humble views, we are contented with the *Geyser* of Versailles.

We had occasion a year ago to notice favourably the 'Excursions' of Mr. Barrow; in the course of which he describes the grand and diversified scenery which Norway presents—in those noble fiords or inlets, whose ramifications run deeply up into the country, and wash the bases of the snow-capped mountains —in the extensive and transparent lakes—the numerous cataracts and waterfalls which interrupt the pellucid streams of the rivers, abounding in trout and salmon—and the stately forests of pine, which climb the sides of the central and southern ranges: these grand features of nature would seem to render Norway not at all inferior in picturesque scenery to Switzerland; that of the latter may be more magnificent in the great altitude of its mountains, but the former is more extensive and diversified, and certainly more interesting as regards the habits and domestic eco-

* Hakluyt's 'Traffiques and Discoveries,' &c. Edition, 1599. The 'Policie' is supposed to have been written in the time of Henry VI.

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nomy of the simple-minded and honest peasantry—honest and simple in proportion as the country has been less visited; for it is avowed by all travellers, that the character of the Swiss peasantry is very much changed for the worse by their frequent intercourse with strangers. We were not surprised, therefore, that the lively narrative of the 'Excursions' should have had considerable influence in these days of locomotive mania,—and that, during the last and present summers, whole shoals of our countrymen have been flocking to the regions in question, some to enjoy the sports of angling or shooting, and others to luxuriate in the charms of woods, and lakes, and mountain-torrents.

We believe the present little work has also already had a similar effect. The little 'Flower of Yarrow,' in which our author made the voyage, is described as having so sturdily overcome all her difficulties and dangers in the boisterous weather and rough seas of the coast of Iceland,* that a squadron of no less than five yachts have this season left the Thames with the view of cruizing along the coast of Norway, running up its magnificent fiords, and eventually standing across to Iceland. In one of these, we understand, an accomplished lady has embarked, who is known to possess no ordinary skill in the use of her pencil; and we hope even she will have no occasion to repent her adventure.

The 'Flower of Yarrow' touched at Drontheim (or, as our author is still pleased to write it, *Tronyem*, which may be the right pronunciation) for the purpose of receiving on board a friend of Mr. Smith, the owner; and as she required some trifling refit, Mr. Barrow, in the mean time, made an excursion to the town of Röraas, situated not far from the source of the Glommen, and to the copper-mines in its neighbourhood, and from thence to the nearest residence of the Laplanders. He found these people precisely in the same condition as they have generally been described by other travellers, especially Sir A. De Capel Brooke—as poor as possible to all appearance, but cheerful and contented; and, judging from what he saw, much addicted to brandy and tobacco.

In this excursion of a hundred and twenty or thirty miles into this part of the country, Mr. Barrow finds no reason to alter the opinions expressed in his former volume, as to the general good character of the Norwegian peasantry; and we are glad of this, having observed in a recent publication of Lieut. Breton statements of a contrary tendency. This gentleman meets with nothing scarcely in his tour through Norway but imposition, insolence, filth, and drunkenness; the guides, in particular, are all impos-

* The French ship of discovery 'Lilloise' was less fortunate. She has not been heard of since her voyage to these seas in 1830; and the French government have now offered a reward of 4000*l.* for the discovery of her crew, or any part of them.

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tors, and the boatmen all drunkards—two classes of men whom Mr. Barrow and his companions found, in their long experience, remarkably decent, well-behaved, and sober. Now as the lieutenant went over the same ground, within a week or ten days of the same time, and probably with the same guide and boatmen who attended Mr. Barrow in his second visit to Norway, we can only account for this discrepancy on the general principle, that objects frequently take their colouring from the temper and disposition of the mind, as well as bodily constitution, of the person who views them. Mr. Barrow appears to be of a lively, cheerful disposition—and in this frame of mind may perhaps sometimes see objects *couleur de rose;* the Lieutenant, on the contrary, seems to view their dark sides only, and to shadow them out in a sombre and twilight sort of colouring, the reflection apparently of a less happily constituted mind—or perhaps of an older one that has encountered some disheartening experiences in life.

A six-days' passage, mostly of foul wind, brought the yacht within sight of the snow-capped mountains of Iceland; but foggy weather and contrary winds prevented her from reaching Reikiavik for three days more. Here Mr. Barrow had the unexpected good fortune of finding, in the person of the governor, an old acquaintance, a Danish gentleman with whom he had some years before wandered among the mountains of Switzerland.

The country around this capital of the island was dreary enough—not a tree nor a shrub of any kind to be seen. The following account of the gardens will point out the feeble and languid state of vegetation, though in a country which is many degrees of latitude to the southward of those parts in Norway, where whole forests of timber-trees, each worthy 'to be the mast of some great amiral,' are to be found.

'To each of the merchant's houses, and to those of the governor, the bishop, and landfogued, is attached a small piece of ground laid out as a garden, mostly if not entirely for the purpose of raising a few culinary vegetables; and few indeed they were, as far as my observation went, and of a very sickly and languishing appearance. The produce consisted generally of cabbages, just forming into heads, turnips (I believe Swedish), parsley, and potatoes, about the size of crab-apples. The present was considered to be an unfavourable season, but still better than some others, when all attempts had failed to raise vegetables of any kind; but in the very best of seasons they never arrive at any degree of perfection. Radishes, and turnip-radishes, mustard and cress, seemed to thrive the best, and were looking pretty well in the governor's garden; but he bestowed much care and labour on his little piece of ground, and often took great pleasure in pointing out to me the healthy state and vigour of three or

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or four plants of the mountain ash, which (after I forget how many years' growth) had attained to the height of about four feet; and in the possession of which he prided himself not a little, assuring me that they were the largest, and in fact the only plants that deserved the name of trees, within the distance of many miles round Reikiavik.' —pp. 106, 107.

We must pass over the description of this 'smoky village,' the public functionaries, and the neighbouring salmon-fishery, and proceed with our author and his party on a journey to those extraordinary fountains or eruptions of boiling water called the Geysers—the result, no doubt, of internal fires, to which the island appears to be in all its parts subject, and may be said, indeed, wholly to owe its origin. The effects produced by them were visible everywhere on this excursion—in the numerous extinct volcanic craters—in the extensive plains covered with lava—and the immense rents or chasms at the feet and sides of the hills. Into one of these chasms, which bears the name of *Almannagaiua*, falls the river Oxer-aa, in a noble cataract or water-fall, the subject of a neat wood-cut. By this enormous chasm the side of a hill is rent asunder to the distance of three miles.

The party took up their lodgings for the night in the little humble church of Thingvalla; of which there is also a clever wood-cut. The whole surface of this part of the country bore many indications of having suffered a series of tremendous convulsions. Two other great chasms made their appearance not far from the church; and the sharp rocky sides and summits of the numerous conical mounds in the vicinity bore evident marks of having been vitrified by fire.

'The unusual circumstance of a vast field of continuous lava (not merely a stream) that exists in this part of Iceland, without any volcanic mountain from whence it could have been thrown out, can admit of no other explanation than that which the succession of these small conical mounds appears to afford.'—p. 160.

The plain out of which the boiling fountains, some of water and others of mud, are thrown up, is stated to be about twelve acres in extent.

'The Great Geyser is situated on a mound which rises considerably above the general surface of the plain, and slopes on all sides to the distance of a hundred feet or thereabouts from the borders of the large basin on its summit; and in the centre of this basin, forming as it were a gigantic funnel, there is a pipe or tube up which the boiling water rises and the eruptions burst forth. The basin or bowl of this funnel is from four to five feet deep, sloping a little, like a saucer, towards the central tube. Into this basin the water had flowed to within a foot and a half of the brim when we visited it; and, as it was gradually rising, we remained on the spot



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till it overflowed, which we were told was a certain sign of an eruption being about to take place; the more certain, as a bubbling or boiling up of the water was observed over the mouth of the tube at the same time. The temperature of the water in the basin at this period, as far as I could reach to plunge in the thermometer, was from 180° to 190° of Fahrenheit.

'After anxiously waiting a considerable time, instead of that grand burst we had expected to take place, to our great mortification the water began gradually to subside, and did not cease to diminish till the basin was left quite dry. I had now, however, an opportunity of taking the dimensions of the basin and its pipe, the former of which was found from actual measurement to be fifty-six feet in the greatest diameter, and fifty-two feet in the narrowest, and the greatest depth about four feet. The shaft or tube in the middle, at the upper and shelving part, was found to be eighteen and a quarter feet one way, and sixteen feet the other; but it narrows considerably at a little distance from the mouth, and appears to be not more than ten or twelve feet in diameter.

'I measured its depth on two sides: on one I found it to be sixty-seven feet, and on the other a little more than seventy. The sides of the tube are smoothly polished, probably by the constant friction of the water, which is also the case with the floor of the basin, whose surface is perfectly smooth and even, and has the appearance, in parts, of agate, and is so hard that I was unable to detach a single piece with a hammer. It is difficult to imagine in what manner this capacious tube, perfectly perpendicular, has first been shaped, and equally so how the smooth crust with which it is lined has been laid on—whether at once, or by successive depositions of the laminæ of siliceous matter. The lining of the basin or bowl would appear to be of more easy explanation: the water remaining therein quiescent may deposit its silica undisturbed, but in the pipe of the tunnel it is always bubbling or boiling, sometimes higher, sometimes lower, or exploding steam and water. But after all, that which is the most difficult to comprehend is this—that the water of the Geyser is perfectly clear, and gives no deposite without the application of chemical tests, and then only in the smallest possible quantity: it may be kept for years in bottles, without depositing the least sediment.

'It becomes a question, then, how such a quantity of siliceous matter is deposited, not only in the tube and floor of the basin, but also on its rim or border, which forms the highest part of the mound. The matter here deposited is abundant, and appears to be constantly forming; and as this rim is out of the reach of the hot water, except in one spot, it would appear that this deposite is from the condensed steam or vapour, which is the more probable from the extreme delicacy of the efflorescence.

'The stream of water that flows from the basin finds its way down the slope of the mound, and at the foot thereof divides itself into two branches which empty themselves into the *Huit-aa*, or White River.

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On the margins of these little streams are found in abundance the most extraordinary and beautiful incrustations that can be conceived, which, like those on the margin of the basin, would appear to be owing to the steam and spray that accompany the water, rather than to the water itself. Along the banks of these occasional streamlets the grasses and the various aquatic plants are all covered with incrustations, some of which were exquisitely beautiful, but so delicate that, with every possible care, I found it was utterly impossible to bring any of them away in a perfect state to Reikiavik.

'Every sort of adventitious fragment, whether of pieces of wood, bones or horns of animals, were here found in a silicified state, and among other things, by the edge of the stream, I met with a piece of printed paper which, with the letters perfectly legible, exhibited a thin plate of transparent silex, giving it the appearance of a child's horn-book; but the moment it was removed it fell in pieces. Previous to our departure, the Governor had shown to me a worsted stocking which, by lying on the banks of this streamlet about six months, had been completely converted into stone, as had also a blue handkerchief, which exhibited all the cheques and colours of the original; these were solid enough to bear handling, and as hard as silex itself.'—pp. 177-181.

In another part of this Phlegræan field is a smaller geyser, which the Icelanders call the *Strokr*, the shaker or agitator, and which Mr. Barrow thinks must be the *New Geyser* of Sir John Stanley. It had been perfectly quiescent since the time of the arrival of the party, but the guides, in order to bring on an eruption, dug up and threw into the orifice large masses of peat or turf.

'And sure enough,' says Mr. Barrow, 'the boiling fluid, as if filled with rage and indignation at such treatment, burst forth almost instantaneously, and without giving the least notice, with a most violent eruption, heaving up a column of mud and water with fragments of peat, as black as ink, to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and continuing to do so for eight or ten minutes, when it subsided, and all the water sunk into the shaft, where it remained in a tranquil state at its former depth. The masses of turf had been completely shattered to atoms, and dissolved as it were in the water, which did not recover the usual transparency of the geyser waters when it ceased: the fragments of turf in descending fell back into the shaft.'—pp. 187, 188.

The party had waited three days in expectation of an eruption from the Great Geyser, when, after many tantalizing symptoms, they were roused from sleep early in the morning by a servant, who said that from the incessant noise, and the violent rushing of the steam, he had no doubt the desired outburst was at hand.

'We were of course instantly on our legs; and just as we arrived at the spot, a few jets were thrown up to no great height, and we were once more making up our minds to another disappointment, when suddenly, as if by a violent effort, the shaft discharged a full



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column of water and steam, the former mounting in a grand mass to the height, as we estimated it, of between seventy and eighty feet. I must observe, however, that it is but an estimate, as the rolling volumes of steam generally enveloped the column of water, and accompanied it to the very highest point, so that it was not easy to get a fair view of it, much less to measure it with any degree of certainty; but I feel pretty confident that I have not overstated the height. I may here observe that these rolling clouds, which in common parlance I have called steam, are not that pure unmixed steam which is instantly converted into moisture, and vanishes when it escapes into the open air, like that which is let off from the boilers of steam-engines, but is here accompanied by a kind of smoke and spray from the boiling water that require some little time to melt away and leave the atmosphere clear.'—p. 193.

It has been laid down by former visiters, especially Von Troil, that some of these spouting springs close up while others open out—and that all of them proceed from one great reservoir; but Mr. Barrow says, that as far as his observation went, he could not discover any correspondence in the eruptions of the several fountains; though he did notice that, when the ebullitions of one were feeble, the whole were so; and that, previous to the eruption of the Great Geyser, all the diminutive ones were in a state of increased activity, as if the fires had been stirred up for some grand occasion.

'If, however, we are to imagine that all these geysers and apertures, that constantly throw out volumes of steam, communicate with one great reservoir of water from which the steam is produced, the escape of this steam through so many apertures must cause it to act with less pressure on any one of them, and probably less frequently in propelling the jets up the pipes or shafts; and we may, perhaps, consider these numerous *safety-valves* to be the means of preventing a catastrophe that the choking up of some of the larger ones might bring on at any time—namely, a general explosion of that perforated and tremulous crust of earth out of which they all rise, and convert the whole area into one great pool of boiling water.

'The violence of the eruption of the Strokr, when choked up with peat and sods, might have been exerted on some other place, had not the force of the steam been sufficient to clear the passages.'—p. 208.

He further observes—

'The projectile force given by the elasticity of steam is much increased by the direction, the smoothness, and the form of the cylinder. How these qualities were communicated, or what is going on below the surface, we may indulge in ingenious conjectures, but do know nothing certain. We may draw plans and diagrams on paper, placing pools of water here, and subterranean caverns there, for the reception of steam;—we may imagine conduits to convey a supply of the former from above, and cracks and chasms in the rock for the passage of the latter

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latter from below,—and all these, fitted in all respects to produce the effect that we see above ground; but if it be asked where the fire is, that produces all the steam and the boiling water, no one will be hardy enough to assign a local habitation to that element which Sir Humphry Davy has called "an unceasing fire in the laboratory of nature,"—that first operative cause which heaves up mountains—compels them to vomit forth red hot melted lava,—rends open deep chasms in the surface of the earth, and supplies the fountains of the geysers with boiling water and steam.'—pp. 204, 205.

Mr. Barrow next visted the little port of Havnefiord, the approach to which is over a plain strewed with huge blocks of lava, ten, fifteen, or twenty feet high, forming a complete labyrinth. These bore evident marks of having once been wholly or partially in a state of fusion, being cellular and blistered in every part, and apparently upheaved out of the ground on the very spot they occupied. Not a hill was to be seen in the neighbourhood, but the plain exhibited a wavy surface of rocky ridges. Mr. Barrow adds the following note from the MS. Journal of a highly accomplished traveller of earlier date, who kindly favoured him with the use of it:—

'"To eyes unused to the sight," says Dr. Holland, "nothing can be conceived more singular than the aspect of this bed of lava. A vast confused mass of rocky matter, having a general elevation of level above the surrounding country, but thrown within itself into every possible variety of strange and abrupt shapes, is the general appearance presented to the sight. In following a narrow and rugged path across the lava, we observed numerous fissures, caverns, and hollows, some of them apparently the effect of cracking and sinking down of masses of rock, others much resembling craters from which the melted matter had flowed. The approach to Havnefiord is striking: high and rugged masses of lava concealed from us, until we were almost at the edge it, a small and retired bay, at the upper extremity of which are situated fifteen or twenty habitations constructed, like those at Reikiavik, of timber, but superior in general appearance to the houses of the latter place. This is Havnefiord." '—p. 222.

Our author next proceeds to Bessestad, at no great distance from Havnefiord, where he found a school for the education chiefly of young men destined for the church; the only school, he believes, of any kind in the whole island. It was vacation time, and the students had dispersed. The manner in which they are huddled together, two in a bed, in a kind of Augean stable, is not calculated to raise one's ideas of this collegiate institution. Mr. Barrow describes their sleeping-room as resembling a menagerie, with stalls or cells on either side, and was not a little shocked at the miserable and filthy state in which everything appeared.

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The number of scholars is forty. There are three masters; one, styled Professor of Theology, teaches also both Greek and Hebrew; another, called Lecturer, has for his share Latin, history, mathematics, and arithmetic; the third undertakes the Danish, the German, and the Icelandic. The funds appropriated for the school are said to be sufficient to pay the teachers, and to afford board, books, and clothing to the scholars gratis—

'It may be mentioned, to the credit of Bessestad College, that some of the best and most learned works in Iceland have issued from thence, and that *five volumes* in Danish and Latin have just been completed and published by "The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen," under the title of "Scripta Historica Islandorum de Rebus gestis veterum Borealium," the work of S. Egilssen, Lecturer of the Collegiate School at Bessestad. It contains historical sagas relating to events that occurred out of Iceland, and more particularly to the exploits of the Danes in England from the middle of the tenth to the beginning of the fourteenth centuries, an obscure period in English history. From a glance at this work, I should think Mr. Sharon Turner would find in it much new and interesting matter for his *Anglo-Saxon History*.'—p. 231.

But schools in Iceland are of less importance, as domestic education is the almost universal practice. Even the poorest peasantry, amidst every want of what we should consider comfort, are more enlightened than those of other countries, and apparently more happy and contented. Dr. Holland observes—

'The summer's sun saw them, indeed, laboriously occupied in seeking their provision from the stormy ocean and a barren soil, but the long seclusion of the winter gave them the leisure, as well as the desire, to cultivate talents which were at once so fruitful in occupation and delight. During the darkness of their year, and beneath the rude covering of wood and turf, they recited to the assembled families the deeds and descent of their forefathers, from whom they had received that inheritance of liberty which they now dwelt among deserts to preserve.'—pp. 237, 238.

This is worthy the spirit of a Cincinnatus. Mr. Barrow observes that—

'The authority given to the clergy, by law, not to marry a woman unless she can read and write, would appear to be an admirable one, and will explain why the peasantry of Iceland are so much better informed than those of any other nation of Europe. It is from the mother that the child learns the first rudiments of education, and receives a taste for reading; and a well-educated mother cannot fail to instil into her young offspring the principles of religion and morality. I am informed by Mr. Broder Knudtzon, that the clergy of Norway have the same authority to refuse confirmation to those who cannot read and write, as well as answer certain questions regarding religion.'—p. 284.

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The meritorious parish priests of Iceland would not, we presume, be considered even by Mr. Joseph Hume, as possessing much *surplus* wealth. Our author states that—

'The clergy almost universally submit to every species of drudgery: their incomes are too small to allow them to hire and feed labourers, and nothing is more common than to find the parish priest in a coarse woollen jacket and trowsers, or skin boots, digging peat, mowing grass, and assisting in all the operations of hay-making. They are all blacksmiths also from necessity, and the best shoers of horses on the island. The feet of an Iceland horse would be cut to pieces over the sharp rock and lava, if not well shod. The great resort of the peasantry is the church, and should any of the numerous horses have lost a shoe, or be likely to do so, the priest puts on his apron, lights his little charcoal fire in the smithy, (one of which is attached to every parsonage,) and sets the animal on his legs again; and here again he has a laborious task to perform in procuring his charcoal. Whatever the distance may be to the nearest thicket of dwarf-birch, he must go thither to burn the wood, and to bring it home when charred, across his horse's back.'—p. 238.

And yet from these labours they can turn with pleasure to their literary pursuits. One of these worthy pastors, Thorlakson, was completing—when Henderson paid him a visit some twenty years ago—a translation of the 'Paradise Lost' into his native tongue, having already finished Pope's 'Essay on Man.' Three of the first books of his 'Paradise Lost' were printed by the Icelandic Literary Society, but, owing to the want of funds and the dissolution of that society, the work was then stopped. Henderson thus describes his visit to the venerable man—

'Like most of his brethren, at this season of the year, we found him in the meadow assisting his people in hay-making. On hearing of our arrival, he made all the haste home which his age and infirmity would allow, and bidding us welcome to his lowly abode, he ushered us into his humble apartment, where he translated my countrymen into Icelandic.

'The door is not quite four feet in height, and the room may be about eight feet in length by six in breadth. At the inner end is the poet's bed, and close to the door, over against a small window not exceeding two feet square, is a table where he commits to paper the effusions of his muse.'

The Literary Fund Society of London, whose merits are so well known, afforded a seasonable relief to this northern bard, and received from him in return a letter of gratitude in, as is said, very elegant Latin.

Mr. Barrow was very unlucky in his visit to Stappen, a spot as remarkable as its *namesake*, our own Staffa, for its huge basaltic caves and columns. The first untoward circumstance was the discovery,

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discovery, on approaching the bay, that their pilot had previously visited that part of the island but *once*, and that visit was by *land* —then, with the rapidity of shifting a scene in a pantomime, the sky became shrouded in dense clouds, the atmosphere thick with mist, the rain fell, and the wind blew, and our heroes were compelled to flee from the approach to the shore which contained these basaltic caverns.

In their voyage back to Reikiavik the sea was so high that the yacht dipped her jib-boom under water with a force which snapped it asunder, its height, when the vessel was on an even heel or in still water, being reckoned as not less than thirty feet from the surface. The oldest seaman in the vessel was *sea-sick*, and remarked in a half angry tone, that he had been upwards of twelve years in the king's service, and had never before been troubled with such a complaint—a complaint, however, to which Nelson himself was subject even to the close of his arduous life.

This failure was a grievous disappointment to our young author, who appears to have been most anxious, after seeing the Geysers, to visit the volcanic mountain and extraordinary caverns of Stappen. With a becoming modesty he observes—

'But though I had to sustain a great and mortifying disappointment in being obliged to desist from any further attempt to land, the extreme kindness and liberality of Sir John Stanley, since my return, have, in so far as valuable information and correct description go, more than compensated any personal gratification that I might have received, and enabled me to give a much better account of this place than I could hope to have acquired by any exertion of my own.'—p. 259.

The whole account of Sir John Stanley's visit to Stappen, and his ascent, with his companions, of the Snæfell Yokul, which seems to be a much more remarkable feature than even Hecla, is highly interesting, and we are only sorry that we have not space to dwell longer on it. The narrative will be read with interest, and the more so as no description of this adventurous ascent had before appeared in print. Mr. Barrow himself says,—

'I am not aware that it has ever been noticed by geologists, that basaltic rocks and basaltic pillars, commencing first at Fairhead and the Giants' Causeway, the most splendid examples that perhaps exist, continue to make their appearance in various places as we advance to the northward, on or near to the same meridian line, passing through the western islands of Scotland, exhibiting a magnificent display on the Island of Staffa, and from thence showing themselves in more or less perfection and beauty along the Hebrides, and as far as the Feroe Islands. Advancing still farther, with a little inclination to the westward, they are found in profusion in almost every part of Iceland, intermingled with every species of volcanic production, the whole of this

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this immense island evidently owing its existence to the agency of subterranean fire. Nor does the basaltic formation cease at Iceland, but, continuing northerly with a small inclination to the eastward, it breaks out again on the small island of Jan Meyen, which is also wholly of volcanic origin, consisting chiefly of the Mountain of Beerenberg, 6870 feet high; and on the sides of which are two craters, one of them, as stated by Mr. Scoresby, being six or seven hundred yards in diameter; and the belt between the mountain and the sea is composed of cinders, slags, scoriæ, and trap rocks, striking through black sand and vesicular basalt, the last of which, high up on the side of the mountain, exhibits columnar masses.

'Here, then, we have the plain and undeniable evidence of subterranean or sub-marine fire, exerting its influence under the sea, almost in a direct line, to the extent of 16½ degrees of latitude, or more than 1100 statute miles. If we are to suppose that one and the same efficient cause has been exerted in heaving up this extended line of igneous formations, from Fairhead to Jan Meyen, we may form some vague notion how deep-seated the fiery focus must be to impart its force, perhaps through numerous apertures, in a line of so great an extent, and nearly in the same direction. It may probably be considered the more remarkable, that no indication whatever is found of volcanic fire on the coast-line of Old Greenland, close to the westward of the last-mentioned island, and also to Iceland, nor on that of Norway on the opposite side, nor on the islands of Spitzbergen; on these places all is granite, porphyry, gneiss, mica-slate, clay-slate, lime, marble, and sandstone.'—pp. 276-277.

We cannot draw our present article to a close without some allusion to the pains which Mr. Barrow appears to have taken in obtaining answers to a series of questions for the information of a member of the Statistical Society of London. The chapter containing this information is valuable. It states the gross amount of the population to be about 53,000—

'This is but a scanty population for so extensive an island, whose surface is to that of Ireland as 1 to 1½, or thereabouts; but, as I was assured, one-third part is the very least that could be assumed as wholly useless to the inhabitants. The centre of the island, being nothing but clusters of yokuls or snowy mountains, is said to be fully equal to that extent; so that the inhabited part cannot be reckoned at more than 25,000 square miles; and the population on each square mile will not exceed 2 1/10 persons. This fact alone will suffice to show to what inconveniences the inhabitants must be subject in such a country where there are no roads, and over which it is utterly impracticable to attempt to stir in the winter months while the snow is on the ground.'—p. 285.

The population of Iceland may be strictly divided into two classes, the fishing and the pastoral. The export of wool is considerable—amounting of late years to from 3000 to 4000 *Skippund.* 'This

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'This would give for the export of wool from 960,000 to 1,280,000 English pounds; but besides the raw wool, there are exported annually not less than 200,000 pairs of knitted stockings, and 300,000 mittens, or gloves without fingers. The Iceland sheep have remarkably fine fleeces of wool, which the farmers never shear, but in the spring of the year it is taken off whole, as if it were a skin that easily slips off.'—pp. 288, 289.

'The number of sheep is about 500,000; heads of cattle, 36,000 to 40,000; horses, from 50,000 to 60,000. There being no wheel-carriages of any description on the island, there are no draught cattle.' —p. 291.

We regret that the shortness of the author's visit did not allow him to make the tour of the island, or to penetrate further towards the central mountains, which may yet be said to be a *terra incognita*. He has however done enough to entitle himself to a permanent place in the list of our enterprising countrymen, who have pursued their researches within recent times in Iceland;* and, we hope and believe, to stimulate fresh adventurers towards the same interesting region.

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ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke.* By George Wingrove Cooke, Esq. In two volumes, 8vo. London. 1835.

MR. COOKE sets out by observing that 'it is surprising that no tolerable history of Lord Bolingbroke's life has yet appeared.' We are sorry to say that the next biographer may begin with the same observation. Mr. Cooke's work, though more voluminous than the former lives, is quite as meagre, and, of course, being spun out to a greater length, much more tedious and unsatisfactory. We had thought it hardly possible that anything calling itself *Memoirs* of this extraordinary person could have been so dull, or that in days when the possessors of original papers are generally ready to open them to the inspection of the literary world, we should have two octavo volumes without, we believe, a single particle of matter which was not already—not merely in print, but—to be found in the commonest books. Nay, as far as we can discover, Mr. Cooke has not even attempted to seek for more secret or particular information, and we cannot but complain that he should have given his work the attractive title of '*Memoirs*' when, in fact, it has as little of the distinctive character of what is generally called *Memoirs* as any biography we ever remember to have read. Its true designation would have

* Sir Joseph Banks in 1770; Sir John Stanley, 1789; Dr. Hooker, 1809; Sir George Mackenzie, Dr. Holland, Dr. Bright, 1810; Mr. Henderson, 1814-15; Mr. Barrow, 1834.

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been that which the recent French biographer, General Grimoard, has modestly and truly adopted, 'An *Essay* on the Life and Writings of Lord Bolingbroke'—a critical undertaking for which Mr. Cooke may consider himself better qualified than the General, and which he may think is wanting to our literature, but which, assuredly, is a very different thing from what would be naturally expected from the '*Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke.*' We dare say that Mr. Cooke submitted, in the choice of his title-page, to the opinion of his publisher; but we should have thought that this very opinion might have opened his eyes to the fact, that the public do not want the *crambe recocta* of the Journals of Parliament, Mr. Coxe's lives of the Walpoles, and Bolingbroke's own pamphlets, though it would have received with great curiosity and interest a view of the secret springs of his public actions and of the interior and personal details of his private life. Mr. Cooke may perhaps say that he could not find any such materials, but we cannot discover that he looked for them; and at all events we think that, not having any new matter, he need not have taken the trouble of making a new book, and, above all, a new book of such size and pretensions.

But this is not our sole objection to Mr. Cooke. An historical writer may happen to have no original information, and to be therefore reduced to the necessity of compiling from other publications; yet he may still render very important and very valuable services to the subject he has undertaken—by the selection and sifting of the various authorities,—the balancing of conflicting evidence,—the detection of real and the explanation of apparent inconsistencies,—the induction of unavowed motives from acknowledged facts, and the general collocation and arrangement of the scattered materials into one lucid and harmonious sequence: these are the objects, and indeed we may say the *duties* of such an historian—but they are duties which Mr. Cooke does not seem to have thought of, and objects which assuredly he has not accomplished. Of five or six lives of Bolingbroke which are now before us, and upon the insufficiency of which Mr. Cooke grounds his undertaking, his own is, in our judgment, the most confused, and that which gives us the least distinct and satisfactory portrait of the man; he has dilated his scanty materials to a size that renders them indistinct,—he has encumbered his narrative with so much idle, tedious, and disjointed surplusage that we honestly confess we have frequently, in order to understand what Mr. Cooke was about, been obliged to refer to the more succinct biographies which he mentions with so much contempt. This practice of stuffing out a work into double the size which the subject really requires, is one of the characteristics of the biographical literature of the day. If the subject

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ject be a poet, we are presented with striking passages from works which are already in every hand and in most memories; if a soldier, we have copious despatches from the London Gazette; if a statesman, voluminous extracts from the Parliamentary Journals and Debates; and whenever it happens that any of these sources fail, the requisite bulk of volume is attained by discursive criticisms, wide digressions, and extraneous speculations. Thus it is with Mr. Cooke. He not only interlards his meagre narrative with large quotations from Bolingbroke's best-known works, but he adds an appendix forming more than a third of his second octavo, and which contains, besides the articles of impeachment against Bolingbroke himself, extracted from the Journals of Parliament, no less than *one hundred and thirty-nine pages* of the proceedings in the case of LORD OXFORD, all copied from the same recondite source! This, we must say, is a downright fraud; but then how else to make two volumes out of the two pages of the article 'St. John' in the 'Biographia Britannica?'

But, besides Mr. Cooke's deficiency in original information, his superabundance of obsolete trash, and the disorder of his arrangement—we have still more serious objections to him even as a mere historical compiler; he seems neither to have understood the man nor the times he writes about, and although a large proportion of the work is occupied by his own observations and argumentations on well-known facts and publications, he seems strangely ignorant of the true causes of those facts, and the real spirit of those publications. He generally adopts *au pied de la lettre* all that has been written for or against Bolingbroke, and exercises a deal of verbose argument about alleged facts and opinions, when a more philosophical mind would have questioned, in many cases, the existence of the premises, and in all would have examined the *truth* of the evidence adduced before he took the trouble of arguing on its effects. Of this error his preface, and almost every other page, offer examples; for instance,—we shall take the first that occurs—he says of his own qualifications for his task, that '*against* any undue bias in favour of the political life of his hero he has been fortified, by having regarded it with the prepossessions of a Whig.'—p. 15. As if a Whig of modern times could have any prepossessions for the 'tenets of the Whigs' or against the tenets of the Tories of the reigns of Anne or George I.! We talk *now*, as they did *then*, of *Whig* and *Tory*, but the tenets of the two parties, as we had lately occasion to explain by an interesting extract from Lord Mahon *—have been so completely *counter-changed* (as the heralds express it) that a Whig of that day very much resembled a Tory of ours, and *vice versâ*. Sup-

* Quarterly Review, vol. liii. p. 281.

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posing Mr. Cooke to be, as he says, a Whig in the present acceptation of the word, we do not see how that feeling could have biassed him *against* a statesman who opposed a war undertaken to curb the extravagant military ambition of the French ruler—whose policy it was to consolidate a peace with that nation by sacrificing the interests of our ancient allies, Holland, Germany, and Spain—who calumniated and opposed the great hero who had withstood and repelled the aggressions of France on the liberties of Europe—who was supposed to favour the popish against the Protestant interest in the state—and who, when out of power, exercised all his talents to run down the established government by imputations of corruption in all public men, and of abuse in all the institutions of the country. We apprehend that a Whig of this day need not disclaim any violent prejudice against *such* a statesman. The truth, we apprehend is, that Mr. Cooke, deceived by the mere names, does himself injustice—that he is much more of a Tory than he suspects; that his political tenets dispose him to look on the versatile and factious conduct of Bolingbroke with neither more nor less disapprobation than is felt by us and all those who are now-a-days designated as Tories: and his fancying that the *Toryism* of Bolingbroke had the slightest affinity to that system of political opinion which is at present denominated Toryism, is a proof of the superficial view that he takes of this prominent part of his subject, and of the very unphilosophical tendency of his mind to be affected rather by the *names* than by the principles and objects of parties. But had it even been so, the motive he assigns for his impartiality would be equally unfounded, for he would have us believe that Bolingbroke began his political life as a Whig, was a Tory only while he held office, and after this interval reverted for the whole of his long life to his original allegiance to the Whig or popular party; so that, again, even if Mr. Cooke be a Whig, he might still look with some degree of favour on one who, as he says, began as a Whig, ended as a Whig, and, as he labours to show, never wholly deserted these his earliest and latest opinions. We the rather wonder at Mr. Cooke's being led so much astray by mere words when we find him stating that Godolphin and Marlborough, during their triumphant administration and command, were Tories, and only became Whigs about 1707, from jealousy of one of their own subordinate Whigs, Harley, who about the same time turned Tory, and was followed by Bolingbroke. He that alleges such facts—even though he misstates them—must be blind not to see that there was no real *principle* of Whiggism or Toryism in question between these ambitious intriguers, they were all contending for place, power, and personal aggrandisement

disement, and took up and laid down the nickname of a party as best suited their own temporary and private interests. Let us not be understood to assert that there were no distinctive principles belonging to the two great parties of Whig and Tory. We are fully aware that there was a broad and most important distinction, but it was a distinction which Mr. Cooke seems to have understood very imperfectly, while he goes on puzzling himself and his readers with endeavouring to account for the inconsistencies of men who had no real principle of counsel or action but personal ambition.

But, in truth, Mr. Cooke has no excuse for having indulged in the paradox of Bolingbroke's having begun public life as a Whig, for he himself asserts, over and over again, the contrary in the most explicit manner. 'I go no farther back' (says he in his defence of his political conduct) 'than the year 1710, because the part I acted *before that time*, in the *first essays* I made in public affairs, was the *part of a* TORY.' (*Letter to Sir William Wyndham*, p. 8.) And, again, 'I was still (in 1714) heated by the disputes in which I had been *all my life* engaged *against the Whigs*.'—ibid. 41. Assuredly, he that represents Bolingbroke as a Whig (upon no other ground that we can discover than that his grandmother and the tutors of his infancy were non-conformists) must have read carelessly,—or not at all,—these explicit declarations of his early and constant Toryism.

This is a striking instance of Mr. Cooke's ignorance or neglect of those very works which he professes to have studied with so much care and such just admiration; but the following is still more remarkable, and proves decisively, that, instead of consulting Bolingbroke's own writings, Mr. Cooke sometimes condescends to take him at second hand; and by this negligence, has been led not only to spoil one of the most brilliant passages of his author, but to apply it in the strangest manner to the most opposite persons and parties:—

'It was this parliament that undertook the prosecution of Sacheverel. To adopt the *quaint expression of Bishop Burnet*, "The Whigs took it into their heads to *roast a parson*, and they did roast him; but their zeal tempted them to make the fire so high that they scorched themselves."'—vol. i. p. 103.

Not only did Burnet never use any such expression—not only are his general principles irreconcileable with the spirit of the remark thus boldly imputed to him—not only is his long and virulent account of Sacheverel's affair, in direct discord to it—but the phrase itself—the not *quaint* but—forcible and *witty* expression is to be found—not in *Burnet* but in *Bolingbroke*, and not in an obscure or out-of-sight essay, but in the most prominent of all his

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his works—the 'Dedication to Sir Robert Walpole' of the Dissertation on Parties:—

'You had a sermon to condemn and a *parson to roast;* (for that, I think, was the decent language of the time) and—to carry on the allegory—you roasted him at so fierce a fire that you burned yourselves.'

The taking one of the most remarkable passages in all the writings of the *arch-Tory* Bolingbroke, and after diluting its terseness and blunting its point, attributing it, as a 'quaint expression,' to that *arch-Whig* Burnet, is assuredly such a complicated blunder, as might almost make us suspect that Mr. Cooke had been one of the historians of the Georgian Era!

But how could he make such an incomprehensible blunder? if he had read the passage in Bolingbroke, how could he have mistaken the author, or misrepresented the words? and if he had not read the original passage, how came he to know anything about it? We think we can explain all that. Mr. Cooke in his preface speaks very slightingly of certain 'Memoirs of the Life and Public Conduct of Lord Bolingbroke,' published immediately after his death. From that despised work, however, he has borrowed, and in borrowing, blundered this story. That author (no doubt quoting from memory) gives the sentence in the *very words* which Mr. Cooke has copied, and Mr. Cooke never having (however incredible it may at first sight seem) read the *original* passage, did not suspect any variance. But how does he come to attribute it to Bishop Burnet—the very last man in the world who could have said it? Why, thus—Mr. Cooke, who seems not to have read Bolingbroke at all, read the anonymous author very hastily, and as this author did not mention Bolingbroke by name, and had in the preceding page made a long quotation from Burnet, Mr. Cooke, in his hurry, imagined that the subsequent quotation was from Burnet also.

Of Mr. Cooke's pretence to minute accuracy and nice discrimination, when in truth he is absurdly incorrect and strangely negligent, we could produce many other instances. We must content ourselves with selecting one, which, on account of the eminence of the parties concerned and the notoriety of the facts, will we think be considered decisive. He that is ignorant of the history of *Æneas* will not be suspected of being very intimate with that of *Gyas* and *Cloanthus.* In relating the difference which arose between Warburton and Bolingbroke, on the occasion of Pope's showing to the former 'The Letters on the Study and Use of History' of the latter, Mr. Cooke tell us—

'The *doctor* (he was not yet a *bishop*) wished to be considered a second Longinus,' &c.—vol. ii. p. 172.

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This is an unlucky stumble at the threshold. Warburton, as Mr. Cooke so carefully observes, was, indeed, not yet a *bishop*—but, alas, neither was he a *doctor!*—nor for twelve years after the period in question!—nor till after the deaths of both Pope and Bolingbroke. Nor was this a trivial and unnoticed circumstance, for the very volumes, and the very pages of the volumes, which contain the statement of this affair, (more than once referred to by Mr. Cooke,) contain also, and under the same dates, an account of the affront which Warburton received in being *refused the degree of 'doctor,'* and the indignation of himself and his friend Pope, on that occasion.—(*Pope's Letters*, vol. ix. pp. 320, 329, 334—*Warton's edition.*)

Mr. Cooke then proceeds—

'When Pope asked the opinion of the *Doctor* on his friend's new work, he concealed the name of the author; and Warburton insinuates that he did not know whose production it was—a circumstance which, if true, speaks *little for his critical acumen, but which few will implicitly credit.* The style of Bolingbroke is not easily mistaken; and the sentiments,—the line of argument upon the Old Testament,—the defence of the Treaty of Utrecht,—and the advocacy of Pope, must have betrayed the author to a man of less sagacity than Warburton.'—vol. ii. p. 173.

Now let us observe on this imputation of either falsehood or stupidity against Warburton, and the grounds on which it is made. 'The style of Bolingbroke is not easily mistaken,'—perhaps not, now-a-days, when we have *all* his works before us, (though we hold very low as evidence the *mere* similarity of styles,) but at *that* period none of what are called Bolingbroke's *philosophical works* had seen the light. What had been published of his were only collections of the scattered papers in the 'Craftsman,' and related almost exclusively to the politics of the hour, and are as unlike those 'Letters on History' as anything well can be. We confess that, even now, knowing that they are from the same pen, we are, as Pope himself professed to be, surprised at finding the factious partizan transformed into a metaphysician and a casuist, and wandering from the high road of English history into the deep and tangled thickets of ecclesiastical controversies. But 'the sentiment, the line of argument against the Old Testament,' must have opened Warburton's eyes. As to the *sentiment*, if this means conversational opinion, we have to observe, that Warburton had at this period never seen Bolingbroke; and as to the *line of argument on the Old Testament*, where, we ask, was there any indication, in the *then published* works, of any sentiment or argument against the Old Testament? They are, indeed, but too abundant in Bolingbroke's later works; and Mr. Cooke, because he has the whole before *him*, forgets that Warburton

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Warburton had not seen the 'Essays' on which Mr. Cooke's comparison and opinion are formed.

But 'the defence of the Treaty of Utrecht' in these letters is, it seems, conclusive. It would indeed be so—though fifty other writers might have defended the Treaty of Utrecht—because the writer avows, *in terms*, his share in that treaty; but Mr. Cooke has mutilated and mistaken one important point of Warburton's statement, which entirely overthrows his inference. Warburton states distinctly, that 'the book shown to him was only the *first* of the *two* volumes afterwards published;' and it turns out, that this defence and avowal of the Treaty of Utrecht is towards the conclusion of the *last* of the two volumes.

A still more serious charge is made against Swift, and on still lighter authority. We consider this matter as deserving of peculiar notice, because it affects the character of one of the greatest writers of our nation, in its most delicate point; and involves also still higher interests, by registering, as we think, falsely and fraudulently, one of the most powerful intellects that ever existed, in the roll of infidels.

'General Grimoard, in his "Essai sur Bolingbroke," says, "that he was intimate with the widow of Mallet the poet, who," he says, "was a lady of much talent and learning, and had lived on terms of friendship with Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope, and many other distinguished characters of the day, *who frequently met at her house.*" The General adds 'that HE has frequently heard this lady declare that *these men* were *all equally* DEISTICAL in their sentiments (que c'était une société de purs Déistes)—that Swift, from his clerical character, was a little more reserved than the others, but that he was evidently of the same sentiments at bottom,' &c.—vol. ii. p. 96.

We must begin by charging Mr. Cooke with a blameable inaccuracy, in his announcement of this proposition. General Grimoard's hearsay evidence would not be worth much—even if it were exactly as is stated;—but it is *not*. The General says, that

'He had formerly known Mrs. Mallet, whose maiden name was Lucy Elstob, of York, who had died more than eighty years old; that this very clever woman had lived in the strictest intimacy—*dans une étroite liaison*—with Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, &c., who often met at her house; and she *has been often heard* to say—ON *lui a souvent entendu raconter*—that it was a society of mere deists.'—p. 185.

Now here is a very remarkable variance. Mr. Cooke makes the general say, that '*he* had *often heard*'—the general does *not* say so; he says *he* had *known* the woman; but when he comes to state what she had said, he changes the pronoun in a marked way, and does not say that she said it to *him*, but—*on lui a souvent entendu raconter*—'she has been often heard'—but '*by whom* heard'



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heard' is not added; and this is the more remarkable, because the General is at the moment weighing one *hearsay* authority against another; and if he had *himself* heard this story of Mrs. Mallet, his line of argument would have strongly induced him to say so. Mr. Cooke's studies as a lawyer should have taught him to have been more accurate in reporting the evidence; and his functions as an historian should have made him look a little deeper into the substance of the anecdote. Mallet's wife's maiden name was—as Grimoard truly states—Lucy Elstob, and we find that their marriage took place in 1742—(*Gent. Mag.* vol. xii. p. 546)—of course it was not *before* her marriage that this young Yorkshire lady had had a strict intimacy with Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, or that she could have received them at *her house*. Indeed it is clear, that it was her union with Mallet (who was Under Secretary to Frederick Prince of Wales, and by that connexion became known to Bolingbroke) which could alone have brought her into such society, and her acquaintance with these men *must* therefore have been subsequent to 1742. Now, unfortunately for the story, Swift's last visit to England was in 1728, —*fourteen years* before her marriage; so that it is almost impossible that she should have so much as seen Dean Swift—and the story of the '*strict intimacy*,' and Swift's presence at the society of deists held *at her house*, must be purely fabulous. Pope she might have seen, for he lived two years after her marriage; and Bolingbroke she knew; but as to Swift, upon whom the anecdote hinges, it must be an absolute LIE.

We have lately had occasion to observe that one of Swift's few published sermons is a most powerful defence of the doctrine of the Trinity. Swift, whatever else may be said of him, was no hypocrite, and any one who will read this vigorous and rational sermon will not only be convinced that Swift believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ, but confess that he has placed that doctrine in as intelligible and satisfactory a light as the limits of human understanding permit.

It is the delight of little men to calumniate the great in station and the great in intellect, and when a genius happens also to be a churchman, it is remarkable with what zeal every little slip-slop anecdote is received and retailed which has a tendency to lower the lofty mind and the sacred character to the vulgar level. Mr. Cooke, we regret to say, is far from being exempt from this paltry system of defamation. We have just seen on what loose and, when examined, false authorities, he imputes infidelity and hypocrisy to the Dean of St. Patrick's. We must now notice one of several attempts to lower his social character:—

'The characteristic vices of old age Bolingbroke never contracted —the

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—the avarice which tormented Swift never embittered *his* repose.'—vol. ii. p. 95.

Now this imputation against Swift of an *avarice so sordid as to embitter his repose* is contrary to all the well-known details of his life,—details more minute than ever were given of any other man's privacy, except, perhaps, Dr. Johnson's; and we even doubt whether, as to such petty and secret habits as characterise avarice, Johnson himself is so well known as Swift. His whole life was one of orderly and appropriate munificence—of an expenditure fully adequate to his station,—and of no other economy than that which an honest and conscientious man—whatever be his means—must practise, if he wishes, while fulfilling his own legal obligations, to have a surplus for charity and beneficence. Always a humorist, his latter years were clouded by mental affliction, and many stories, *not of avarice,* but of whimsical parsimony in trifles, have been related of those sad days; but as Sir Walter Scott truly says, though his temper was economical, '*it was the reverse of avaricious,*' and many of the instances which are given of his parsimony are really of the very contrary tendency, and prove rather a generosity pure and just in its principle, though eccentric and whimsical in its forms. He used to say, 'that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland who was served in plate, and the richest who kept no carriage.' He left behind him only the sum of about 10,000*l.*, the savings of thirty years—during the eight or ten last of which, owing to his melancholy state, almost his whole income was saved—and after making a suitable provision for those who had claims on his bounty, he bequeathed the residue to a noble and much wanted charity. It really does not become Mr. Cooke to scatter imputations in this loose way, even with the object of eulogizing his hero: if Bolingbroke's character cannot be made respectable by his own qualities, Mr. Cooke will not do it much good by calumnies on his friends and colleagues.

The 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham,' which we have already quoted, is perhaps the most celebrated of all Bolingbroke's political works,—it is indeed his own *autobiography* of the most important period of his life. It is one of the first in literary merit, and certainly the most important in reference to his public character. We have just seen how Mr. Cooke has overlooked one prominent subject of that letter;—we shall now show that, in his account of it, he is guilty either of very bad faith, which we have no reason to suppose, or very blameable negligence.

He introduces his mention of this work thus,—

'In the next year, A.D. 1717, his affection for his party and a regard to his political fame, prompted him to exertion. The outcry against him still continued. The Jacobites and Tories had tacitly agreed to make him the scape-goat of the parties, and every man who had bungled



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what he had undertaken to do hastened to lay the blame of failure on his shoulders. But those who hoped that he had gone from the world of politics, and that their sins had departed with him, were far too sanguine in their expectations. Bolingbroke only delayed the blow until he could deal it with more effect. While a full defence of himself would compromise the safety of his friends, he was silent; but an *act of grace* was *now* in preparation; and although he of course, being already condemned, would be excluded from its operation, it would set him free from any solicitude about his friends, and enable him to vindicate himself from the calumnies of his enemies. His defence was thrown into the form of a letter, and inscribed to Sir William Wyndham, Bolingbroke's most constant political supporter, and who was *now* the head of the Tory party in England.'—vol. ii. p. 22.

Then follows some account of the work, after which Mr. Cooke proceeds—all under the date of 1717:—

'The result of the *publication* verified the prediction of its author, that there was nothing that his detractors dreaded so much as his defence. Immediately *on the first publication* of his letter, while it formed the first topic of conversation and the most general subject of controversy, the press teemed with answers, critiques, and remarks upon "the famous letter of Lord Bolingbroke."'

After an account of some of these answers, Mr. Cooke adds—'The trial of Lord Oxford *now* took place, and its issue inspired Bolingbroke's friends with hope.'—vol. ii. pp. 26-28.

Would a reader, who only knew of this affair through Mr. Cooke's representation, believe that this letter, though it *may* have been written in 1717, was certainly not *published* for *five-and-thirty* years after?—that it first saw the light after Bolingbroke's death! What then shall we think of Mr. Cooke's qualifications as an historian, who knows so little of the *main point* of his whole subject?—what of the criticisms he pronounces on answers and refutations which it seems he had never read?—what as to his judgment upon the motives and effects, in 1717, of a publication which did not take place till 1752?

But the matter is more important as regards Bolingbroke himself. In this celebrated letter, he lays the blame of all that was censured in his conduct on Lord Oxford, Lord Mar, the Duke of Ormond, the Pretender—any body, in short, except himself. The most indefensible act of his life, his entrance into the service of the Pretender, he attributes altogether to his *reluctant* compliance with the urgent entreaties of the Tory party in England, whom he thus identifies with the Jacobites; and his bold and *uncontradicted* appeal to Sir William Wyndham, *then* the leader of the Tories, for the truth of all these exculpatory particulars, must have given them the stamp of undeniable veracity, *had they been published*—as Mr. Cooke represents—in 1717; but

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but how different is the effect, when we find that they did not appear till all those who must have had the greatest interest and the amplest means to refute them were gone! Lord Oxford—Lord Mar—the Duke of Ormond—Lord Dartmouth—Wyndham—Bolingbroke himself—all were dead; and the replies and refutations, which Mr. Cooke mentions as of the date of 1717, were for the most part the catch-pennies of 1752, written without knowledge, and published without name.

Nay, not only was this letter not published, but it seems to have been carefully concealed even from his most intimate friends, for Swift writes to him in October, 1729, that he and Pope agree in wishing that Bolingbroke 'would so order it that the world might be as wise as he was, upon the article' of Bolingbroke's political consistency,—a wish which would have been ridiculously superfluous, if they had known of the letter to Sir William Wyndham; and Bolingbroke's reply talks of his *defence* in terms which induce us to believe that he intended to weave it into some subsequent and more extensive work.

There is something very obscure and suspicious in this whole affair, which we have never clearly understood, and for an explanation of which we looked with some curiosity to Mr. Cooke's work. It involves, in fact, the main incident of Bolingbroke's life, and is the test by which his character must after all be tried. We, therefore, expected that Mr. Cooke would have endeavoured to explain the passage; instead of which, we find that, by making only a *stride of thirty-five years*, he leads his readers still deeper into error and perplexity.

Our readers will recollect the course of Bolingbroke's life. On his first appearance in the political world he allied himself to Mr. Harley (afterwards Lord Oxford), who was—we know not exactly which to call him—a moderate Whig or a moderate Tory; certainly the moderation of both parties centered in him, and this gave him the weight and importance by which he influenced the councils of the empire. When he, in 1704, joined the administration of Godolphin and Marlborough, (whom Mr. Cooke discovers to have been *at that time* Tories,) Mr. St. John became Secretary at War. When Harley resigned in 1807, St. John resigned with him; when Harley again came into still higher office, in 1710, St. John also appeared in the more prominent station of Secretary of State. In this capacity he had, as belonged to his department, the chief hand in making the Treaty of Utrecht; and from his success in that great affair, as well as from his superior abilities as a speaker in Parliament, he began to think that he was at least the equal of the statesman of whom he had been hitherto the follower. Two very paltry circumstances whetted this rivalry into

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into deadly hatred: Harley had been created Earl of Oxford—St. John remained a commoner; he insisted on being made a peer—the queen and Harley, not without hesitation, consented; but instead of an earldom, conferred on him *only* the *viscounty* of Bolingbroke. There were also about this time some Garters to be given away—Harley had one; Bolingbroke thought himself equally entitled to that distinction, but did not obtain it; and in flaming indignation at these two affronts, he broke entirely with his old friend and patron, and endeavoured—and with a success fatal to both—to supplant him. All the world (except Mr. Cooke) sees that these grievances were alike paltry and unfounded; even if we admit the *abstract* superiority of the talents of St. John, still the greater age, longer services, and higher station of Harley in the political world justified his being maintained in one degree of superiority over his subordinate; and the advancement of Bolingbroke to a viscounty—*per saltum*—and while his father was still alive—appears to us, and must have appeared to any reasonable man, a not inadequate promotion. At the time of these promotions, Harley had successfully filled the offices of Speaker (twice), Secretary of State, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was now *First Minister;* and fifty years of age. St. John—a subordinate (though most important) member of the cabinet—was seventeen years younger. As to the Garters, those preferred to him were the Dukes of Beaufort and Kent, and the Earls Paulet, Oxford, Stafford, and Peterborough; all of whom, by the standard on which that honour is usually adjudged, had claims superior to the recently-ennobled viscount. Upon these pretexts, however, Bolingbroke was so unreasonable as to break with his early friend, and procured his dismissal and his own nomination to be first minister; but before his appointment could be perfected, Queen Anne died; and Oxford and Bolingbroke were both impeached by the new government. Oxford, whose *timidity* and *irresolution* were subjects of constant ridicule and reproach from Bolingbroke and his partizans, *faced* the danger—staid in England, was sent to the Tower, defended himself, and was acquitted. Bolingbroke, on the contrary, the *high-minded* and *daring* Bolingbroke, *fled* to France, in the indecent disguise of a French messenger; and within a few months of his having been Secretary of State to Queen Anne, became Secretary of State to the Pretender, and in that capacity was the *official* adviser and agent of the invasion of 1715.

His conduct however was, on this occasion, so suspicious to his new master that he was, in a few months more, dismissed with little ceremony and much indignation. Then it was that this 'brightest, meanest of mankind' entered into negociations with the

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the House of Hanover, and professing equal zeal for it and hatred of the Pretender, endeavoured to make his own peace and procure a pardon for his offences. At this period, and for this purpose, was written (or purports to have been written) the 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham'—a letter in which he lays all the blame of the misconduct of the government during the latter end of the Queen's reign upon Harley, and all the odium of his having joined the Pretender on the Tories in England, by *whose importunate urgency and for whose sole benefit* he was induced, he says, to take that step. An apology written under such circumstances, and for such objects, and founded on such alleged motives, would be at best a most suspicious defence; but when we repeat—on the authority of all the evidence of which we have any knowledge—that it did not see the light till *thirty-five* years after, when every leading person mentioned in it was dead, it becomes still more liable to question, and we think it was the bounden duty of Mr. Cooke,—before he assumed every word of it as historical gospel, and on the strength of it so decidedly acquits Lord Bolingbroke and condemns all his old and his new colleagues,—it was, we say, his bounden duty to have shown that it had been communicated to those repudiated friends, and that they had acquiesced in its statements after a full and perfect opportunity had been afforded to them of being heard in reply. Mr. Cooke not only does no such thing, but does not even allude (that we can discover) to the extraordinary fact of the posthumous publication of a statement which, to have been of any real authority, should have been promulgated thirty-five years earlier.

But this is not all. There are still heavier clouds of obscurity and suspicion hanging over this affair. It appears from the Townsend Papers (printed by that diligent and useful historian, Archdeacon Coxe) that in the year 1717 (the *date* of the celebrated 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham') Bolingbroke *did* write a letter to Sir William of a very different character and under very different circumstances, advising him to put no trust in the Pretender, and warning him to take no share in some new measures which the exiled family were about to take for the recovery of the throne. This letter Bolingbroke despatched—not to the person to whom it was addressed, but—OPEN *to the ministers* of George I., and he so sent it, avowedly to propitiate their favour towards *himself*. It does not clearly appear whether the ministers sent it to its address. The Prince of Wales, head of the Council of Regency, thought that it ought to be sent, and it probably was, while a copy of it was forwarded to George I., who was then in Hanover, and seems to have produced some vague promises of future favour to its disingenuous author. What Sir William Wyndham might have felt at being

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being by this trick placed in a position of such difficulty and danger, Mr. Coxe has not told us, and Mr. Cooke never dreams of inquiring; but, in our present state of information, all the world must agree that the conduct of Bolingbroke in thus,—for his own personal objects,—betraying his confidential intercourse with his friends,—even before it reached them,—to the *common enemy*, is entirely indefensible. But in all this complicated intrigue we still find no mention of the '*famous Letter to Sir William Wyndham.*' Mr. Cooke produces no evidence (in truth he does not even seem to suspect any difficulty) when or how it may have reached Sir William. There is no proof, that it was really written in the year 1717, except that it is stated in the title-page of the *first** edition in 1752, to have been so. Nor are we informed whether it was not, like the shorter letter of Sept. 13, 1716, first communicated to the Hanover Cabinet. One thing only seems certain, that the work of which Mr. Cooke treats as the object of so much general wonder and public controversy in 1717, was not known to the *public* till after Bolingbroke's death in 1752—for in the sharp contest, and all the various criminations and recriminations between Bolingbroke and the partizans of Walpole, from 1727 to 1742, where it would have been an *inevitable topic* of discussion, it is not once,—that we can discover,—alluded to; and (which completes the proof almost to demonstration) in the clause of Bolingbroke's will which leaves his papers to Mallet, he carefully enumerates by their titles,—as perhaps was *legally* necessary to secure the bequest,—ALL his printed works, but in that enumeration the letter to Sir William Wyndham is *not* found.

We dwell on this subject, not only on account of the immense importance of this *Letter* to Bolingbroke's political character, but because it leads to considerations of a still more serious kind. Every one recollects the indignant censure which Dr. Johnson pronounced on the posthumous appearance of Bolingbroke's philosophical works:—'Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward; a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but

* We find in the Hardwicke Papers (Coxe, ii. 342) that Bolingbroke, in Nov. 1744, presented Lord Chancellor Hardwicke with 'two volumes of letters [on history], of which a few were printed by Pope's direction;' and he adds to the parcel, '*the letter writ to Wyndham*,' which he happened to find, and also 'the letter to Lord Stair, on what he communicated to me from Lord Sunderland, and which he took so little care of, that falling behind his scrutoire it was found by Mr. De Massires, and *printed as you see it*, for reasons obvious enough.' This would seem to *imply* that '*the letter writ to Wyndham*' had been *also* printed. But it is not stated whether this was the letter of Sept. 1716, or the '*famous letter*.' And after all it is possible that the copy presented to Lord Hardwicke may have been manuscript,—there is no printed copy in the Museum,—nor any mention in Watts' 'Bibliotheca Britannica' of any edition prior to 1752. The Egremont Papers, perhaps, if carefully examined for this object, might throw some light on the affair.

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left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death.' It would be a strong corroboration of the justice of Johnson's estimate of Bolingbroke's character, and would prove that he was 'a scoundrel and a coward' in politics as well as in morals, if it should appear that he had charged another blunderbuss against his political friends and colleagues, and after keeping it by him all his life, left to his executor the safe but dirty task of drawing the trigger, when he himself was beyond all danger from the explosion.

Again—When Bolingbroke collected into a volume '*Oldcastle's Letters to the Craftsman on the History of England*,' it was answered by a ministerial pamphlet, and, on a reply by Bolingbroke, by another:—the first of these answers Mr. Cooke tells us was *supposed* to have been written by Sir *Robert Walpole himself*;—the second, as he asserts, *undoubtedly was*,—

'This attack (Bolingbroke's reply, which was very abusive of Walpole) was not suffered to go unpunished. It was answered *by Walpole* in a pamphlet equal to that of Bolingbroke in the *keenness of its irony* and the *beauty of its style*.'—vol. ii. p. 78.

We wish Mr. Cooke had favoured us with his authority for making this statement. Horace Walpole, in his anxiety to insert the name of his father in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, mentions everything that could be, by any possibility, attributed to him—from a pamphlet in 1710, of which he had himself forgotten the title, to a short private letter to his son-in-law Charles Churchill, *which was handed about till it got into print*;'—but to help out this meagre record there is no mention of—what would indeed have been a *literary triumph*—a contest with Bolingbroke, in which Walpole should have equalled his antagonist in keenness of wit and brilliancy of style. Mr. Cooke was bound to have told us where he had discovered so remarkable and honourable a feature in the character of Sir Robert, which his literary and very inquisitive son had never heard of,—which wholly escaped the industry of Archdeacon Coxe,—which old Horace Walpole, when he undertook a formal answer to the misrepresentations of Bolingbroke, never mentions,—and which Lord Hardwicke, in his Walpoliana—(a collection of curious notes on Sir Robert, whom he knew well and greatly admired)—never alludes to. The fact is incredible;—but Mr. Cooke, in addition to the historical mistake in this case, makes a very remarkable literary one, by adding—

'The style of this pamphlet is fine, but there is a mannerism about it which serves to identify it as Walpole's.'—vol. ii. p. 78.

Now everybody knows that Walpole's style was anything but *fine*, and Lord Hardwicke expressly states that he *neither studied style nor*

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*nor wrote correctly.* And the '*mannerism*' imputed shows that Mr. Cooke does not know the meaning of the word—he says that Walpole had a fine taste in pictures, and that there are several allusions to the *old masters* in this pamphlet. If all this were true, (which we doubt,) we beg leave to inform Mr. Cooke that it would not be *mannerism.*

The most important incident in Lord Bolingbroke's life, after his first flight in 1715, and the most obscure of all, was his second secession to France in 1735. Of that important and unaccountable proceeding, we naturally expected some explanation from Mr. Cooke—all that Goldsmith and the Biographia had said being wholly unsatisfactory. But no. Mr. Cooke does nothing but repeat the vague surmises of his predecessors, in language still more indistinct—

'Affairs at last arrived at what the opposition believed to be a crisis, and the fall of the minister was thought to be inevitable. The people were in the highest state of excitement against the Excise Bill, then before the House; mobs besieged the houses of parliament, calling for its rejection; cockades with the words "Liberty, Property, and no Excise," were publicly worn:—all things portended Walpole's downfall, and the opposition looked upon their work as done.

'While the prey was in view, the pursuers had been ardent and unanimous; now that it appeared to be within their grasp, their exertions were feeble and disunited. Bolingbroke found that the same selfishness and jealousy which he had always experienced in political coadjutors was not banished from the counsels of his present friends. In the commencement of the struggle, they had drawn their weapons of opposition from the *armoury of the constitution*, and their temper and excellence had alone brought them to the very point of success: now, however, they were thrown aside, and the *instruments of faction* were adopted in their stead. Even these were turned against each other in domestic contest; and Bolingbroke grew disgusted with a cause which was no longer recommended by patriotism or honour. He had long ceased to be the slave of the Tory party; he had long ceased to consider the support of a faction the business of his life. Adversity, and the reflection it induced, had taught him juster views of the duty of a statesman: he was now only the servant of his country. Now, when his companions in opposition were supposed to be upon the very eve of success, Bolingbroke refused to abandon this better principle, which misfortune had taught him to take up. Immediately the expectation of power had blinded them to the object which they had before steadily pursued, he seceded from them, and declared his part was over: no promises or entreaties could induce him any longer to continue his support.

'The attempt upon which Pulteney and his friends had counted with such certainty, signally failed. The majority which they expected was decisively against them. The king, whom they supposed dissatisfied

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dissatisfied with his minister, firmly supported him. The popular tumults, upon the abandonment of the obnoxious bill, subsided; and Walpole was again secure. It might be supposed, that when the cause of disunion was withdrawn, the effect would cease, and that Bolingbroke would have again joined the disappointed leader of the independent Whigs. But *he had for ever broken the chain* which riveted him to any cause having even the semblance of a party character. He determined to retire again into France—a country which his determination to retire from all interference with public affairs, and his lady's declining health, particularly recommended to him.'—pp. 89-91.

Was there ever anything more vague and unintelligible? Was there ever such miserable *twaddle* as representing Bolingbroke quarrelling with the *faction* he had himself created, because it grew '*factious*' and used arguments '*not drawn from the armoury of the constitution?*' But, admitting that absurdity, Mr. Cooke ought to have told us upon what constitutional point this rupture had taken place. What was the object about which he and his friends differed? What principle did *they* abandon to which *he* adhered? How was he who had 'now become only the servant of his country'—(meaning *the servant of his country only*)—how was he to serve his country by leaving it? In short, what was the real and precise cause of this strange and sudden movement? The foregoing passage assuredly does not tell us; but a little after Mr. Cooke reverts to the subject—

'It has been before stated, that the conduct of Pulteney and his friends disgusted him with the coalition party which he had joined, and that he had determined again to retire into France. This resolution he put in practice about January, 1735, retiring with his wife to a retreat called *Chantelou, near* Fontainbleau,* where he intended to pass the remainder of his days.

* Mr. Cooke does not seem to have recognised in this *retreat, Chantelou*p, one of the most celebrated chateaux of France; which happens, by the bye, to be situated an hundred miles from Fontainbleau.

And in a note on a passage on one of Pope's letters, in which he says that Lady Bolingbroke's *son-in-law* was governor of Fontainbleau, Mr. Cooke adds, 'This must have been a son of the Marquis de la Villette by his first wife: the Marquise (Lady Bolingbroke) *never had any children*' (ii. 204). If this were true, the governor would have been the lady's *step-son*, and not her son-in-law. Mr. Cooke had told us, a few pages earlier,—'in one of Bolingbroke's letters, preserved among the Townshend Papers, he mentions the marriage of the Marquis de Villette's daughter by his first wife, and adds, that her *step-mother* had resigned her pensions to her.' On referring, however, to the Townshend letter (Coxe, ii. 327), it turns out that Mr. Cooke is every way wrong; that letter says, that the young lady was neither the Marquise's *step*-daughter nor her daughter-*in-law*, but her *daughter*; and the note adds, that she was her daughter by her first husband, M. de la Villette. Bolingbroke himself also states, that he had made an advantageous match for 'Lady Bolingbroke's *daughter*' with a gentleman, who thus became, as Pope properly calls him, Lady Bolingbroke's *son-in-law*, and was no doubt the governor of Fontainbleau. These things are worth noticing, to show that Mr. Cooke contradicts the very authorities which he cites, and that no faith is to be put in the accuracy of his quotations.

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'This departure of the great leader of the opposition did not pass without comment. The satellites of the ministry celebrated it as a triumph, and their opponents mourned it as a misfortune. Among the *absurd* reports which the insolence of party could propagate and its credulity receive, was one that he was driven abroad by an attack made upon him by Sir Robert Walpole in the House of Commons.'—p. 156.

This supposition Mr. Cooke rejects with high indignation—not without some censure of Archdeacon Coxe for having given it so much countenance as to repeat the speech, which Mr. Cooke re-repeats, and then asks with some contempt of Sir Robert's oratory, whether *such* a speech could have been the weapon of Bolingbroke's political death? If it was, says Mr. Cooke, he must have been more sensitive than usual, for the speech was nothing more than one of those virulent pieces of abuse which the minister frequently launched at him. Mr. Cooke, with characteristic *naïveté*, thinks a *speech* can be nothing more than a *speech*, and that he who had stood the abuse of the ministerial press could hardly have been 'driven from his country' by a species of abuse he was so well used to. Does Mr. Cooke not see that newspaper libels are *one* thing, and a speech, even though only a speech, made in full parliament on a solemn occasion by a powerful and exasperated prime minister, is *another?* Can he not understand that it was not the mere oratorical vigour of the speech which might alarm Bolingbroke, but the spirit of practical hostility which it avowed; and the knowledge of Bolingbroke's guilty practices which—to his own conscience—it might reveal? It was the *moral* and *political* force, and not, as Mr. Cooke understands it, the mere cleverness of the speech, to which Archdeacon Coxe could have attributed so much effect. In this speech there is a frequent allusion to certain practices of Bolingbroke with foreign ministers—even *that* does not open Mr. Cooke's eyes; on it he observes—

'The charge of intriguing with foreign ambassadors was perhaps well founded; but there was nothing very shocking or even very novel in the accusation: such a practice had long been a mere ordinary engine of opposition, and had been used by Walpole himself and his party to an unexampled extent, when their object was to delay and embarrass the negociations for the treaty of Utrecht.'—pp. 160, 161.

As if a *tu quoque* were a plea in bar to an indictment for *high treason*, and as if there was a perfect similarity established between one class of intrigues in 1710, of which we know little, and another class in 1735, of which we know nothing at all—but which latter must have been (if they existed at all) very different in character, in extent, and in legal guilt. But these considerations, obvious as we think them, are far beyond Mr. Cooke. He proceeds,—

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'Other rumours were circulated with regard to his ulterior intentions. It was known that he had left England in disgust, and it was surmised that he had left it with the intention of rejoining the Pretender. Even some of his friends gave credit to this supposition, and Swift did not hesitate to state publicly that he believed it to be a fact. Pope, however, judged more favourably and more justly of his friend, and sharply reproved the dean for his unfounded assertion.'*—vol. ii. p. 161.

Here we have a reference to the *ninth volume of Warton's edition of Pope's Works*, where no passage bearing on the point is to be found; but turning, as we so often find it necessary to do, from the volume Mr. Cooke quotes to that which he does not mention, we find in Goldsmith the *substance* of Mr. Cooke's statement, divested of its mistakes:

'Many of his friends, as well as enemies, supposed that he was once more gone over to the Pretender. Among the number who entertained this *suspicion* was Swift, whom Pope, in one of his letters, very roundly chides for harbouring such an unjust suspicion. "You should be cautious," he says, "of censuring any motion or action of Lord Bolingbroke, because you hear it from a shallow, envious, and malicious reporter. What you writ to me about him, I find, to my great scandal, repeated in one of yours to another; whatever you might *hint* to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He makes it his whole business *vacare literis.*"'—*Goldsmith's Life of Bolingbroke*, lxiii.

Here we have a fresh instance of Mr. Cooke's disingenuousness in borrowing from *one* work and citing *another*—of the infidelity of his quotations—and of the blind credulity with which he swallows, without examination, whatever he finds in the former biographies which he affects to despise.

But as to the fact itself, we begin by observing, that Goldsmith's idea that this mysterious reproof of Pope's referred to a *suspicion* that Bolingbroke was gone to join the Pretender, is copied from the 'Biographia,' and seems to be a mere conjecture of the writer of the article, unsupported by any tittle of evidence, or even by the most distant previous allusion. The letter of Swift's, to which Pope's is a reply, is not to be found in the volume to which Mr. Cooke refers—*nor anywhere else:* but more of this point, as regards Bolingbroke himself, anon: at present we are only considering Mr. Cooke's statement. Pope, we see, says that Swift had '*hinted* a *censure* on some (*unstated*) motion or action of Bolingbroke's;' and this Mr. Cooke misrepresents in so outrageous a manner as to assert that '*Swift did not hesitate* TO STATE PUBLICLY *that he believed it to*

* Pope to Swift.—Pope's Works, vol. ix.

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*be a fact,*' that Bolingbroke was gone to '*rejoin the Pretender.*' Pope characterizes the dean's expression as '*a hint* in a letter to a friend;' the 'Biographia' says only, that Swift *concluded* it was so; Goldsmith calls it a '*suspicion.*' Mr. Cooke does 'not hesitate' (to use his own phrase) to transform this private *hint*—this *conclusion*—or *suspicion*—into a *positive public statement;* and Pope's vague expression '*motion or action,*' he boldly construes to mean a junction with the Pretender: and for *all* this he refers to a volume which contains but a part of the transaction, and which, in that part, contradicts Mr. Cooke's representation of it. Mr. Cooke should not have censured Goldsmith's life of his hero, and then copied it—and when he copied from it, he should not have concealed the obligation—and what he did copy, he ought not to have garbled or misrepresented.

But we now arrive at the test of Mr. Cooke's diligence and sagacity in this matter. On what evidence does he, with such detail and decision, pronounce that the motives of Bolingbroke's secession were *those* that Mr. Cooke has stated?—none that we can discover, but that of the commentary of the 'Biographia' on Pope's obscure reproof of Swift—repeated by Goldsmith, who states that—

'Bolingbroke was too well acquainted with the forlorn state of his party in England, and the folly of its conductors, to embark again in their desperate concerns; and he therefore retired merely to be at leisure from the broils of opposition, for the calmer pleasures of philosophy.'—*Goldsmith's Life*, lxiv.

The surmise we admit, is plausible, but we have great doubts that it was correct. In the first place, we do not think that Pope's reproof to the Dean refers to a suspicion about the Pretender: the Dean's letter—or rather we suspect a *passage* in his letter of the 22nd of April, 1736—has been suppressed, so that we cannot guess at its meaning by the terms of the answer. '*The thing,*' says Pope, '*if true, should be concealed.*' This assuredly cannot apply to a junction with the Pretender, which could not have been concealed: and it is more likely that Swift had either alluded to some pecuniary* embarrassments of Bolingbroke, or to those political intrigues, upon which Walpole had touched in his speech—or perhaps to both—either of these were causes which might 'have been concealed.' But we have a still more distinct—indeed we might almost say decisive—contradiction of Goldsmith's and Mr. Cooke's hypothesis from Bolingbroke himself; for we find

* Mr. Cooke himself has stated, that about this period he was involved in pecuniary difficulties, from which he was at no period of his life entirely free (ii. 234); and although we now know, as will be shown hereafter, that his pressing difficulties at this juncture were *political* rather than pecuniary, it is more like that Swift should have heard of the latter—and the Dean *often* taxes him for want of economy.

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him stating, in one of his letters to Lord Marchmont, (which neither the writer in the 'Biographia' nor Goldsmith could have known, but which were before Mr. Cooke,) dated 24th July, 1746—

'I did not leave England in 1735 till SOME SCHEMES *which were then on the loom*—though they never came into effect—made me ONE TOO MANY *even to my most intimate friends.*'—*March. Pap.* ii. 350.

This seems to us to be a decisive admission that the flight from England was the consequence of some political *schemes*, the discovery of which placed him in personal danger, and in some degree involved his most intimate friends; and the intelligent and well-informed editor of the Marchmont Papers explains this passage by the following note:—

'He had been *so marked* by Sir Robert Walpole as caballing with *foreign ministers against his own country* in 1734, that Mr. Pulteney and the other heads of the opposition recommended him to leave England, which he did in 1735, on seeing that the ministers were strong in the new parliament.'—*March. Pap.* ii. 350.

Pope probably knew the truth, but thought, as he says, 'that it ought to be, if possible, concealed,' and his excuse of *vacare literis* was friendly and natural; but what can be said for Mr. Cooke, who having Bolingbroke's own confession before his eyes in the Marchmont Papers, could not seize the clue, but wandered into such vague and unfounded generalities as we have quoted? The extent and exact nature of Bolingbroke's intrigues are still unknown, but there can be no longer any doubt that *they* were the cause of his secession; and if Mr. Cooke had used due diligence he might perhaps in the Egremont, or the Hardwicke, or some other family collection of papers, have found means of throwing a fuller light on the subject, instead of, as far as in him lies, involving it in additional obscurity. Our view of the case is corroborated (if, after Bolingbroke's own avowal, any corroboration were necessary) not only by the effect of Walpole's speech—some passages of which no doubt revealed to Bolingbroke the extent of the minister's information—but by the subsequent fact, that neither his literary occupations, nor the health of his lady, prevented Bolingbroke's return to England, when Walpole's fall had assured his *personal safety*, and his father's death, which occurred nearly at the same time, had relieved his pecuniary embarrassments. But all these indications are lost on Mr. Cooke; and with a pertinacity in misstatement, of which literature affords few examples, he goes on misunderstanding and misrepresenting Lord Bolingbroke even to the end of his life.

Indeed, this indifference to all personal history with which Mr. Cooke writes what he is pleased to call 'Memoirs,' is most strongly exemplified in his account of the last years of his hero. For the purpose,

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purpose, we suppose, of supporting the theory he had borrowed from his predecessors—that Bolingbroke had in 1735 totally given up politics for literature—he tells us that from the date of his final return to England in July, 1744—

'Bolingbroke *really practised the secluded life* which he had so often affected. His increasing infirmities forbade any active exertion; and if he was not content with the reputation he had acquired, and the share of power he had enjoyed, he had at least *learned that all further attempts were futile.*'—p. 225.

This however, in a subsequent passage, he slightly modifies:—

'He still retained some slight connexion with the party which he had lately aided by his writings; but he paid but little attention to their plans, and seldom assisted at their councils.'—p. 240.

Now, the first of these statements is wholly untrue, and the latter nearly so; for it is proved by the Marchmont Papers—a work which Mr. Cooke often quotes, but never when he should—that Lord Bolingbroke was busy and deep in all the intrigues of that most intriguing period during which Mr. Cooke represents him as having totally withdrawn from public affairs; for instance, we find him, on the 6th November, 1744, conferring with Mr. Pitt for maintaining and extending a coalition of parties, and stating to Lord Marchmont that he found Mr. Pitt so haughty and impracticable that he was obliged to remind him, that as to the existing coalition,

'neither Lord Chesterfield nor Mr. Pitt had formed it, but *he* (Bolingbroke) *himself!*'—*Marchmont Papers*, i. 72.

Nor was it in domestic intrigues alone he busied himself.

'Dec. 25th, 1744—Lord Bolingbroke told me (Marchmont) that Lord Chesterfield had been with him this morning, and had talked to him of our situation as to foreign affairs, and that he wanted to see me about them.'—*Ibid.* 93.

Again, in February, 1746, (and indeed *passim*,) we find Bolingbroke very busy about the short-lived Carteret ministry, (ibid. 173,) and we have, in the same work, an important letter from him so late as July, 1746—(to a passage of which we have already referred, for another purpose)—in which he says,

'I did not leave England in 1735 till some schemes which were then on the loom—though they never came to effect—made me one too many even to my most intimate friends; and *I have not left off, since I came to resettle here*, advising and exhorting, till long after you saw it was to no purpose.'—*Marchmont Papers*, ii. 356.

And though, of course, a man at seventy would every year rapidly lose some of his vivacity and eagerness in public affairs, we have letters of his down to the eve of his decease, which prove that he still took a lively interest in the business of the political world.

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And it is very remarkable that as to the seven last years of Bolingbroke's life, which Mr. Cooke slurs over in seven pages, we have more materials for his private history than as to the rest of his life all put together; and we really are at a loss to guess why Mr. Cooke, who has read and frequently quotes the Marchmont Papers, should not merely have made so little use of them, but should refer to them in the very pages in which they contradict his narrative.

We cannot close our observations without noticing another instance so strange, as to be at first sight incredible, of Mr. Cooke's incompetency, even in point of literary information, for the task he has undertaken. In his observations on Bolingbroke's philosophical works he states that—

'Some years after his death, a little work was published called "A Vindication of National Society," purporting to have been written during his residence at Battersea. The argument goes to show that the division of mankind into artificial classes, into nations, and tribes, has been productive of the greatest misery to the human race, but what the ultimate object of the work is it is difficult to ascertain. It sufficiently proves, what was never doubted, that all human institutions are imperfect, and that misery exists under every form of government; but if it is attempted to be argued that, because Agricola met with ingratitude, and Anaxagoras lived in exile, anarchy is preferable to democracy, we should rather doubt the author's sanity than attempt to argue him out of his opinion. This work is not Bolingbroke's—no copy of it was found among his papers—nor was any proof ever offered of its genuineness, &c.'—ii. 261.

No, certainly—no such copy was found, and no such proof was ever advanced, because all the world knows that this was a pamphlet written in ironical imitation and real abhorrence of Bolingbroke's principles. It is not only what Mr. Cooke admits it to be, an admirable imitation of his style, but, what he does not seem to suspect, a caustic exposure of the folly and mischief of his doctrines. Yet Mr. Cooke ought to have known this, for this pamphlet which puzzles him so much was written by a man that even Mr. Cooke must have heard of, and is to be found under its proper designation in a collection which we should have thought any one attempting to write any portion of the modern history of England must have consulted. The tract was written by Mr. Burke, and occupies the first place in the first volume of his collected works.

We have nothing to object to Mr. Cooke's own moral, political, or religious principles. His predilection for his hero leads him too far in apology for some, and in approbation of other parts of his public conduct; but, in the more unpardonable points of his literary and social character, Bolingbroke finds no advocate



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in Mr. Cooke; and we are induced, by the present circumstances of the world, to set so high a value on rectitude of principle, that we heartily wish that we could, with truth, have said something in praise of Mr. Cooke as a sagacious and trustworthy historian. The work is framed on a plan so fundamentally defective, and on so false (as we think) a conception of the subject, that it would be idle to waste more time upon it, or to make it the groundwork of any general observations on Bolingbroke and his times.

The review of an imperfect and desultory book can hardly avoid being itself imperfect and desultory. We wish our task had been to lay before our readers a summary view of the conduct and character of a man so super-eminent as a statesman and as a writer—to have developed the real causes of his political versatility and his intellectual obliquity—and to have endeavoured to reduce, to some systematic calculation, the erratic course of this *moral comet*; but Mr. Cooke's hasty and heavy production affords no materials for such an investigation, and our duty, in this instance, has necessarily been limited to an indication of the deficiency of our present data, and to a suggestion of the sources from which it may be remedied by future inquirers.

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ART. V.—1. *The Rambler in North America*; 1832-3. By Charles Joseph Latrobe. London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1835.

2. *A Residence and Tour in the United States, with particular Observations on the Condition of the Blacks in that Country.* By E. S. Abdy, A.M. London. 3 vols. 12mo. 1835.

3. *Miscellanies.* By the Author of 'The Sketch-Book.' No. I. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. 1 vol. 12mo. London. 1835.

4. *Narrative of a Visit to the American Churches, by a Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales.* By Andrew Reed, D.D., and James Matheson, D.D. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1835.

THE rapidity with which books of travels in North America have of late been following each other from the London press, while it amply illustrates the general interest of the subject, must, at the same time, serve as our apology for dismissing with comparative brevity the individual author who, had he come before the public a few years ago, might have been well entitled to occupy a considerable space in these pages. The journals of Messrs. Latrobe and Abdy, in particular, are deserving of far more attention than we can now hope to bestow on them: they are the works of able observers, and vigorous writers. The 'Narrative'

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rative' of Doctors Reed and Matheson, however inferior to these productions, especially to Mr. Latrobe's, in a literary point of view, contains not a few descriptive episodes which, had we room to extract them, would gratify all our readers; while for a considerable section of the community the peculiar objects of their excursion, and the peculiar tinge of their thought and expression, will no doubt have a prevailing charm. Mr. Washington Irving, as an English classic, and we believe (except Dr. Channing) the only living classic of the United States, is not to be passed over in silence, even when what he puts forth may happen to be of slender bulk and pretension. We look forward, with unabated curiosity and hope, to some portraiture of his general impressions on revisiting, after an absence of seventeen years, the land of his birth, his dearest connexions, and his earliest distinction; and in the mean time accept with cheerfulness his very lively little account of an excursion to the Prairies of the far West, in which he was accompanied by our own accomplished countryman, Mr. Latrobe. Our object on the present occasion is not to enter into any minute analysis of these various volumes—but to record, in the first place, our opinion that they all deserve to find a place in the library; and, secondly, to mark for the special attention of our readers some of those facts and incidents, among the multitudes accumulated by these authors, which have struck ourselves as really valuable additions to the general stock of information.

We shall begin with the book which is likely to detain us the shortest while, though it is far the bulkiest of those on our table —that of the Congregational Delegates, Drs. Reed and Matheson. The professed object of their journey was to collect accurate information touching the internal condition of the 'Orthodox Independent Churches' in the United States; and we perceive that, on the whole, they have derived satisfaction from their inquiries. It is, however, very difficult not to suspect that there was another object which these worthy dissenters had at least as much at heart as that blazoned in their preface; namely, to help the avowed advocates of 'the Voluntary System,' in their present warfare against the principle of a religious establishment. But if this suspicion be well-founded, we cannot congratulate the allied doctors on the result of their labours. It is obvious that these excellent persons were welcomed, lodged, and fed, wherever they arrived, by individuals of their own religious sect,—with few exceptions, by their brethren of the Independent Ministry; and that their journal throws no more light on the general state of America, in a religious point of view, than might be expected in the case of our own country, from the travels of a couple of American teachers of the like condition and persuasion, who should have



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spent a few weeks or months in a round of long sermons and hot suppers, among the comfortable strongholds of dissent in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Doctors Reed and Matheson might well be delighted with the cordial affectionateness of their own reception among a class of people who, in America as in England, are bound together by ties of a sectarian freemasonry, potent enough to survive a total revolution in point of religious doctrine itself; and we have dwelt with pleasure quite equal to theirs on the many evidences which they present of the wide extent to which practical Christianity operates among our American brethren of various persuasions; but we think we may almost appeal to themselves whether it be, on the whole, a wise thing for a great nation to entrust the interests of religion, in any considerable degree at least, to the desultory influence of those Revivals and Camp Meetings, and so forth, but for which, by their own showing, the very name of Christianity might ere now have been almost forgotten over many vast districts of the American Union. We venture to say that the religious condition of America at this hour, favourably influenced as it has been by an age of very remarkable religious excitement, must confirm every candid observer in the decision thus modestly hinted, rather than expressed, by one whose fervent and catholic piety cannot but command the respect of Messrs. Reed and Matheson —Mr. Latrobe it is who thus writes :—

'There are certain signs, perhaps it might be said of the times, rather than of their peculiar political arrangements, which should make men pause in their judgment of the social state in America. The people are emancipated from the thraldom of mind and body which they consider consequent upon upholding the divine right of kings. They are all politically equal. All claim to place, patronage, or respect for the bearer of a great name is disowned. Every man must stand or fall by himself alone, and must make or mar his fortune. Each is gratified in believing that he has his share in the government of the Union. You speak against the insane anxiety of the people to govern —of authority being detrimental to the minds of men raised from insignificance—of the essential vulgarity of minds which can attend to nothing but matter of fact and pecuniary interest—of the possibility of the existence of civilization without cultivation,—and you are not understood! I have said it may be *the spirit of the times*, for we see signs of it, alas, in Old England; but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America, which is more than ordinarily congenial to that decline of just and necessary subordination, which God has both permitted by the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in His word; and to me the looseness of the tie generally observable in many parts of the United States between the master and servant—the child and the parent—the scholar and the master—the governor and the governed—*in brief, the decay of loyal feeling in all the relations of*

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*of life, was the worst sign of the times.* Who shall say but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest—which binds us in subjection to the law of God—will not also be weakened, if not broken? This, and this alone, short-sighted as I am, would cause me to pause in predicting the future grandeur of America under its present system of government and structure of society; and if my observation was sufficiently general to be just, you will also grant, there is that which should make a man hesitate whether those glowing expectations for the future, in which else we might all indulge, are compatible with *growing looseness of religious, political, and social principle.* Besides, the religious man might be inclined to go farther, and ask what is the prospect of the people in general with regard to their maintenance of pure doctrine, and fitting forms of religion—whether, emancipated as they are from the wing of A NATIONAL CHURCH, and yet seemingly becoming more and more impatient of rule and direction in religious matters, the mass of the people do not run the danger of falling either into cold infidelity, or burning fanaticism?' —*Latrobe*, vol. ii. p. 135.

The *influence* exerted by the Church of England upon the dissenting bodies in her own country and neighbourhood is one of those many circumstances connected with her establishment, which, if that establishment be overthrown, posterity will learn to appreciate. We may be mistaken—but we cannot but trace to the absence of such an influence even the melancholy fact confessed by Dr. Reed, that 'a very considerable portion' of the American Quakers have lapsed into 'fatal heresy—amounting almost to Deism.'—*Narrative*, vol. i. p. 80.

The Congregational Delegates who, we need not hint, were well prepared to admire most of the external features of the republican system, appear to have been especially gratified with their visit to General Jackson.

'The President is tall; full six feet in height. He stoops now, and is evidently feeble. The thermometer was at 72°, but he was near a strong fire. He is sixty-eight years of age. He is soldierlike and gentlemanly in his carriage; his manners were courteous and simple, and put us immediately at ease with him. . . . . When we arrived, the entrance doors were open; and on being conducted, by a single servant, to what we thought an ante-room, we found the general himself waiting to receive us. We were soon led into the dining-room. The table was laid only for six persons; and it was meant to show us *respect* by receiving us *alone.* [Qu.?] Mr. Post, whom the President regards as his minister, was requested to *implore* a blessing. Four men were in attendance, and attended well. Everything was good and sufficient; nothing overcharged. It was a moderate and elegant repast.

'The President regularly attends on public worship at Mr. Post's, *when he is well.* [!] On the following Sabbath morning I was engaged to

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to preach. His manner was very attentive and serious. When the service had ended, I was a little curious to see how he would be noticed. I supposed that the people would give way, and let him pass out first, and that a few respectful inclinations of the head would be offered. But no; he was not noticed at all; he had to move out, and take his turn like any other person, and there was nothing at any time to indicate the presence of the chief magistrate.'—*Reed*, vol. i. p. 33-35.

Enthusiastic as Dr. Reed's feelings were on first entering the halls of Congress, he found reason to abate something of his rapture before he had watched a few debates to their close. The Doctor, constantly disclaiming all intention of political remark, lets the following sentences drop somehow from his pen: we leave our readers to make their own use of them:—

'I must candidly admit, that the Congress of this great empire fell somewhat below my expectations. But as matters stand, it is now only a sacrifice for the thriving man to be a member of congress; while to the needy man it is a strong temptation. The good Americans must look to this, lest, on an emergency, they should be surprised to find their fine country, and all its fine prospects, in the hands of a few ambitious and ill-principled demagogues.'—*Reed*, vol. i. pp. 30, 31.

Upon the sad subject to which M. de Beaumont's *Marie* lately called our attention,—the condition and treatment of the coloured races in America,—these delegates enter at great length; and many of their details are extremely touching. We extract this account of Dr. Reed's first visit to a Negro meeting-house at Lexington:—

'The building, called a church, is without the town, and placed in a hollow, so as to be out of sight; it is in the fullest sense "without the gate." It is a poor log-house, built by the hands of the negroes, and so placed as to show that they must worship by stealth. The place was quite full; the women and men were arranged on opposite sides; and, although on a cold or rainy day there might have been much discomfort, the impression now was very pleasing. In the presence of a powerful sun, the whole body were in strong shadow; and the light streaming through the warped and broken shingle, on the glistening black faces of the people, filled the spectacle with animation. One of the blacks, addressing me as their "strange master," begged that I would take charge of the service. I declined doing so. He gave out Dr. Watts's beautiful psalm, "Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive," &c. They all rose immediately. They had no books, for they could not read; but it was printed on their memory, and they sang it off with freedom and feeling. There is much melody in their voice; and when they enjoy a hymn, there is a raised expression of the face, and an undulating motion of the body, keeping time with the music, which is very touching. The senior black, a preacher amongst them, then offered prayer, and preached. His prayer was humble and

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and devotional. In one portion of it, he made an affecting allusion to their wrongs. "*Thou knowest*," said the good man, with a broken voice, "*our state—that it is the meanest—that we are as mean and low as men can be. But we have sinned—we have forfeited all our rights to Thee—and we would submit before Thee to these marks of thy displeasure.*" He took for the text of his sermon those words, "The Spirit saith, come," &c. . . . . They then rose, and sang, and separated. This was the first time I had worshipped with an assembly of slaves; and I shall never forget it. I was certainly by sympathy bound with those who were bound; while I rejoiced, on their account, afresh in that divine truth, which makes us free indeed, which lifts the soul on high, unconscious of a chain.'—*Reed*, vol. i. p. 222.

We must not part with these reverend colleagues without observing that one of them, Dr. Reed, though he usually indulges in rather a heavy and soporific style of narrative, has been on some happy occasions warmed into a flow of descriptive eloquence worthy of being quoted alongside of even the best passages in Irving or Latrobe. We were particularly struck with the following natural burst of admiration on the forest scenery of the Grand Prairie:—

'It now appeared in all its pristine state and grandeur, tall, magnificent, boundless. I had been somewhat disappointed in not finding vegetation develop itself in larger forms in New England than with us; but there was no place for disappointment here. I shall fail, however, to give you the impression it makes on one. Did it arise from height, or figure, or grouping, it might readily be conveyed to you; but it arises chiefly from combination. You must see it in all its stages of growth, decay, dissolution, and regeneration; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you, like a natural park; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it than does a mountain to the globe; you must travel in it in solitariness, hour after hour, and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight, and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end, without finding any—before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity; and they mean that as there are no works of art to produce this effect there can be nothing else. You cannot think that I would depreciate what they mean to extol; but I hope you will sympathise with me when I say that I have met with nothing among the most venerable forms of art which impresses you so thoroughly with the idea of indefinite distance and endless continuity; of antiquity shrouded in all its mystery of solitude, illimitable and eternal.'—*Reed*, vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

We shall be reminded presently that America is *not* destitute of most venerable monuments of human industry; but, in the meantime, we must turn to Mr. Abdy—another traveller whose attainments we have

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have no wish to disparage—but with whose prevalent feelings on many important subjects we cannot pretend to sympathize. He appears to be a very young gentleman, who, shortly after taking his degree of B.A. at Cambridge, fell into a feeble condition of health; and his physicians advising him to travel for a few months, preferred a tour in America to the more beaten highways of the European continent; his choice, however, being chiefly determined, not by the expectation of comparatively novel scenery and manners, but by a fervent desire to examine for himself the unhappy condition of the coloured population in the United States, and contribute, if possible, to their relief. All must honour this motive; and every candid critic will admit that Mr. Abdy's Journal does him considerable credit in a literary point of view. It is written in a plain unaffected style, wholly free from the foppish tinsel of mock sentimentality which so many flourishing prosers of this generation have borrowed from the Rosa-Matilda sonneteers of the last, and from that pompous grandiloquence which has been in every age the favourite disguise of half-conscious imbecility. But—whether from the depressing influence of physical malady, or from the chilling and constraining one of that school of politics to which Mr. Abdy has pledged his allegiance—his narrative appears to want that charm of generous freedom which so often atones for the worst defects of a youthful observer of mankind. His tone of thought has not a little of the stilted pretension which is happily absent from his style; he lectures us, *ex cathedrâ*, where it is obvious he has more to learn than to teach; and, both when he praises and when he condemns America, often enough betrays the fact that his personal acquaintance with the institutions and customs of his own country has been but limited and partial. Mr. Abdy, in short, is one of that sect of juvenile philosophers who have of late years forced themselves on general attention as rather too soon emancipated from the old obstructions of modesty: a self-satisfied race, with hearts cooler than their heads; apt to mistake solemnity of manner for dignity of mind; who have dethroned passion only to instal conceit, and ceased to be amiable without attaining to command respect; inexperienced dogmatizers, grave without caution, and calm without candour.

To this school Mr. Abdy belongs, and he is of course proud of belonging to it; but we by no means wish to insinuate that we consider him as hopelessly far gone in its heresies. On the contrary, feelings which his sect condemns do occasionally break out in his pages, to the great relief and comfort of his reader; and we trust the world will recognise these still more largely in the maturer productions of his pen.

It may be rather unfortunate for Mr. Abdy that *Marie* happened

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pened to be published before this Journal: we have certainly been disappointed in our expectation of finding in these pages a considerable addition of facts to those which the ingenious Frenchman had so lately placed before us, touching the condition and prospects of the coloured people in the States; but still he has added something of valuable information,—and the shape and manner of his performance may, and indeed should, give him the advantage as a solid and permanent authority on this subject, over his more imaginative predecessor.

He confirms, in the first place,—and be it observed his Journal must have been in the hands of the printer long before *Marie* reached England,—every one of those statements in the French *Tableau* which had most startled ourselves in its perusal. Mr. Abdy, for example, assures us that he saw condemned to receive their education in a school to which no Anglo-American would send any of his children, young persons of mixed descent, in whose appearance no trace of African blood could be detected,—boys who had no signs of the Pariah caste about them,—of fair complexion, with light silky hair.'—(vol. i. p. 7.) He also illustrates, by some very striking instances, which had fallen under his own observation, all that M. Beaumont told us concerning the determined tyranny of white churchwardens in refusing to admit even the wealthiest and most respectable free citizens of mixed descent to occupy pews in the same part of the building with the Christian Brahmins of the New World. The case of Mr. Brinsley, a wealthy mulatto of the best possible character, is one of these. This man came into possession of a pew in a Baptist meeting-house of civilized *Boston*, as part of the property of a debtor,—but on the morning after the Sunday on which he and his family first appeared there he received this missive:—

'To Mr. Frederick Brinsley, *coloured man*, Elm Street:—

'"Boston, March 6, 1830.

'"Sir,—The Prudential Committee of Park-Street Church notify you not to occupy any pew on the lower floor of Park-Street Meeting-house on any Sabbath, or on any other day, during the time of Divine worship, after this date—and, if you go there with such intent, you will hazard the consequences. The pews in the upper galleries are at your service.

'"George Odiorne, for the Committee."'

Our Journalist says:—

'Mr. Brinsley, on going again, found a constable at the pew-door! No further attempt was made to assert the rights of property against such a formidable combination; and we may seek in vain for the consequences, which Mr. Odiorne, with official brevity, says would have been hazarded by another visit to the house of God.'—*Abdy's Journal*, vol. i. pp. 134, 135.

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Mr. Abdy mentions that even the Quakers, though their own laws expressly forbid any attention to difference of colour, universally insist on the coloured 'brethren' sitting in a separate part of the meeting-house; and he adds, that in the burying-places the whites lie *east and west,* the black and brown Christians *north and south!* But of all the horrid details collected by Mr. Abdy, the following story is the most shocking:—

'I was once asked, with a sarcastic smile, by an American lady of Hibernian descent, if I had met with any *interesting blacks* in the course of my tour? The winter I passed in New York furnished what this woman, with all her contempt for a race more persecuted and less fortunate than that from which she herself sprang, would acknowledge to be most painfully interesting. During the frost, some ice, on which several boys were skating, in the outskirts of the city, gave way, and several of them were drowned. During the confusion and terror occasioned by this accident, a coloured boy, whose courage and hardihood were well known, was called upon to render assistance. He immediately threw himself into the water, with his skates on, and succeeded in saving two lads; but, while exerting himself to rescue a third, he was drawn under the ice, and unable to extricate himself. No one would risk his life for *him.* Soon after, the details of this melancholy event appeared in one of the newspapers (the New-York American), with an offer to receive subscriptions for the mother, who was left, with a sick husband and a young family, deprived of the support which she had derived from her son's industry. As reference was made to a medical man in Park Place, I called upon him, and received a very favourable account both of the boy and his poor mother, who was employed to wash for him. I immediately proceeded to her house, and found that she had three children left; the eldest about ten years of age, and the youngest an infant at the breast. In addition to these, she had undertaken the care of a little girl, five years old, the daughter of a deceased friend, whose husband had deserted his child, and refused to pay anything towards its support. "I consider her as my child," said the generous woman; "and while I have a crust left she shall share it with my children." I made inquiries about the boy she had just lost, and was told, what I had heard in Park Place, that his conduct had always been most exemplary—that he had carried to her every cent he could save from his earnings, and had often expressed a wish that he might obtain sufficient to save her from working so hard, her business sometimes keeping her up nearly all night.

'I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mrs. Peterson; and my respect for her character increased with my acquaintance. When I settled a little account I had with her for washing and other work, I had some difficulty in prevailing upon her to take what was strictly her due—such was her gratitude for the few services I was enabled, with the assistance of my friends, to render her. Three months had elapsed since the death of young Peterson, and not one of the relatives of either of the boys whose lives he had saved, at the cost of his own,

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own, had been near his bereaved mother; and the subscription did not amount to seventy dollars. When we consider that the population of the place amounts to more than 250,000, including Brooklyn, it is little to its credit that the gratitude it felt for the preservation of two of its citizens could find no better way to exhibit itself than by a paltry donation to the self-devoted preserver's afflicted parent of *a sum scarcely exceeding one-fourth of what he might have been sold for, when living, in the slave-market at New Orleans.*'—*Abdy*, vol. ii. p. 43.

The utter frigidity with which the American 'Patricians,' as Mr. Abdy calls them, meet every charge of cruelty and oppression with regard to the people of colour, appears to him to form an odd contrast with their delicate sensitiveness to the remarks 'uttered in a distant land by a few narrow-minded men' on their own *minora moralia*:—

'Hint to them that they eat pease with a knife, and they are highly enraged; tell them that their conduct to the "niggers" is inhuman and unmanly, and they laugh in your face.'

Mr. Abdy's liberal politics do not interfere with his perceptions of many of the harmless absurdities of the Americans,—witness these amusing traits:—

'"Are you *the man*," said a driver to Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar, "that is to go in that carriage?" "Yes." "Then I am *the gentleman* to drive you." . . . A young female of New York, while looking over an English prayer-book, was much shocked with that expression in the marriage service, "Wilt thou have this *woman* to thy wedded wife?" She insisted upon it, with all the dignity of offended rank, that the phrase ought to be—"Wilt thou have this *lady*," &c.'—vol. i. pp. 74, 75.

Mr. Abdy appears to have come away from *his* visit to General Jackson—(who, however, does not seem to have asked him to dinner)—with impressions not quite so enthusiastic as those described on a similar occasion by the two dissenting doctors:—

'One or two things, during this short interview, struck me very forcibly. I saw clearly that a man's good opinion of himself is the best handle by which you may lead him; that truth has as little chance of a familiar acquaintance with republican presidents as with imperial potentates; and that an American need not go to St. Petersburgh or St. James's to find a courtier. I was, indeed, not a little surprised at the gross flattery with which this old man was fed. What a subject for Lucian or Le Sage! Here were the vices of a court in all their deformity;—arrogance without dignity, and adulation without refinement—a burlesque upon everything exalted and manly!'—p. 173.

He adds,—

'The same arrogant assumption of national superiority is employed by the highest and the lowest person in the country, as an acknowledged title to respect and confidence throughout the civilized world. *Nihil est quod credere de se non posset cum laudatur*, may be said of the

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the most insignificant citizen of these confederated republics, as truly as of the autocrat of Russia, or the Grand Llama of Tartary.'—pp. 280, 281.

During a debate which Mr. Abdy attended in the House of Representatives, the gallery was for some reason ordered to be cleared; and the object was effected 'not without resistance,' says Mr. Abdy, 'as *dirks* were used on the occasion.'—vol. ii. p. 125.

To come back to Mr. Abdy's chief theme,—he has, in describing his tour through the southern States, given a world of details, which will go far to explain the alarming scenes lately enacted in those regions, and likely we must think to go on there, until either the dark population become so numerous as to be quite invincible, or the government gives *champ libre* to the legislation of the planters; in either case, that is—until the disruption of the American Union takes place.

We have a good deal from Mr. Latrobe also touching both the slaves and the coloured free people in the United States; but on these subjects, as indeed on all others, this author writes in a much more fair, charitable, and really Christian spirit than we have been able to discover in the lucubrations from which we have hitherto been quoting. Mr. Latrobe (a member of the family so long and so honourably connected with the missionary cause) is personally unknown to us; we are ignorant of his past history, except that part of it which is contained in his *Alpenstock*, an unfortunately named, but very pleasing and useful manual for travellers in Switzerland; whether he ever followed any profession—what the general course of his life has been—we never heard; but we think we can hardly be mistaken in judging him to be a man considerably more advanced in years than Mr. Abdy. He, at all events, if he be a young man, has written throughout of America like one who,

—'By discipline of Time made wise,
Has learned to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others.'

Such a traveller, though he could not, more than any other rational man, shut his eyes to the staring absurdity of that eternal cant about universal freedom and equality, in a country where a fifth of the population are slaves, and nearly another fifth, albeit legally free, are, to all intents and purposes, treated as a Pariah caste—was nevertheless likely to consider the essential difficulties of the case, as well as the gross nonsense which has been, and is needlessly adding to them. Mr. Abdy, and five hundred more of his class, may talk as long as they please about the equality of all the children of Adam, and condemn, as alike silly and sinful, the American repugnance to the notion of what they call 'amalgamation'—

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mation'—but we take the liberty of doubting whether Mr. Abdy would willingly bestow his own sister in marriage upon the most polished specimen of the negro race that ever strutted as Comte Marmalade or Marquis de Molasseville at the court of Hayti; and we also remain excessively sceptical as to the possibility of bringing any negro *population* to anything like the Anglo-American standard of intellect or civilization for generations to come. Certain feelings which these gentlemen so *broadly* denounce in the Americans are feelings which, right or wrong, have been partaken by all the civilized nations that ever came into contact with African negroes, from the dawn of history down to the present day; and they will not yield to argument—least of all to abuse. The difficulty in which this vast and rapidly-increasing population of alien blood involves the government and legislature of America is great and real; and it little becomes Englishmen, aware, as we all are, by whose act a slave peasantry was first introduced into her territory, to assume a high and disdainful tone of language as to this subject. Least of all is it either wise or decorous in us to assume such a tone at this particular time. Some obviously and absurdly-cruel particulars may be criticised *calmly* to good purpose—but let us not be too broad and rash in our censures. We have but yesterday emancipated our own West Indian slaves at an enormous cost, and the results of that experiment are still (to speak gently) extremely doubtful. Let us beware of incurring the suspicion that we are willing to urge our own example on the United States from motives not of philanthropy merely, but in part, at least, of mercantile calculation!

The condition of the scanty remains of the *red race* in the United States is another subject on which Mr. Latrobe enters at some length. His own connexion with a lineage of missionaries had no doubt a strong effect in turning his researches into this channel. He says:—

'We execrate the bloodthirstiness of the Spaniard, who exterminated whole tribes at once by the sword, under the banner of the blessed Cross; and yet the conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers and their children towards the aborigines of the North is hardly less culpable or less execrable. Like the Spaniard, the Puritan warred under the banner of his faith, and considered the war as holy. No one who reads the history of these countries since their first settlement can draw any other conclusion than that the white man secretly with his grasping hand, selfish policy, and want of faith, has been in almost every case, directly or indirectly, the cause of the horrors which he afterwards rose openly to retaliate. How often did he return evil for good! That the wrath of the Indian, when excited, was terrible, his anger cruel, and his blows indiscriminate, falling almost always on the comparatively innocent; and that defence, and perhaps retaliation,

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tion, then became necessary to save the country from repetitions of those fearful scenes of murder and torture which make the early settlements a marvel and a romance, is also to be allowed: but the settlement of the various portions of America, with but few exceptions, is, equally in the north and the south, a foul blot upon Christendom.

'But the evil is now done, and unfortunately irreparable, in that part of the continent of America in which I am now writing to you. The Indian tribes have melted like snow from before the steady march of the white, and diminished in number and power—beaten back, they first gave way and retired beyond the Mountains, and then beyond the Great River and to the westward of the Great Lakes. If you ask, where is that noble race whom Smith found in Virginia—the race of Powhatan, which then overspread that fair country, between the Alleghany and the sea?—where the powerful tribes of the East—the posterity of Uncas or Philip—the white man's friend or the white man's foe—or the tribes that clustered round the base of the White Mountains? the same answer suits all: They are gone!—and scanty remnants, scattered here and there, hardly preserve their name.'—*Latrobe*, vol. i. pp. 166, 167.

We think every reader will admit the sense and candour of the following extract from another letter on the same subject:—

'It is my conviction, that the government of the United States, as well as the population of its settled districts, are very sincere in their desire to see justice done to the remnant of these tribes; and, as far as is consistent with the general welfare of the community, to favour and succour them. The main difficulty is, how and by what means these ends are to be attained. The measure now generally adopted, of buying their various lands and reservations, where surrounded by the population of the States, and principally those of the East of the Mississippi, has met with much condemnation from Europeans, especially from those who know the secret of these purchases. The only valid apology which can be made for it, is that of stern and absolute necessity. If the existence of that be proved, the policy may be defended, however many things may seem to cast doubt on the expediency or the justice of thus expatriating the wrecks of these tribes from their small heritage of the land of their forefathers; for, though the land is virtually bought, and the tribe to a certain degree well remunerated, it is still expatriation. This plea I have, however unwillingly, been led at length to admit. The white men and the Indian cannot be near neighbours. They never will and never can amalgamate. Feuds, murders, disorders, will spring up; mutual aggression among the dissolute and ignorant of both classes will give rise to yet greater evils. If the Indian turns his back upon the alternative of civilization, he must recede; and were it not even advantageous to the white, it would be mercy in the latter to attempt, by all lawful means, to arrange matters in such a way as to avoid the possibility of collision. Yet, granting that this policy is sound because imperious, no one can look upon the state of the Indian, struggling for existence on

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on the frontier, without commiseration. He is perhaps removed from an impoverished country, as far as the game is concerned, to one abounding in it, and of greater extent and richness of soil than that which he relinquishes. The annuity granted by government, the provision made for schools and agricultural instruction, would seem to place him in a more enviable situation, even though he were removed a thousand miles from the graves of his fathers. Yet here he is, if anything, more exposed to oppression; from that proportion of the white population with whom he is in contact being in general the most abandoned.'—pp. 168, 169.

Our author asks elsewhere:—

'What check is there upon an unprincipled agent, who knows that, for a bottle of whisky, an Indian will sign or say anything—and, at the same time, his testimony is not valid in a court of justice?'

Mr. Latrobe has some most valuable letters on the history of the old attempts to Christianize the native tribes, by Brainerd and his admirable brethren. With regard to the prospects of the missionaries now engaged among the red men beyond the Mississippi, he says:—

'My general impression was that they were worthy men; rather upright than sound in their views for the civilization and moral improvement of the tribes among whom they were sent to labour; and, like many of their brethren all over the world, far too weak-handed and deficient in worldly wisdom to cope effectually with the difficulties thrown in their way by the straggling but powerful community of traders, agents, and adventurers of every kind, with whom they must be associated in their intercourse with the Indians. Their work must be a work of faith and humble dependence on God, for by their own strength and wisdom they will achieve nothing—He can effect what men would pronounce impossible. In the lawless, licentious conduct of most of the nominal Christians connected with them, the Indian finds sufficient excuse for not quitting the faith of his fathers, as that proffered in exchange seems to produce such evil fruit.'—pp. 70, 71.

We are afraid that very much the same thing might be justly said as to the case of other missionaries engaged among other Indians. But we must now introduce our readers to the society and manners of the Anglo-Americans themselves of the highest and best order, as described by this candid traveller. The following picture of the environs of Baltimore is in every respect delightful:—

'In returning northward, we made a halt of a fortnight in Baltimore and its neighbourhood. Many of the country-seats, which stud the environs upon the upland slope, at various points and distances from the city, are singularly well-situated and tastefully arranged; and I look back with unalloyed gratification to the hours spent among them,

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them, and the hospitality there enjoyed. Rural fêtes are ordinarily given in these villas at this beautiful season of the year, when every tree and shrub appears in its freshest green, and every natural object excites to amusement and recreation.

'The numberless white four-petalled flowers of the dog-wood, which we had left in the latitude of New York in full beauty, had, it is true, become discoloured and half hidden by the green foliage which they precede, but the catalpa was in blossom in the vicinity of the country-seats; the shrubberies were in their beauty; and, on the margin of the forests, which generally thickened to the back of these villas, the evening air was perfumed with the rich odour of the magnolia, whose snow-white blossom peeped out from its covert of glossy leaves. A thousand beautiful trees, either transported from their concealment in the woods, or tastefully preserved for the purposes of ornament, surrounded the lawns in front of the open colonnade.

'It was not till my return to Europe, in the height of summer, after a very short passage, that I was struck with the totally different character of the verdure, both of the field and forest, on the two continents. After the bright sward, and the varied summer foliage of the western woods, with their great ponderance of light greens, the English landscape seemed to exhibit nothing but *evergreens*—such was the depth of shade observable in the blue verdure of the rounded and heavy masses of foliage of our ordinary forest trees, and on the dark and thick meadow-grass of our humid climate.

'A few hours before sunset, the different visiters generally assembled, by far the greater number consisting of the young and unmarried of both sexes. Under the shade of the trees, tables were covered with the delicacies of the season—among which the delicious fruit from which these Strawberry Parties took their name, was ordinarily seen in the greatest profusion, with its appropriate concomitants of cream and champagne. Many an enchanting spectacle of natural beauty and human contentment and pleasure have I observed spread before me, while sitting in the portico of one of these rural retreats, as the sun sunk slowly to its setting. The view from many of them commanded a wide prospect, to the south-east, over the forests and fine undulating slopes of the country in the direction of the city, whose domes and edifices peered over the woods, or were descried bordering the irregular lake-like divisions of the river. More remote lay the wider bay of the Patapsco, glistening with white sails, merging far in the distance into the broad Chesapeake; the long promontory of North Point, with its light-houses glistening in the sunshine; and, beyond all, the hardly perceptible thread of gold which marked the utmost limit of the horizon, and the eastern shore of Maryland.

'If to this noble view you add as a foreground the sweet intermingling forest, lawn, and shrubbery in the immediate vicinity of the dwelling—with the gay and graceful groups scattered over it—you would own with me that you had rarely gazed upon scenes so truly beautiful and guilelessly cheerful; so animated, so full of innocent pleasure,

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pleasure, and so devoid of false glitter and glare, as those presented by the Maryland Strawberry Parties. Later comes the brief but beautiful twilight, with the wailing cry of the whip-poor-will, the flight of the night-hawk, and, above all, myriads of fire-flies filling the air with sparks, dancing in the deep shade, or streaming with their intermittent and gentle light among the groups, as they stroll in the open air or sit in the porticoes.

'The frank manners and uncontrolled intercourse between the young people of both sexes, and the confidence with which they are on all occasions left to their own discretion, is one remarkable feature in American society, and one that must strike every European. Unattended as this open confidence has hitherto been, with perhaps the rarest exceptions, by unpleasant results, it is a proof that thus far the society of the New World has an advantage over that of the Old, where circumstances throw such difficulties in the way of most early marriages—where the poison of libertinism is more generally diffused—and where the whole structure of society warrants the most jealous care in the parent, and the utmost caution and reserve on the part of the daughter.'—*Latrobe*, vol. ii. pp. 29-32.

Our readers cannot have failed to observe how many of the circumstances alluded to in this beautiful letter are identical with those dwelt upon in a very different spirit—considered as altogether deplorable in their results—by many other travellers of late years, and especially by M. de Beaumont. We extracted the passage on this very account. It affords a strong lesson to every one who undertakes to criticise the manners of a people with whom he is not of old and familiarly acquainted—and we think we can hardly do better than follow it up by another page, in which Mr. Latrobe brings the same lesson, one so often neglected, home to ourselves—our own business and bosoms. He says, after he has returned to England,—

'It was but the other day I was in company with a gentlemanly foreigner—a Prussian; acute, reasonable, and polite, travelling for his instruction and amusement, to see with his own eyes, and to hear with his own ears. The conversation turned upon the difference of the criminal law in our respective countries, and the mode of procedure in criminal cases. Two things had struck him with reference to that of England; first, the weight which we give to mere circumstantial evidence, in the absence of positive proof; and, secondly, the horrible severity of our code, and the administration of it. He stated that he had been seated for hours in the court of sessions in one of our southern cities, and that out of twenty or thirty cases under consideration not a single prisoner was acquitted. He was quite horrified! Accusation and conviction seemed to go hand in hand. The time occupied in any one case was, as he thought, quite insufficient for patient investigation; and his blood curdled as he heard—*Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!* pronounced again and again by the foreman of the jury, before he had had time to make himself master of the bare accusation. The idea fixed, by the



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evidence of his own senses on his mind, was this—that in England every man who was accused must be, and was, condemned. And I wish you could have seen how wide he opened his eyes when he was forced unwillingly to relinquish his belief—by a calm explanation of the series of preparatory steps through which every individual case had passed before it had come to the point where he had seen it arrive for positive decision. Of the examination before a magistrate, the reconsideration of cases by a grand jury, &c., he, till now, had had no opportunity of hearing; but he was brought to confess, after a while, that, all things considered, it was hardly to be conceived that innocence, if innocence there were, would not have been made evident in the previous stages of inquiry, and that nothing but incontrovertible evidence of guilt could be received and made the cause of condemnation.

'However, something was to be learned from this, and I trust I was not myself above profiting by the lesson, which many years of travel have assisted in impressing upon my mind; namely, that a stranger in a strange land sees with strange and partial eyes, and that the difficulty of forming a correct judgment, even with close observation, and without any disposition to distort facts, is far greater than might be supposed.'—vol. ii. pp. 305, 306.

We sincerely hope this lesson will be held in mind by all future travellers in the United States. For ourselves, we are obliged to confess that we much wish we had kept it steadily before us when reviewing the recent work of Mrs. Trollope, and we may even add of Captain Basil Hall. We have no suspicion that either of these able writers designed to give a false impression of the state of society in America; but we are constrained to acknowledge that we think if Washington Irving had undertaken a tour among our own provincial towns, he might have found materials for lively and amusing sketches of British manners not a bit better than those represented as *characteristic* of the Americans: indeed we strongly suspect that he might have found almost the same identical things and fashions. And how, after all, should this be otherwise? What were all those American towns sixty years ago but provincial British towns? Why should we be so ready to believe that manners and customs had changed so much within the lifetime of one generation, while blood and language remained the same?

Let us hear no more then—at least, let us hear nothing in harsh, contemptuous, or arrogant language—about the petty circumstances which may happen to strike an English eye, accustomed to the highly-cultivated features of society in the upper walks of life in England, as offensively characteristic of the people of America, in their interior domestic intercourse among themselves. Let every man who designs to travel in America begin with making himself acquainted with the manners of the great masses of our own population—even of our own opulent and fairly educated population

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population—and ask himself honestly, whether, supposing the present course of political changes to be persisted in, the grand problem of the Grotes, Warburtons, and Humes, fairly worked out, our aristocratical institutions in church and state got rid of, and 'the monarchy of the middle classes' completely established here—let him ask himself, whether he seriously believes that, after the lapse of half a century, the foreign traveller from Vienna or St. Petersburgh would not be very apt to go home again with much the same views as to the manners of the dominant caste in England, that have been of late made public on the subject of the social peculiarities of America.

There is only one general remark on that subject which we shall take the liberty of setting down; and we do so, because we already see a thousand proofs that it will at no distant day be just as applicable to us as it is to them. The whole doctrine of *social equality*—the one doctrine which lies at the root of all our own present political doings—is the doctrine of vanity, envy, and hypocrisy; and no nation can *pretend* to reduce it to practice—for really reducing it to practice is impossible—without acquiring habits of falsehood, which will soon show themselves in matters far remote from politics. We are laying the foundation of a system of gross and habitual fraud, to be developed with equal distinctness in all our relations. Every demagogue is a hypocrite; and in a nation swayed by demagogues, the majority, even of those who scorn *their* trade, will from necessity creep into habits of insincerity.

The abundance of unoccupied land in America, the ease with which it may be obtained and cultivated, and the prodigious demand and consequent high price of labour of every kind in this vast and thinly-peopled region, are the fortunate circumstances which have hitherto enabled the *gentlemen* to submit, sullenly and reluctantly, but still to *submit* to the yoke of the democracy. These have hitherto afforded protection to property—to that one thing upon which, in any old and thickly-peopled country, a tyrannical democracy would too soon turn every particle of its serious attention.

We adduce, however, the following examples of the facility with which physical prosperity may now be attained in America—not with any political view, but merely for the benefit of English emigrants. The first is the history of a small farmer not far from the town of Independence:—

'The settler had, in the course of the preceding spring, bought three hundred acres of land, at a dollar and a quarter per acre. He came to work upon it in the month of April, at which time the sound of the axe had never been heard in these forests. During the course of that month he girdled the trees on ten acres—built himself a log-



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hut—and brought his family out. At the close of May, after burning the brushwood and slightly breaking the surface, he sowed the ten acres, upon which the sun now shone freely, unobstructed by the dying spring foliage, with a bushel and a half of gourd-seed maize; and at the time of my visit in September, he showed me a crop upon the ground ready to harvest of fifty bushels to the acre—the whole return being consequently five hundred bushels for the one and a half sown. At the same time, the fodder yielded, by stripping the tall stems of the maize of their broad and redundant leaves, amounting to a thousand bundles, sufficient to afford winter-food for fifteen head of cattle, which during the summer had lived and fattened in the forest, with their compeers the swine, without being a charge upon the settler. Besides this produce, the field had yielded fifty waggon-loads of pumpkins, of which great use is made, both for the family and the stock. Such is the amazing fertility of this region, and the facilities with which the necessaries of life may be procured! I have given you this single instance out of many of which I took exact and particular note.

'While I add that the whole tract purchased was of the same inexhaustible richness of soil—covered with the most exuberant and noble forest, many trees which I measured being six yards in girth—abounding with excellent water and limestone—situated at a point where there would be no difficulty in transporting any quantity of produce to a market—you may well suppose that the owner cannot but become wealthy.'—*Latrobe*, vol. ii. p. 137.

What follows refers to an experiment, on a much larger scale, in the back territory of the state of New York:—

'The estate of F——, consisting of about thirty-six thousand acres, was, little more than twenty years ago, in the state of nature; there was not a road passing through it, there was not a tree cut; but for ages the heavy forest, decking the country and shading the streams and ponds, had grown and come to maturity, and decayed and fallen, to add to the mould which covered its undulating surface. After the termination of the war, our host, the son of the original purchaser, came from the metropolis of the State, devoting himself to the improvement of his patrimony. He fearlessly laid the axe at the root of the trees—built himself a log-hut, and began to cultivate a corner of his domain. In a year or two he married, and brought his young and accomplished wife, tenderly nurtured, of the best blood of the Union, to bear him companionship in his hut during the summer. In no country have you nobler examples of that devotion and heroism which enables woman to sacrifice self, and bend to circumstances. She was content with the comparative solitude of the forests, and to live—as people must live, whatever be their birth and breeding,—roughly and rudely in the backwoods. Thus they passed several years, oscillating between the best society of New York in the winter, and that of workmen and rude settlers in the summer. Their log-hut was for many years their habitation. But their self-denial has long ere this had its reward.

'One-third of the whole estate was under steady culture at the time of

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of our visit, and they counted sixteen hundred taxable inhabitants within their boundaries. Roads were opened to the north and south. The log-hut had disappeared; and in its place a spacious and handsome country-seat, built of white marble, quarried on the estate, rose in a prominent situation on the bank of a limpid lake, two or three miles in circumference, surrounded by hanging woods and rocky shores. The tasteful elegance of the interior was in harmony with that of the exterior—shrubberies, gardens, orchards, and gravel-walks occupied the immediate vicinity; nor were the bath-house and all the facilities for boating and fishing forgotten. Such were the changes effected by patience, perseverance, and taste.'—p. 147.

Mr. Latrobe gives a great many most interesting and useful details respecting the recent settlement of many of our countrymen in the better condition of life, especially naval and military officers on half-pay, in the province of Upper Canada; and we recommend this part of his book to the earnest study of all persons *of the like class* who may feel inclined to follow their example.*

Mr. Latrobe is not one of those travellers who feel interested only in some one or two of the subjects which a new country presents to observation. He carries with him, wherever we find him, the same liberal curiosity, the same gentle sympathies, and the same vivid powers of description; and we know not whether his sketches of manners civilized and barbarous, his historical disquisitions, or his letters on the phenomena of nature living and inanimate, are likely to be most generally admired. Nor do the real *antiquities* of America escape his enthusiasm. Our readers will do well to compare the following elegant passage with Mr. Flint's more detailed account of *the Indian mounds*, which we had occasion to quote a few years ago when reviewing his 'Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi:'—

'I never at any time approached the Indian mounds, those relics of a people and of a time of which no recollection or tradition has been preserved, without interest and feeling. That the hands that reared them should long ago have been mingled with the clay of which they formed these simple, but enduring monuments excites no wonder: generation departs after generation—one dynasty follows another—one nation perishes, and its place is filled by another; but it is seldom that all memory, all tradition is lost of a people. A name alone may remain, without any other distinctive feature,—but that is yet a name, and under it the existence of a distinct division of the human race may yet stand recorded in the book of the world's history. But here, on this vast continent, dispersed over a great extent of territory, you find the relics of an utterly forgotten race. They must have been a numerous one, for the magnitude of the works they have left behind them attest it. You see mounds raised upon the rich level plains of

* Such persons, however, will find their best practical guide in the 'Notes' lately published by Mr. Ferguson, of Woodhead—a skilful Scotch agriculturist, whose precept and example are of the most sterling value.

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the west, which will ever remain a marvel. They must have attained to a certain degree of civilization and sedentary habits, superior to the races whom the present age has seen in turn displaced by those of our own hue and blood:—they were more civilized, more powerful, more enlightened than the Indian races of our day. We read this truth in the vestiges of their towns and fortifications, and the lands once cultivated by them,—yet it is in vain you pry into the secret of their deeds, time of existence, or history. You dig into their places of sepulture—you handle their bones; but they are silent, and tell you nothing;—and the utensils you unearth only show you that they were numerous, and, however powerful, simple in their habits.

'Man is less perfect for the time being, and subject to greater vicissitudes than even the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, whom he affects to govern and despise. And this is impressed on my mind as I listen to the song of these sweet birds. There are voices yet abroad in the land of those forgotten tribes, at this very moment, singing the same sweet strain as rung through the oak groves two thousand years ago! They have not forgotten the lessons taught the parents of their race in Paradise. God has stamped them with the species of perfection for which he designed them, and they have not departed from it. Their kind has suffered no vicissitude—they have probably neither deteriorated nor attained greater perfection in any respect since the day of their creation, but have carolled, and nestled, and paired, from generation to generation; fulfilling the end for which they were apparently created; while race after race of human beings has arisen and passed away, and the earth has been alternately filled and deserted by nations and individuals perfect in nothing. Without the certainty of immortality, and the sweet hope of being restored, through God's mercy, to that estate from which we have fallen, might we not well be tempted to despair!'—vol. ii. p. 21-23.

We have bestowed so much of our space on these new authors—especially on Mr. Latrobe—that we find ourselves obliged to abstain from further quotations about America, and must, therefore, be contented to recommend once more in general terms the 'Tour to the Prairies' of our old favourite, Mr. Washington Irving. We read the book with high interest, and not the less for the novel aspects and attitudes in which it brings our worthy friend himself before us. Clad in his leathern jerkin, mounted on his fiery steed, and armed with his huge blunderbuss, for close encounter with wolves, bears, buffaloes, and the other terrors of the Prairie, he must indeed have appeared very unlike what we had been used to meet announced under his name. But whether on a wild horse, or on an easy chair, he retains the same happy humour to be pleased with everything, and the same happy power to please everybody about him. His nephew has also lately published a very agreeable little work, in which much of the same sort of scenery and adventure is painted with no trivial share of the

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the same talent.* Nor ought we to close our paper without naming 'The Winter in the Far West,' by Mr. Hoffman—another new book which will richly reward the reader's attention.

But the book of the season, as far as America is concerned, is unquestionably that of Mr. Latrobe. He is evidently an author from whose future lucubrations we may hope to receive large supplies of amusement and instruction. To what part of the world he has turned his steps we do not know, but we understand he is again rambling somewhere, and we shall not fail to watch the result of his peregrinations.

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ART. VI.—*Papers relating to Emigration.* Printed for the House of Commons, 27th March, 1835.

2. *Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia; with Observations on the General Resources of New South Wales.* By Captain Charles Sturt. 2 vols., 8vo. London, 1833.

3. *State and Position of Western Australia, or the Swan River Settlement.* By Captain Irwin, late acting Governor of the Colony. 8vo. London, 1835.

4. *Letters from Poor Persons who have lately emigrated to Canada.* 3rd edit. 1835.

IT has been shown over and over again in this Journal, that the redundancy of labour which weighs so heavily on our parish rates, and renders the administration of any poor-law the legislature may enact a difficult and dangerous matter;—the dearth of employment, and consequently of the means of sustenance, which forces the Irish peasantry into illegal and murderous combinations, and prepares them to be the ready tools of every political agitator who has an object to serve in fomenting rebellion;—the excessive competition which, in every branch of trade, in every avenue for the investment of capital, and in every profession, renders the chance of a remunerating return every day more and more precarious;—that these perplexing circumstances, which our economists have so belaboured their brains to render still more puzzling, are, in fact, the simple and inevitable results of the rapid growth of our population and our wealth, during a lengthened peace, and under the shadow of free and happy institutions, *without a proportionate increase of the territorial area for their employment;* and that the obvious remedy to this plethora lies—not as the Broughams and Martineaus advise, in a painful and suicidal attempt to check the rate of increase of our people and our capital—but in the enlargement of the field for their employment, by facilitating their

* Indian Sketches, taken during an Expedition among the Pawnee Tribes and other Indians of North America. By John T. Irving, jun. 2 vols. 12mo.

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transfer to those territorial dependencies of Britain which ought to be considered as much in the light of outlying counties as the Isles of Wight, Jersey, or Man—where there is 'ample room and verge enough' for the development of our industry for centuries to come—and where, from the luxuriance of the yet virgin soil, the returns will repay tenfold the cost of its cultivation.

Every hour forces this subject more and more upon our attention, as the true and only solution of the difficulties whereby the industry of the country finds itself cramped and pinched. To take but one instance out of hundreds:—the heart-rending case of the hand-loom weavers of the north of England and the west of Scotland.* For twenty years this portion of our working population has been pressing its miserable condition on the attention of parliament, and earnestly supplicating some legislative relief. In 1818, a committee of the House of Commons, after a patient investigation of their suffering state, and of all the imagined means of relieving it, came to the opinion that it admitted but of one remedy, namely, the affording them facilities to emigrate. Unfortunately, however, no steps were taken—or none to any effectual extent—in furtherance of this recommendation; and the consequence is, that after years of protracted anguish in what was then a hopeless, and has by every subsequent year been shown to be a perfectly desperate contest with their gigantic rival, the steam-engine, we have these unfortunate hand-loom weavers still before parliament, reiterating their sad story, and calling aloud, as before, for restrictions on machinery, boards of trade to regulate wages, and all the other nostrums which drowning men may be excused for catching at in their agony as means of salvation, but which, if granted to their prayers, could only make their state worse rather than better.

It is indeed surprising that any single member of parliament should think of encouraging the delusion under which these poor people labour, by granting them the successive committees that have been sitting during the two last sessions for the consideration of their wild requests. It is difficult to believe that any man of education in the present day can imagine improvements of machinery (that is, of the instruments by which man produces the various objects of his consumption) to be an evil which it is desirable to restrict, or can seriously propose that the legislature should interfere to dictate the terms of the pecuniary bargain between employers and their labourers. The desire to stand well

* On this, as on all other subjects connected with Scotland, we may safely refer our readers to the 'New Statistical Account,' now in progress of publication at Edinburgh, and which, when completed, will be the most valuable work of the kind ever produced in any country of the world. It reflects, indeed, the very highest honour on the clergy of Scotland. See in particular Dr. Macfarlan's article on Glasgow, and that on Dundee.

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with popular constituencies, by an appearance of attention even to their idlest fancies, is no doubt at the bottom of the appointment of these committees. They are, however, extremely injurious, in as far as they afford countenance to a mischievous delusion, and divert the attention of all parties from the consideration of that remedy which alone is adequate to the occasion.

Look again to the efforts now making throughout England for the reduction of pauperism. Can the workhouse system of relief for the able-bodied—the sheet-anchor of the scheme embodied in the late Poor-Law Amendment Act—be effectual to that end? Nay, can it be safe, practicable, or *just*, to coop up our industrious peasantry in these district gaols, and sever them from their wives and children, for *the crime of not being able to obtain employment*, while their labour-market is kept in a state of constant glut by the overflow of Irish wretchedness into it, and no vent is opened to drain off the surplus? One of two things only can happen from such an attempt, if made: either a renewal of the *Jacquerie* of the autumn of 1830, or at least the general depression of our bold peasantry to the potato and water level of their Irish competitors in the labour-market. We are of opinion, from what history and experience inform us of the spirit and impatience of tyranny which characterize that peasantry, as well as from sundry other indications of a more particular nature, that the last of these alternatives is by far the *least* likely of the two to occur. But one or the other is inevitable.* True it is that parishes and unions are empowered by the late act to raise money on the security of their rates for aiding the emigration of their surplus labouring poor; but there is little probability of their doing this, if they are permitted to get rid of the application for work by the offer of the workhouse: in other words (for it amounts to nothing less), by a threat of imprisonment. We still hope that among the amendments which must shortly be introduced in the late act this will not be overlooked—namely, that before able-bodied labourers are compelled to reside, and to bring their innocent families within the close and contaminating atmosphere of a workhouse, as the sole condition of their relief or employment, they shall have the offer of a free passage for themselves and their families to one of the colonies.

* We take this opportunity of directing attention to a work which we have just read, but which is not yet published—the *second series* of Mr. Gleig's 'Country Curate.' This humane, manly, and unaffected writer has here put together in a set of little stories, in themselves full of deep and almost Crabbe-like interest, a mass of solid information concerning the recent history and the actual condition and habits of the English peasantry, such as we sincerely believe no other work of any class whatever can supply. It is well that the most popular form of composition is at last turned to such objects, and by such talents.

Our

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Our earnest desire, we confess (and, moreover, entertain a confident hope of living to see it fulfilled), is, that means should be provided, of a public, a permanent, and gratuitous character, for facilitating the spontaneous emigration of every industrious labourer who finds it impossible to procure a subsistence in the British islands. In one word, we desire to see the Atlantic *bridged over* by government arrangements, at the expense of the nation, for the free passage of all able-bodied paupers who, after due notice, may present themselves at the outports, with a proper certificate of character, and of the necessity of their situation.

Suppose, for an instant, such an arrangement were established, and in active operation, what a load of anxiety would be taken off the bosoms of those who, whether as members of the government, of the legislature, or of society, feel a deep and overwhelming interest in all that affects the condition of the labouring classes—the numerical bulk of the community! No more committees or commissions of inquiry into the distressed state of the Glasgow weavers, the Sussex ploughmen, or the Irish cottiers! No more itinerant bands of inoperative operatives challenging our compassion on every high road with assurances that the mills in which they lately worked have been shut up, or the furnaces blown out, and that they have vainly wandered in search of employment from Paisley to Axminster, or from Merthyr Tydvil to Birmingham! No more heart-rending accounts of the entire population of extensive districts, labouring at their unhealthy looms through the livelong day, and half the night, for a sum which will not keep a family in bread and water! No more futile (because easily evaded) acts to prevent the wholesale offering up of infant life at the shrine of the factory Juggernaut, by mothers who must sacrifice their babes to buy off famine! No more minute, painful, and unsatisfactory inquiries into the character, past history, and earnings of almost every agricultural labourer in the country, with a view to determine the question whether he shall be allowed eighteen pence at the end of the week out of the parish rates, to assist him to maintain his family, or be required to bring them all, boys and girls, and their decent mother to boot, to take up their residence in *classified* workhouses, within high walls, and consume their lives in pacing round yards twenty feet by thirty, and eating bread and cheese on the odd days of the week, and porridge on the even! No more rick-burnings and machine-breaking by a peasantry demoralized through a long course of training to idleness in the school of the parish gravel-pit! No more desolating accounts from counties Clare or Mayo of the ejectment of fifty cottier families from their farms and hovels—for arrear of rent, or for the sake of enabling the landlord to enlarge his park, or to turn his small farms into large ones

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ones—having been followed, as a thing of course, by the murder of the agent, the burning of the new tenants in their beds, and the general outbreak of a Rockite insurrection, requiring the Insurrection Act, and a couple of regiments, and half a dozen executions, to quell it! No more harrowing statements of the population of whole districts being habitually compelled for want of work and food to eke out their *single* meal of dry potatoes with bitter and unwholesome weeds, *until their very blood turns yellow!** Under such a provision the labouring-population of the United Kingdom would preserve itself in a healthy and safe condition. The labour-market of the British empire would be put *in equilibrio*. So long as the demand for labour in the colonies continued at any thing like its present intensity—(and, as we shall shortly show, there is no prospect of its diminution, but, on the contrary, a certainty, under wise regulations, of its continual increase),—so long might we sit down in the happy conviction that no willing labourer could long want employment—so long must the rate of wages in this country maintain itself at something not much under that which obtains in the colonies, where the abundance of fresh and fertile soil, to be had almost for the asking, must always preserve it at a very high level. Industrious pauperism would wholly disappear, and poverty be found only among the crippled, the sick, and the impotent!

But the benefits of such a state of things would not be confined to the labouring classes. Capital in this country is notoriously in the same condition of congestion as labour. The capitalist, it is true, is competent without aid from the state to transfer his capital to the colonies; but of what use would it be to him there, unless he can procure an adequate supply of labour to set it in motion? He may buy land dirt-cheap, but where are the axe-men to clear it, the ploughmen to cultivate it? These he cannot import with his ploughs and axes, as he would cattle or horses, since, in a free state, they would leave him immediately upon their landing, tempted by the high rate of wages which the scarcity of labour maintains in the colony. All attempts to secure the services of imported labourers by a system of indenture or apprenticeship have failed upon trial, from the facility of avoiding the indenture by removal to other neighbouring countries, or from the recognized

* Horrible as such statements are, and almost incredible when told of a country which annually exports several millions' worth of provisions—of a country which forms a portion of an empire undoubtedly the wealthiest in the world, and which prides itself on its humanity, refinement, and civilization—we have reason to know that many such, and, if possible, some still more harrowing, will be found in the Report of the Commission for inquiring into the state of the poor of Ireland, when it is produced; but when is this to be?—And when are we to wipe off the stigma that rests on the legislation of Britain for allowing the only real grievances of Ireland to remain so long unrelieved?

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and invincible laziness of *compelled*, as contrasted with voluntary, labour. But let government pour in a copious though duly regulated stream of emigrant labourers, and the operations of the colonial capitalist will be proportionably developed. Certain of an adequate supply of labour, and equally so of a market for his produce in the mother country, whose demand for colonial corn, and wool, and timber, will be proportionate to the growing demand of the colony upon her manufactures—he will boldly embark in the reclamation of its fertile wastes. The forest will be cleared, cultivation will spread itself, and towns arise with the magical rapidity which is witnessed in the western provinces of the United States. And the avenue thus afforded for the profitable employment of capital cannot but affect the rate of profits in every branch of industry and investment for capital of the mother country. Our manufactures will find a new and rapidly-increasing market in the thriving colonies, which they look for in vain among our idle paupers at home, or in the sluggish nations of southern Europe and America. And innumerable openings will present themselves for the trading enterprise or professional skill of those individuals of various classes who are now hopelessly waging an internecine rivalry with a host of competitors, in the limited field which these tiny islands afford for the development of British energy.

And what price will the nation have to pay for a talisman which shall secure to every class such eminent advantages? What price, let us first ask, would be considered too great for it? Millions might be well laid out in its purchase; since, viewed only in a pecuniary light, the increased trade and business of all kinds that would follow from it, and the savings it would occasion in poor-rate, in the cost of crime, and in the cost of police armed and unarmed, would be worth many and many a million to the nation! We lately saddled the country with a permanent debt of seven hundred thousand pounds per annum, for the sake of liberating from slavery about that number of blacks. Without undervaluing the great object of that costly measure, we may be permitted to hold the welfare of the millions of our white fellow-countrymen who earn their daily bread by their daily labour, to be infinitely dearer and more valuable than that of the half-savage black apprentices of our West India islands. And, putting aside the feeling attached to the ideas of slavery and freedom, it is undeniable that the amount of physical and mental suffering from which we have at that expense relieved the negroes, was as nothing compared with that which our unemployed and workhouse-imprisoned labourers of England, and the starving peasantry of Ireland, still endure. They are *free* indeed;—but what is *liberty* to one who has not a potato? Or, *is* he free, who must starve, unless he accept confinement

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confinement in a workhouse? What price then we ask—measuring by the scale of liberality which was established by parliament in that recent instance—what sum could be too great to pay to relieve these millions of our fellow-countrymen from their bondage, not a nominal but a real slavery—the slavery of the overseer or the middleman? — Viewed, whether as a question of mere finance, of policy, or of feeling, would any price be too much to pay for such a change?

But what would be its real cost? The answer to this question must be sought in an inquiry into the rate of increase of the population of the British islands. This may be stated in round numbers at about 300,000 per annum. But the increase of the means of employment at home will no doubt absorb a considerable proportion of this numerical increase. The removal, therefore, of 200,000 individuals yearly would, probably, take off the whole excess. And, indeed, we have great doubts whether anything like that number would be applicants for a free passage. This number will, at an average of five to each family, give 40,000 heads of families to be removed; and if we allow 25*l.* as the average cost of passage and provisions to each family, or 5*l.* per head—a most liberal allowance, as we shall shortly prove—the total expenditure cannot exceed a million per annum; about a third more than what we have willingly consented to pay for the extinction of negro slavery, and *one-eighth* only of the annual amount of the poor-rate of England and Wales! Nearly fifty millions are annually levied from this wealthy nation, for the general purposes of the state: twenty-eight millions for the maintenance of the national faith by payment of the public creditor. Even if it could not be proved (as it most clearly can) that the money will be returned with ample interest into the national coffers, would *one* million be too much to pay for the complete extinction of *industrious pauperism* throughout the three kingdoms?

Many persons, we know, are friendly to the principle of emigration applied as a relief to the excess of population from which we are suffering, but deprecate the interference of government or the legislature, and are satisfied with that amount of emigration which is at present spontaneously taking place at the expense of the individuals themselves, occasionally assisted by charitable neighbours and their parishes. But experience has now proved that this spontaneous emigration is insufficient to effect the object in view. The number of emigrants who under this system have left the united kingdom annually within the last four years has rather fallen off than increased, as it should have done, if we are to entertain any hope of its reaching an extent sufficient to make a sensible impression on the labour-market here. The following is the

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the statement just furnished to the House of Commons from the Colonial Office, of the progress of emigration to Canada and the United States during the last six years.

*Comparative Statement of the Number of Emigrants from the United Kingdom to North America.*

| | 1829. | 1830. | 1831. | 1832. | 1833. | 1834. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Arrived at Quebec . | 15,945 | 28,000 | 50,254 | 51,746 | 21,752 | 30,935 |
| „ at New York* | 11,501 | 21,433 | 22,607 | 28,283 | 16,000 | 26,540 |
| Total . . . | 27,446 | 49,433 | 72,861 | 80,029 | 37,752 | 57,475 |

It will be observed that, though the increase was very rapid from 1829 to 1831, in the next year it was but moderate, and in 1833 the numbers were reduced to less than one-half of those of preceding years. This was owing no doubt to the dread of cholera, which had found its way to North America in the early part of that year; and though the emigrants, as appears from the statement of the government agent, Mr. Buchanan, were less severely affected by this scourge than the resident population, still it considerably damped the desire to follow close upon the track of so rude a fellow-traveller. The emigration of last year gained in some degree upon that of 1833, but did not much exceed that of 1830, and fell very far short of the number which crossed the Atlantic in 1831. So that it seems clear—if we are to rely on the spontaneous unassisted efflux of our redundant numbers, the evil must go on accumulating upon us most rapidly; the average annual increase being, as we have stated, upwards of 300,000, while the annual drain, on the average of the last six years (adding to the above figures the comparatively small numbers who have gone to the Cape and Australia) does not exceed 57,000.

It may, however, be supposed by some that the emigration thus going on is as much as the colonies require, or will bear. The reports of the government agents in the colonies are very far from giving countenance to this idea. On the contrary, their statements, however guarded and cautious, evince clearly that the demand for labour there is far from satisfied by the stream that has been hitherto taking that direction. Mr. Buchanan writes from

* It is satisfactory to know that the greater proportion of the emigrants who land at New York make their way immediately by the canals to Upper Canada. This route is taken by preference, and not unwisely, to the sea voyage, and avoids the risks of the entrance of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Buchanan says, 'Few British subjects now settle in the western states of the Union.'

Quebec

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Quebec on the 23d of June last:—'In every part of Upper Canada, the want of labourers is complained of. In this city there is not an emigrant in want, nor whom, if industrious, I cannot easily direct to employment.' The agent is in fact besieged by applications from every part of the province, like the following, from Mr. John Hilton of Newcastle District, Upper Canada, addressed to Mr. Buchanan:—

'Agricultural labourers are sadly wanted in this and the adjoining townships. If you COULD direct a driblet of your great stream this way, it would serve all parties. Seymour, adjoining us, is settling fast and requires hands much.'*

The provincial gazettes, of Upper Canada especially, speak more strongly to the insatiate and insatiable demand for labourers which prevails through every part of that country. It is amusing to observe the jealousy which these local writers evince of the destination of emigrants to any other part of the province than their own.

'One would imagine,' says the *Kingston Chronicle*, 'that the emigrants of the past and present years had taken leave of their senses, when we view them crowding in shoals to the western part of the province and the United States, burying themselves some hundreds of miles away from civilization, and passing in their way thither thousands of acres of as beautiful land as can be met with in any part of the habitable world.'†

Another journalist of the same place twits his fellow-townsmen with allowing the shrewder people of York to decoy the emigrants to take up their residence among them by preparing convenient houses for their reception before they arrive:—

'At York no less than five hundred buildings are being erected at this present time, calculated for the poorer kind of the increasing population, while in Kingston the only erections carried on are for the increased convenience of the higher orders. "Population is wealth"—a truism the good people of York appear to understand and act upon.'—*Kingston Spectator.*

How strikingly the leading distinction between the state of society on this and the other side of the Atlantic is illustrated by that simple axiom 'Population is wealth,' which experience has established as '*a truism*' *there*, whilst *here* experience has as convincingly shown 'population' and 'poverty' to be synonymous!

Mr. Bevans, in his valuable communication of last year to the Poor-Law Commission, declares that he is 'satisfied, from observation based on a long experience and a deep interest in the subject, that 30,000 or even 40,000 able-bodied men would obtain employment in *Upper Canada* alone, if notice that such a

* Emigration Paper, p. 18.

† Extract quoted by Mr. Bevans, Poor-Law Commission Appendix (C), p. 307.

body

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body might be expected were given. In Upper Canada alone then would absorb, it is probable, even the very first year, the whole number of labouring families which we consider, on reasons given above, would be induced to emigrate annually, by the offer of a free passage to such as were destitute and unable to find work at home. But when to the demand of Upper Canada we add that of Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, the Cape, the eastern and western coast of New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land, we think it cannot be doubted that, by employing proper precautionary measures, a number, far exceeding any that would be likely to avail themselves of the offer, might be advantageously disposed of in these different colonies, without, in any degree, glutting the spontaneous and natural demand which exists there for labourers, or materially depressing the rate of wages they can command. On this point it is to be remarked, that, according to the reports of the agents, an unusually large proportion of the emigrants of the last two years have been persons possessed of capital, and having in view the purchase of land to be cultivated by hired labour. The demand for labourers must, consequently, be greatly on the increase, even since the date of the accounts we have just quoted. And we have no doubt that, however fast a supply of labour might by any arrangements be poured into our North American colonies, the demand will always precede and outmarch it. In fact, the emigrant labourer of one year after a very few seasons becomes a capitalist and landowner, and is anxious to hire the services of an assistant himself; so that, besides the rapid introduction of farming capital from this country, which must be accelerated in proportion as a prospect is opened of being able to command an adequate supply of labour, the internal growth of capital advances with equal rapidity. The combination of both, we may be quite certain, will absorb any number of labourers we should be able under any circumstances to spare them.

We have allowed the sum of 5*l.* per head as the utmost average cost of removal to the colonies. But this is, in truth, too liberal an allowance. The usual charge per head from Bristol, Glasgow, or London, to Montreal last season, for steerage passengers, was from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* 10*s.* Vessels are taking in emigrants this season from Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, at a charge of from 30*s.* to 50*s.*, and even so low as at 25*s.* per head. The cost of passage to Australia and the Cape is, of course, very much higher; but the numbers which it would be desirable to send in that direction would be comparatively few. Indeed, it might be sufficient to offer a sum equal to the cost of conveyance to our American colonies, as an aid to those who, preferring to follow their fortunes in

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in New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land, could provide the remaining sum from their own resources.

We repeat, then, that we are desirous of seeing a sufficient sum, even though it should amount to a million, annually placed at the disposal of the Colonial Minister for the purpose of furthering the emigration to our colonies of such able-bodied labourers as, being unable to find employment in their native country, are willing to seek it, with their families, in the outlying provinces of the empire, where it is certain to be obtained. The steps that have been hitherto taken by government for facilitating emigration have paved the way for the adoption of a systematic and comprehensive scheme of colonization. As experiments and preparatives they have been serviceable; but they have been totally inadequate to do anything appreciable towards the reduction of the excess of the labouring classes of this country, or the satisfaction of the demand in the colonies. About 1600*l.* was granted in the last year as a bounty, and 3360*l.* advanced as a loan, in aid of the emigration of 168 men, chiefly artisans, with their families, to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land; and 864 females were assisted to migrate to the same quarter by a grant of 12*l.* each: so that something under 15,000*l.* is all that has been hitherto expended of the public money in any one year upon this great national object!

We view these first steps, trifling as they are, with interest; more particularly the female consignments, which are so essential for the purpose of reducing the frightful inequality of the sexes that prevails in those colonies. It is pleasing to observe, in the detailed return now made of the disposal of the female immigrants which arrived at Van Dieman's Land, by the Strathfieldsay, in August, 1834, how very few there are, out of the 272 individuals who composed this ticklish cargo, that were not only landed in safety, but provided with respectable situations, or placed under the protection of friends and relatives, or *married*—within a month after their arrival. We certainly perceive one or two entries of a rather equivocal character, as, for example,—'Eliza Collins, nursery-maid, *under the protection* of Mr. Orr; Hannah Biddle, general servant, gone to an improper house; Elizabeth Elson, absconded; Susannah Leppard, assistant-cook, living with a stone-mason.'—(Are the stone-masons of Van Dieman's Land such *bon vivants* that they keep *assistant*-cooks?) But the rest are excellently disposed of, chiefly in servants' places, at wages varying from 10*l.* to 30*l.* a year. Two *actresses* are 'engaged at the theatre at 75*l.*'—Mesdlles. 'Thirza Rumens and Delizia Rumenhoff.' (Surely the Hobart Town Laporte ought to import his 'stars' at his own expense.) It is intended to ship off five



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more similar cargoes in the course of this year; one of them, we believe, sailed a few weeks back. The Colonial Office deserves credit for this arrangement, which will, no doubt, be very serviceable towards effecting its particular object, namely, the improvement of the state of society in the two Australian colonies, but cannot be considered as of any value as a depletive of our surplus population.*

Something, however, has been done of a preliminary nature in the late appointment of emigration agents at the principal outports, to assist with their advice those who arrive there with the intention of emigrating, and are in danger, from their ignorance of shipping affairs, to be defrauded by some of the swindling crimps or extortionate masters of vessels who frequent such places, and exert all their artifice to get possession of the poor emigrants' little store. These agents are also, we believe, or ought to be, commissioned to inspect and certify to the safe condition of vessels in which emigrants are about to sail. It is owing, no doubt, to the unseaworthy state of some of the ships, and of their crews, which have lately taken out emigrants, that so many have been wrecked—a circumstance most deeply to be regretted, not only from the dreadful loss of life which it has occasioned, but also from its tendency to check the disposition to emigrate among our countrymen. It is lamentable to find from the Report, that no fewer than seventeen emigrant vessels were wrecked in the course of the last season. The crews and passengers, in the greater number of cases, were saved; but no fewer than 731 persons were lost, being almost 1½ per cent. of the total number who emigrated last year.† Mr. Buchanan ascribes these calamities, unprecedented as they were last year in number, chiefly "to the immoderate use of ardent spirits on board of the emigrant ships, in which respect our vessels afford a most humiliating contrast with the sobriety maintained in the American shipping employed in the trade with the United Kingdom." He recommends the total abolition of the pernicious use of ardent spirits on board of emigrant vessels, coupled with certain amendments, which he gives in detail, of the Passenger Act, and the construction of some light-houses along the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These suggestions, we are glad to find, have been attended to, and an act passed this session embodying the substance of them; so that, in future, emigrants may rest satisfied

* In the work of Captain Sturt, named at the head of our article, the reader will find much valuable information respecting Western Australia. We have also named Captain Irwin's little tract on the Swan River Colony, as one highly curious, and on the whole more satisfactory than we had been led to anticipate. But these are not the colonies to which any sensible person will mainly look for the sort of relief which forms the object of this paper.

† Emigration Papers, p. 12.

that

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that their safety and sufficient accommodation on board the vessels they embark in are secured (as far as human caution can secure them) by efficient legal provisions; and the recurrence of such calamities as those we have mentioned rendered all but impossible.

In the colony emigrant agents have been judiciously appointed, not only at Quebec and Montreal, the principal ports of debarkation, but likewise at Toronto, Lachine, Kingston, and some others of the most rising townships in the upper province. It is most satisfactory to find that by the exertions of these agents the emigrants on their arrival are, without the slightest difficulty and at little or no expense, directed to the points to which they wish to proceed, or where they are most likely to meet with the objects they have in view, whether work or the purchase of land; that they are secured from imposition, and assisted, when they require it, with the means of reaching their destination. The government works on the Welland Canal and Grand River afford ample means of employment for such labourers as might not at first meet with an engagement. The agent at Toronto writes that "1500 labourers are at present required on these works, at a pay of twelve dollars (more than 2*l.*) per month, and found in provisions." In addition to these works, the opening of roads and clearing of the crown lands, both very desirable public objects, would afford the means of enlarging this temporary resource to any extent which might be rendered advisable by any casual accumulation of immigrants.

These arrangements, as we observed before, are excellent as preparatives for the adoption of an enlarged and systematic scheme of colonization. All that is wanting further is a few additional arrangements in this country for regulating the stream of emigrants, and preparing the means of carrying them out in due proportion to the numbers that may propose to avail themselves of the offer, and that the government should determine on making an application to parliament for the necessary funds with which to commence and carry on the measure on a scale proportioned to the magnitude of the benefits that are calculated to result from it.

To sooth the repugnance of those charitable but mistaken persons who exclaim against all aid to emigration in the name of the poor themselves, we subjoin a few extracts from some of the numerous letters that now lie before us, from paupers who have left this country within the last year or two, to their friends who remain here. The whole collection breathes but one tone, that of exultation at having exchanged English pauperism for Canadian abundance and independence, mingled with gratitude to those who assisted them to emigrate, and an anxious desire to see their friends follow their example. We are induced to select, *medio acervo*, some



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letters from emigrants who left the neighbourhood of Frome in the year 1832, not because they are more highly coloured than others, for we can assure our readers this is far from being the case, but because they form a sort of sequel to those of the emigrants from Corsley and Chapmanslade, places in the vicinity of Frome, from which, a few years since, when urging the same topic, we extracted several interesting passages. Our readers will observe that, far from being separated for ever from all intercourse with their families and friends, the emigrants in many cases find themselves in the vicinity of old friends and neighbours—are usually surrounded by members of their family, who go out and settle near them—and may and do keep up probably as close an epistolary intercourse with the friends and relatives they have left behind as if they had only removed to another part of the United Kingdom. Such indeed is the facility of communication at present between the colonies and the mother country, that a son or brother, who has settled in Canada, is virtually no farther removed from his father or sister, who stays behind in Sussex, than would have been the case a century back if he had removed only into Lancashire.

*Little York, Upper Canada.*

'Dear Father and Mother,—I have to inform you that John and I are living at his aunt Carpenter's, and we are very comfortably settled indeed. John has plenty of work, and we are doing very well indeed, for John is getting 7*s.* 6*d.* a day of our money; and his aunt is very kind to me, and I am just as comfortable as I was at home, indeed more so, for I never knew the want of victuals or drink since I entered my aunt's house, and while I am writing this we have a bottle of good old port wine on the table; and I was wishing that you could enjoy yourselves with the same. But if you ward all here to enjoy yourselves altogether it would be more comfortable; and if you were here, you would find it a great deal better than you do in England, for you do not hear any complaints or any begging here. I should like to fly over to Frome to see you all, but if you would give me all the birds' cages you have got, I would not stop there, for I never saw a more beautiful pleasant place in all my life, than Little York is. I shall not persuade you to come, you can use your own mind; there are plenty of your tools used here for combing flax. Please to tell my brother Frank there is hatting business carried on here, and if he had a little money he might soon be a gentleman. Tell Frederick shoemaking is an excellent trade, and so is glazing. Please to tell my brother Richard that gardening is one of the best of trades here, for people are too independent to rise their own garden-stuff, and a cabbage is sold for 4*d.* in the market: a good gardener is wanted here very bad indeed. Please to tell my dear sister Eliza if I had hearkened to her I never should have been in America, but I only wish she had my spirit to come here too, she would

would not want to go back again. Ask her if she knew Nancy Poolman, in Wine-Street, who used to play with Edith Sheppard so much, and tell her I am living with her, and am as happy as the day is long; and I should have been ten times more so, had it not been for the loss of my poor child, who died soon after we came here: she had every attention paid her. We were five weeks coming from Bristol to Quebec, and eighteen days to Little York; we had a very pleasant passage on the ocean, but very rough up the rapids, and that is the reason Mrs. Carpenter wished me to come New York way. Give my kind love to little Jane, and tell her I wish she was out here, as she could get as much work as she could do, and good work too—it is 5s. 6d. for making a shirt, without any stitching, and I have as much in the house as I can do. Please to tell Mr. and Mrs. F. that I think they were very foolish in going back again, for I am sure they might have done very well here; but that is the way of some people, they just come and look round, and run back again before they know any thing about it, and give it a bad name, but I speak as I find it: I have never known the want of anything since I landed in America; and wearing apparel is just as cheap as it is at home. I have bought a very handsome Leghorn bonnet for 19s., a new hat for John, a pair of shoes each, two new gowns and aprons, a very handsome black silk shawl, and a pair of new trowsers for John, and I have a pound to spare; and this is more than I should have had in Frome in a year, therefore I do not repent leaving it: but if I had you all here I should be happier. Do not delay writing, for I long to hear from you.

From your loving Son and Daughter,

JOHN and SOPHIA HILL.

As a pendant to this letter from children to their parents, we subjoin one from two parents to those of their children whom they had left behind, though it would seem they had taken several with them of whom mention is made in the letter as happily provided for. This common epistle from a father and mother, subscribed by both, and in which each takes the pen alternately without any distinguishing mark, is very usual among letters of this class. This letter is evidently begun by the father, but it is not difficult to discover where the mother commences her portion of the joint correspondence, from the maternal pride and love evinced in her account of her children's improved condition.

*Augusta, Upper Canada.*

My dear Children,—I received your kind and welcome letter, and am glad to hear you are well, as it leaves us all at present; thank God for it. How glad we are to hear you are coming. I hope the Lord will bring you safe over the mighty deep. My dear children, I do long for the time to come to see you. What a joyful day will that be for us to be together. We have taken fifteen acres of land, and are going to put some of it in order for you, against you come; you are the right man for this country—a man who likes his work; stout

and

and able like you, there is no fear of coming here. I have a cow, calf, two pigs, and eight chicken: we had a very fine harvest. Your sister Sophia lives at Squire Longley's, where she did when she first came, waiting-maid, 10*l.* a year. Jane is house-maid at Squire Jones's, 12*l.* a year; I am happy to say she is very steady. Hepzebe has not been home to live since we landed; she has 8*l.* 10*s.* Henry has his living and clothes, lives at Mr. Hicks's, where we took the land when we first came. Daniel and little William live at home with me; he grows a very fine boy, he can talk anything now: sometimes I say, "Baby, I want the cow," he will take a stick and drive her to the door for me to milk. You are desirous to know what I do: the farmer's wife is glad with me; I go to market one day, sometimes two days in the week, and go to Prescott to sell and buy for them; and when they sheared their sheep, I helped them to sort the wool; they asked me if I could spin in the hand-turn, I said yes, so I have earned twenty shillings, and I am going to buy me a gown: they don't pay in money: last week I went and picked up apples, for which I had my keep and a bag of apples. They are very good to me; if I want anything in their garden, I send and have it. Your dear sisters and brothers, when I read the letter to them, their eyes were filled with tears of joy to hear you were coming; Sophia says, "Then I shall be happy." We all long for that happy day to come. Give our kind love to my sister French: I hope I shall see her in America. Give our kind love to Mrs. Heel and Sarah, &c. I am sorry you did not say anything of Thomas Barter; he was at our house about a month ago; he has a very good place; he lives handy our Sophia; sometimes they come here together, they live at one place but not at the same house; he takes my house as home. I am happy to say that in the same place as your three sisters live there is a Church of England and Meetings the same as in England.

'From your affectionate Father and Mother,

'WILLIAM and JANE RAWLINGS.'

One more specimen and we have done:—

'*Upper Canada.*

'MY DEAR WIFE,—I received your letter on the 4th of this month, and am happy to hear that you are all well: I thank God for it. I am happy to inform you that I never had one hour's illness since I left you, that is a blessed thing to say. I don't know that I ever was so stout or so strong in my life as at present; I thank God for it. I have got my house built and the roof put on, and one room finished; it is twenty-four feet long and sixteen feet wide, with four good rooms in it, when finished, which I hope will be in March or April. Do not bide and get rid of all your money, and then say I wish I had went to Canada when I had some. We have no landlord to come at Michaelmas, to say I want my rent: no poor-rates to pay; we are in a free country. It is a pretty thing to stand at one's own door and see a hundred acres of land of his own. I wish you would go

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go to my brothers and your own, or send and persuade them all to come, if they can; not to mind if they have but one shilling in their pockets when they land, they soon get more. You must think if I was bad off here, I should not wish a dear wife and family to come and be the same. Edgar, be sure to take care of your poor dear mother, and the little children; may God bless you, and send you a safe journey: so no more at present from your loving husband and father,

'ROBERT SLADE.

'P.S.—If I never see you no more on earth, I hope I shall in heaven. May the Lord bless you all, my little dears. May the Lord bless every subscriber; I hope they will never live to want it.'

We conclude with the same wish; may the Lord bless every one who will contribute to the good work of aiding the honest and industrious poor, whom no fault of their own, but the natural progress of population expanding within a narrow insular area, has reduced to misery in Ireland, to parochial slavery and degradation in Britain, to remove to a situation where they will enjoy the comfort, independence, and happy prospects that are so strikingly depicted in these artless letters—where they will become a blessing to society at large, to themselves, their friends, and their native country, instead of an incumbrance and a spectacle of ill-requited patience under almost intolerable and wholly undeserved sufferings.

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ART. VII.—*Storia degli antichi Popoli Italiani*, di Giuseppe Micali. Tomi 3. 8vo. Firenze, 1832.

THE vast erudition, and, no doubt, the spirit of bold and ingenious speculation, which the German scholars of recent days have carried into every branch of antiquarian inquiry have thrown into the shade the more modest—though, in some instances, not less meritorious—researches of writers in other countries. Some of the Italian literati, in particular, have ill-brooked the invasion on what they considered their own peculiar territory—the history of ancient Italy; their journals have been constantly open to rude, and occasionally not unsuccessful, attacks upon the new views of Roman history. To this jealous and resentful spirit, however, Signor Micali is altogether superior: he does full justice, even where he differs from them, to the more eminent scholars of Germany.

'As to some,' he observes, 'who discuss the antiquities of Italy, it is easy enough to come forward as writers, on the credit of opinions already published by others—imagining that they have composed a book when they have compiled one. But from this imputation are exempted those distinguished men who, by their acute researches since

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since the beginning of the present century, have given to Italian history greater fulness, lustre, and utility. Of these, to pass over others, suffice the illustrious names of a Niebuhr and an Otfried Müller.'

He adds, however—in a tone assuredly of pardonable national feeling—that his countryman Vico had already opened the way to all the brilliant discoveries of later times.

'Italy is willing, on every subject, to avail herself of the erudition of others; but, as well for her philosophy, as for her national spirit and genius, she has no need to look beyond herself. We appreciate and from our hearts give all due honour to foreigners; yet we cannot, without a compassionate smile, see those same opinions, which are, by inalienable inheritance, the patrimony of our country, returning home to us in a foreign language.'

We shall not attempt the arduous, and not very profitable, task of vindicating their due proportion of literary glory to the scholars of either country. The dark oracles of Vico certainly contained the primary principles of almost all the new discoveries of the present day, but undeveloped, and enwrapped in that enigmatic obscurity which belonged to his style: on the other hand, it must be admitted, that *the Germans themselves* were the first to do justice to Vico, and to obtain for the philosophic Neapolitan that European reputation which was due to the boldness and originality of his views; but which his peculiar and repulsive manner of writing, as well as the singularity of his opinions, had prevented him from attaining, even in his own country.

The present work of Signor Micali may be considered a *rifacciamento* of his former publication, *L'Italia avanti il Dominio dei Romani*. It is so superior in every respect—in extent and depth of inquiry, as well as in more mature judgment—that we fear the author will himself endanger any claims to originality, which he might have founded on the date of his former work, by the neglect to which he will have consigned it by this 'History of the ancient Peoples of Italy.' We have been led, indeed, to his present treatise by an incidental circumstance. In a former article on Egyptian antiquities, we had been struck by the extraordinary similarity between the vast Egyptian catacombs and some of those ante-Roman cemeteries in Italy, which appear from recent discoveries to have been very common in the old Etrurian cities. We ventured to recommend this inquiry, as possessing peculiar interest to Italian scholars, and as likely to be pursued by them with the greatest local advantages. We were not at that time aware that Signor Micali had carried on this investigation with so much ardour, and had avowedly espoused the theory of *the Egyptian origin of the Etrurian civilization*. He has, in justice to himself,

transmitted

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transmitted the volumes now before us; and we shall begin with quoting his own general statement of the conclusions at which he has arrived:—

'That the principles of these oriental notions in Etruria were chiefly derived from Egypt is not a mere ingenious speculation, for we have most positive demonstration in the monuments themselves, which establish with the greatest weight of authority, that at a very early period there existed in Etruria a centre of civilization contemporaneous with that of the East and of Egypt. And here we mean to speak of the *most ancient monuments*, or those which at least are the representatives of the tenets received in the *most ancient times*; in these alone the true and legitimate national character can be studied; those which betray in any manner the influence of Grecian art, or mythology, belong to a period manifestly secondary, and can only give false notions of the history of the primitive Etruscans. Now the principal symbols which passed at first into Etruria, as the veil of the secret doctrines, are found in great numbers, particularly among the monuments in the sepulchres; which men in the older times, profoundly impressed with religious notions, considered their true and eternal dwelling. There are seen Canopic vases, figures of biform nature, winged sphinxes, and every other kind of monstrous animal;—all the significant emblems of the East, or of mysterious Egypt;—the very doctrine of Amenti recurs in a great many representations;—the evil placed in opposition to the protecting genii;—scarabei in great numbers;—and in what more particularly regards the arts of design, the workmanship and the imitation of the Egyptians, which we might almost call the Asiatic style of Etruria, are the great distinction of works properly called Tuscan. Figures having four wings, and other unusual symbolic forms and signs, which rather distinguish the Phœnician, or Syrian, or Babylonian divinities, show still further that the highly-religious Etruscans adopted, wherever they made their voyages, or traded, celestial protectors—more particularly in the East, the abundant source of superstitions. Indeed, without going so far, in the neighbouring Sardinia, which was inhabited by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Etruscans, the latter might easily appropriate many things foreign to, yet in strict conformity with, their own system; and these same Asiatic, Phœnician, and Egyptian notions—the groundwork of the national Etruscan mythology—were so deeply rooted from their antiquity in Etruria, that even when the people began to fall away from its ancient creed, and the power of the priesthood to decline—when the arts of design wholly Grecized, imitating only the Hellenic models—we still find not a few of the symbols and the fables of the antiquated religion brought upon the scene, though under more graceful forms. We now touch only rapidly an important subject, which will be more fully developed in the next volume.'

Signor Micali appeals to the highly interesting volume of engravings

engravings which accompanies his treatise, for the evidence on which he grounds this curious theory; and, undoubtedly, it is impossible to mistake the Egyptian forms and symbols which occupy many of his plates: several of them, if inserted in Rosellini's work, might pass without suspicion for genuine monuments from the tombs of Thebes. The severe historical criticism of modern times will scarcely, however, accede to the conclusions of Signor Micali, without a more profound and rigid investigation; but his case, as it stands, is so full of interest to the antiquarian, and, at least at first sight, has so much probability in its favour, as fairly to claim such an investigation. Many questions immediately suggest themselves. Since it is well known that at later periods the Egyptian religion was propagated in Italy with so much success as to defy the laws of the Republic and of the Empire, have we clear and undeniable proof that these Egyptian monuments do really belong to *the old Etruscan period*? Can we place full reliance on the classification of the Etrurian monuments themselves, as well as of those which bear marks of Egyptian origin, according to their age? Is not the fact that they are mingled up with other symbolic representations from Phœnicia and the East, rather against the theory of the Egyptian descent of Etrurian art and civilization? To these difficulties we do not venture to suppose that we can offer a satisfactory or decisive solution; but the opportunity is tempting to enter into the field of Etrurian antiquities, which has been cultivated of late with so much activity, if not success; and to give some view, however necessarily rapid and imperfect, of the curious questions which are connected with this subject. We shall not scruple to avail ourselves of the assistance of Niebuhr, of Otfried Müller's elaborate work 'Die Etrusker'—and of the valuable researches of Sir William Gell in the neighbourhood of Rome, as well as those of Signor Micali.

Etruria is one of the great and, as yet, unsolved problems of ancient history. It is clear that, before the Romans, there existed in Italy a great nation, in a state of advanced civilization, with public buildings of vast magnitude, and works constructed on scientific principles and of immense solidity, in order to bring the marshy plains of central and northern Italy into regular cultivation. They were a naval and commercial people, to whom tradition assigned the superiority, at one period, over the navigation of the Mediterranean. Their government seems to have been nearly allied to the oriental theocracies; religion was the dominant principle; the ruling aristocracy a sacerdotal order. Some writers have pretended to trace out a regular division into castes, but Micali rejects that notion, and this with somewhat too much of indignant ardour. In their federal government, (each Etruscan

Union

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Union consisted of twelve cities, one beyond the Apennines, one in Tuscany proper, one in Campania,) in their internal polity, in their usages, the Etrurian nation bore some resemblance to the other races of Italy, those of aboriginal or Oscan descent; in their religion also, some few traces of similitude may be found, though that of Etruria was a far more regular, artificial, and powerful system; in their language they stood entirely alone. They were named by the Greeks and Romans, Tyrrhenians, or Tuscans—their land Tyrrhenia and Etruria: they called themselves, however, by an appellation which never seems to have been familiarized among the other nations of Italy, the Ra-seni or Ra-sena.*

What, then, was this nation which the earliest, as far as history or even tradition extends, established in the west an empire resembling those of India, Babylonia, Phœnicia, and Egypt? Was it a pure and unmingled race? To what family of the nations of mankind did it belong? Did it originate or receive from some foreign quarter its remarkable civilization? Language, which, under the guidance of the extensive research and philosophic spirit of modern philology, has become the safest clue to the affiliation of remote races, here altogether fails. The Etruscan language stands alone, a problem and a mystery, not merely allied to none of the older dialects of Italy, but bearing no resemblance to any tongue with which it has yet been compared. The barren result of Otfried Müller's learned excursus leaves us with little more than a certain number of proper names, one or two conjectural grammatical forms, and a probable sign of the patronymic. Niebuhr has said that the whole of our knowledge may be summed up in two words, *avil ril*, which certainly mean *vixit annos;* but it is not quite clear which word is the verb, and which the noun. It is most likely that the word *turce* answers to *ἔτυσε*.† We are not aware whether the advocates of the Egyptian origin of the Tuscan civilization have instituted any comparison between the Etrurian and the ancient Egyptian, as far as it may be obscurely traced in the modern Coptic. There is certainly some slight similarity between the Etrurian words, which seem to consist

* We subjoin the note of Wachsmuth (Altere Geschichte des Römischen Staats, p. 81) as the most ingenious solution of the relationship of these names. In *Tyrsenus* there appears to be the Etruscan termination, in general *enna* (Porsenna, Vibenna, Sisenna); in Etrusci, and in the softened word *Tusci*, the Latin; the same may be traced in Tyrrhenia and Etruria. The derivations from *θυω, θυια, θυρις*, however seductive the allusion to the priesthood, and that from *τυρσις* (Dionys. i. 26), explained from the improvement of the Cyclopian style of building by towers (Hirt in Wolf's Analecta, 1-156), or indeed the Tu-Rasena, carry us no farther than the decomposition into Etrycs, a people, and Ur, the name of their country.

† In the *Inscriptio bilinguis* of Pisaurum, *haruspex fulguriator* is translated *Netasie trutnft phrusiac*. The reader will judge from this specimen the character of the language, and its remoteness from the Latin.

almost

almost entirely of consonants, and from which we may fairly suppose that the shorter vowels were omitted in writing, as in the Semitic languages, and in the Egyptian as made out by the interpreters of hieroglyphics. Many of the latter are, in like manner, composed almost entirely of consonants, to which it would be difficult for the most flexible organs to give any sound without supplying the intermediate vowels. We shall revert, however, again to this point, and, at present, only further observe, that the only conclusion at which we can arrive, is either that the Tuscan belonged to the Semitic class of languages, and migrated from the East in some unknown line, (it has no connexion, apparently, with the Phœnician or Punic,) or that it is, like the Basque, the solitary representative of some earlier stream of population, which flowed over Europe from the great Eastern cradle of humankind. It has no alliance, as far as can be traced, with the Basque, still less with the Celtic dialects, whose relationship to the great family of the Indo-Teutonic languages has been of late so curiously developed by Dr. Pritchard.

What, then, was the primitive, or rather the earliest European settlement to which the Ra-sena, at least the dominant race of the great Etrurian empire, can be traced? The hypothesis adopted by Niebuhr and his followers brings them from the Rhœtian Alps, and there is really satisfactory evidence that the mountaineers of that district were of the Etruscan race. According to the ancient authorities, the Etruscan confederacy to the north of the Apennines was dissolved by the inroads of the Gauls, and took refuge in the inaccessible Alpine vallers from the pursuit of the invaders. Niebuhr strongly urges the improbability that a race enfeebled by luxury, and in an unwarlike state of civilization, without power to resist the invading barbarians of Gaul, should be able to dispossess the hardy mountain-clan of the Alps. There is, he observes, the decisive authority of Polybius that the Alpine clans, at the time of the Gallic invasion, were numerous and powerful. The defeated Etruscans would, therefore, more probably have thrown themselves upon the main body of their countrymen on the other side of the Po, and found refuge among the flourishing cities of Etruria proper.

'The natural movement' (says an able follower of Niebuhr) 'of the population expelled by the Gauls would have been, to fall back upon the main body of their nation in their oldest seats south of the Apennines, (which with the swamps between them and the Po actually formed an available line of defence,) not to insulate themselves in the northern mountains. But if Rhœtia was the mother country, whence the Etruscans had originally descended into the plain of Italy, it may easily be believed that a part of the nation staid behind, and to them the dwellers about the Po may have returned, when they sought shelter from the terrible Gauls. It may be esteemed a confirmation

mination of this hypothesis of the origin of the Etruscans, that they believed the north to be the seat of their gods.

Many objections might easily be started against this theory,* which, like many of those espoused by its acute advocate, commands admiration by its ingenuity, rather than enforces conviction. The Etruscan nation in its *flourishing state* may, as Niebuhr admits, have taken military possession of the mountains. If so, their troops, stationed there for the defence of the passes, but turned by the invading Gauls, may have been cut off from the rest of their countrymen, and in their unconquered recesses afforded a refuge and protection to those who were unable to fly to the south. The clans in many of the Alpine valleys may have been hardy and numerous, in others comparatively few and feeble; in particular parts they may have been driven out by the Gauls, who may have left the conquered and dispeopled valleys when the more fertile plains below opened upon their view, and offered more tempting scenes for enterprise and plunder. How Niebuhr can make out that his hypothesis is not contrary to Livy's view of the subject, we are at a loss to comprehend. The historian states that the Etruscans first inhabited the country south (*cis*) of the Apennines, afterwards (*post*) that on the north (*trans*), as far as the Alps—adding, *Alpinis quoque eâ gentibus haud dubie origo est, maximè Rhætis.* According to this statement, the inhabitants of the Alpine valleys were in general of Etruscan descent—*i. e.* descended from the *Etruscans of the south*; and Livy has, as it were, anticipated Niebuhr's further argument, from the harshness of the language, as an evidence of its belonging to a tribe of rude mountaineers, the influence of which he traces in the modern Florentine pronunciation. The Roman writer states that they became savage from the nature of the country they inhabited, and retained nothing but the language, and that in a corrupted form—*quos loca ipsa efferarunt, ne quid ex antiquo, præter sonum linguæ, nec eum incorruptum, retinerent.*

In rejecting this particular hypothesis of the northern origin of the Rasena, or dominant part of the Etruscan nation, the whole weight of ancient authority is in favour of Micali. Nor are the other vestiges of the progress of the Etrurians from north to south—the tradition, for instance, that they expelled the Umbrians, whose name remained attached to the river Umbro—sufficient, in our opinion, to outweigh the uniform testimony of the classical writers.

But if the northern origin of the Rasena be abandoned, whence

* It is by no means an original hypothesis of Niebuhr's—it had previously in its favour the great names of Fuss and of Heyne. It has been adopted also by Professor Tikel, whose curious, but one-sided, work on the Teutonic origin of Latin was reviewed in a recent Number of this Journal.

did

did the great nation of the Etruscans come?—Were they an unmingled race, who brought with them from the East the Oriental character of their polity and their religion, their sacerdotal order, their ritual, their astronomical cycle—and, lastly, their fine arts, at least in their earlier and ruder state? If a mingled people, of what different races were they formed, in what proportions, in what relation to each other? According to the theory which naturally connects itself with the northern origin of the Rasena, though it is not necessarily implicated with it, the Rasena were a conquering tribe, who established themselves in the country of a civilized people—viz., the Tyrrhenians, a Pelasgian race—and reducing them to a state of bondage, employed their arts in the service of the ruling caste. The great works were executed by the skill and the enforced industry of the enslaved inhabitants of the land. This German view awakens all the patriotic indignation of Micali. He cannot endure the imputation, that the great Tuscan nation was formed of tyrannous masters and oppressed and overworked slaves. It is amusing to observe with what peremptory decision these two able writers give out their opposite views on the constitution of the civil society of the ancient Etruria—in fact, with little evidence before them, except the vast ruins of their public works. Niebuhr had said:

'It was because the Etruscan state was founded on conquest that the nobles had such a multitude of clients, like the Thessalian penestæ, whom they employed in task-work, and without whom their colossal works could hardly have been achieved..... The works of the Etruscans, the very ruins of which astonish us, cannot, it is perfectly evident, have been executed in small states without task-masters and bondmen. But we must not overlook the great superiority of the Etruscan rulers in this point to the Egyptian. All their works that we are acquainted with have a great public object; they are not pyramids, obelisks, and temples, multiplied without number; if the people suffered in this hard service it was not for idle purposes. So too, and by means of task-work, did Rome build when governed by Etruscan kings; after she became free, all great works were at a stand until the republic had grown rich by its victories and conquests; and when compared with her oldest works, and with those of the Etruscan cities, the buildings of imperial Rome make but an inconsiderable figure.'—*Hare and Thirlwall's Translation*, vol. i., p. 117-127.

To this Micali replies, speaking of the surprising and indestructible remains of the Etruscan cities, which have survived the fall of so many empires, those of Volterra, Fiesole, Cortona, Roselle, and Populonia:

'These are *not* monuments which from their magnitude bear the impress of servile labour—as little do they of the entire subjection and enslavement of the people; they are rather works of well-ordered citizens, which, to him who actually inspects them, have nothing to surpass

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surpass in manual labour the powers of free and by no means large communities; more particularly since the materials were found on the very spot, or on the neighbouring mountains, which are extremely abundant in stone for masonry. That the builders principally looked to the strength of their works is evident from the situation of these and other larger cities, all placed in mountainous districts, and which, as it were from design, have within their circuit two eminences, above the loftiest of which stood the rock (or citadel) as the last place of defence — an uniformity of situation and position which certainly can only be ascribed to an obedience to rites commanded in the sacred books, and without which the building of legitimate cities was never attempted.'—*Micali*, vol. i., p. 135.

The great problem in the formation of the Etruscan nation is the relation of the Pelasgian settlers in Italy to the Rasena. We cannot, it is clear, identify the two races; for, however the Pelasgian language might differ from the Hellenian or later Greek, we cannot for an instant suppose that it was a dialect so totally foreign to it, so distinct from all the languages of that stock, as the Tuscan appears to have been. The point of interest, in fact, is not so much the origin of the people as of their civilization. It is their power by sea and land, their polity, their religion, their public works, their fine arts, which excite our curiosity; and it is the source of this, their real greatness, which alone is worthy of our inquiry. Of this, however, the gigantic ruins are the most remarkable remains; will the style of building lead us to any conclusions, if not certain, for certainty must not be expected, yet highly probable? Is there anything in its peculiar character to indicate the workmanship of any particular race? In the first place, then, can this be the old Pelasgian civilization of Italy matured and developed by some prosperous and active-minded tribe, if not from the north, according to Niebuhr, from some other quarter? Micali, we think, greatly understates the evidence in favour of these Pelasgians, as the primitive civilizers of the West, the first agricultural race of which we have any distinct tradition, a people of whose ancient Oriental theocracy and nature-worship manifest vestiges appear to remain in their establishments at Dodona and Samothrace, in the appellation of Διοι given to them by Homer, and in the close connexion of their religion itself with the pursuits of husbandry. On this old yet unexhausted question we cannot enter at present: we content ourselves with referring to an admirable note in Wachsmuth's 'Hellenische Alterthumskunde,' in which the various traditions relating to the Pelasgians are brought together in smaller compass, yet in greater fulness, than in any other modern work with which we are acquainted.* Still, however

* We may observe, by the way, that we see with great satisfaction a translation of this excellent book advertised by the enterprising Mr. Talboys of Oxford.

advanced

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advanced and peculiar the civilization of the Pelasgians, and in some respects resembling that of the Etrurians, there is by no means that general and close similitude which would warrant the conclusion that they were the same people, or even descended from the same stock. With regard to the Pelasgian antiquities of Italy, which we think Micali disposed to underrate, it is difficult to resist, at all events it is fair to produce, the authority of Sir W. Gell. Our accomplished countryman adheres in a spirit of faithful conservatism to many of the ancient opinions on Roman history. We extract his interesting observations on what he considers the Pelasgic manner of building in Greece and Italy.

'The writer having passed several years in Greece, for the purpose of examining the sites of ancient cities, was particularly interested with the account given by Pausanias of the most ancient of all cities, Lycosura, on Mount Lycæus, in Arcadia, whence the descendant of Pelasgus and Lycaon, Œnotrus, the leader of the most ancient colony of Pelasgi to Italy, derived his origin. The characteristics of this place were, that it was situated high upon Mount Lycæus (for Pausanias describes his ascent to it from the plain of Megalopolis); near the town was the Hippodrome of the Lycæan games in honour of Pan; a little above that was Olympus or Lycæus, the sacred summit of the Arcadian Jupiter and Pan; and from this a great part of the Peloponnesus was visible.

'All these circumstances are so satisfactorily combined, near a place now called *Surias-to-Kastro*, or the castle of Surias; and the name seems so evidently a corruption from Lycosura, that there can exist no doubt as to the identity of the place. The ruins upon the hill are situated near a fountain, which waters a small but fertile plain near the summit of Mount Lycæus, now Diaphorte. In the plain are the ruins of the Hippodrome, one side of which is yet sustained by solid masonry, a part of which consists of polygonal walling. The wall of the city is evidently of that irregular species which is termed polygonal, and being built by Lycaon, son of Pelasgus, king of the Pelasgic Arcadians, it is decidedly Pelasgic.'

We acknowledge that we have no faith whatever in these kings, Pelasgus and Œnotrus, and others, who seem to be merely mythic representatives of the tribes or nations, at whose head they appear. Nor do we find less difficulty in crediting the *maritime* migrations of Arcadian *mountaineers*. Still the similarity between these walls of Lycosura and those of Lista in Italy, with which they are compared by Sir William Gell, is worthy of notice. It is yet more so when considered in connexion with the general line of Pelasgic settlements, where it seems perpetually to appear. Sir William proceeds:—

'The other cities, said by Pausanias to have been built by the descendants of Lycaon, such as Buphagos, Melanea, Psophis, and Methydrion,

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thydrion, having been examined, together with those of Ætolia, of Doris, of Bœotia, of Phocis, of Iaolcos in Thessaly (on the Pelasgic Gulf), of Troy itself above Bounarbashi, and of a part of Cnidus, and generally wherever the Pelasgi are said to have settled, have been found to bear ample testimony to the truth of history respecting their Pelasgic origin; all partaking more or less of the polygonal style of building, as parallel strata of calcareous stone happened to be more or less common.'

Smyrna, Patara, and a small city at the mouth of the Xanthus, are erroneously stated to have remains of Pelasgic or Tirynthian masonry; and there is now not a vestige of the Pelasgic wall at Athens. But

'the wall of the temple of Venus at Daphne, on the sacred way (mentioned by Pausanias), is decidedly polygonal or Pelasgic. Portions also of the wall of Eleusis are of the Pelasgic style; and the most ancient foundations at Platæa are Pelasgic; but Gyphto Kastro, or Œnoe, on Mount Cithæron, is one of the best specimens in Greece.'

At Thebes, Abæ, and Elatæa, there is a variation, as if, says our author, 'they had been built by another tribe of Thessalian Pelasgi.'

'This style is traced through Ætolia, to Ithaca, Cephalenia, and Epirus. We may suppose that the walls of Spina, which the second Pelasgic colony founded on landing in Italy, were of the same construction. Near Amiterno, a wall called Muraccio, or del Diavolo, found by the late Mr. Dodwell, is built in the same manner. Proceeding with the second colony of Pelasgi, from Dodona, along the valley of the Velinus, in their progress towards the centre of Italy, the wall of Lista, one of the first cities built and fortified by them, bears a most striking resemblance to the earliest cities of the Arcadian Pelasgi. Bathia, near Lista, is in the same style; and Mr. Dodwell found Trebula also near Reate, Pelasgic. Palatium, the mother of Rome, is another good example. The whole valley of the Æquicoli, in which were the cities mentioned by Dionysius, presents numerous instances of the Pelasgic style. By this valley the Pelasgi penetrated to the south; where Alba, the Lucus Angitiæ, Antina, Altina, Casinum, and Arpinum, are all testimonies of the presence of this people, who, uniting with the aborigines, drove out the Siculi. The gate of Arpinum in the citadel so curiously resembles that of the lions at Mycenæ, that it would seem one must have been a copy of the other; the subject is one of great interest, and worthy of investigation.'

Sir William Gell proceeds to trace the progress of this style in Cameria, Corniculum, Ameriola, Medullia, and Cænina, all of polygonal masonry—at Empulum, at Præneste, Anagnia, Ferentinum, Artena, Alatri, Veroli, and Atena. But at Tibur, and

southward from Atena throughout Sicily, the parallelograms of the Greeks of Magna Græcia prevail.

Almeria, or Ameria, Saturnia, and many others, bear testimony to the extensive dominion and influence of the Pelasgic race. Palatium, the parent of Rome, Rome herself in her colonies, employed this irregular Pelasgic style of building, even in the public roads, particularly the Valerian and Salarian, and some parts of the Appian. The distinction which Sir William Gell points out between the Pelasgic, and what is called the Cyclopian masonry, is of considerable importance.

'The Pelasgic was not only in use before the Cyclopian; though confounded with it in the imaginations of many persons to the utter confusion of history, it is totally distinct, and is absolutely incompatible with the description of the Cyclopian, as given by Pausanias, the only author who has mentioned the characteristics of that style.'

Speaking of the walls of Tiryns he says—

'they are built of rough stones, which are of such a size that the least could not be drawn by two oxen. Anciently small stones were inserted in the interstices, by which the great blocks were more firmly connected together. Now the walls, especially called polygonal, have none of these characteristics. Each stone is carefully hewn into angles, so that it shall exactly correspond with those which are contiguous; and no small stones are, or could be inserted, there being no interstices to fill up.'—*Sir W. Gell*, vol. ii. pp. 168-165.

Micali, on the other hand, altogether rejects the Pelasgic origin of this polygonal style of building, which he considers the rude invention of many different nations. He confounds it, however, with the Cyclopian; he asserts that many of the buildings in this style, particularly the substructions of the Salarian and Valerian way, are comparatively modern. (Sir W. Gell acknowledges that the Romans, where the materials were suited to the purpose, continued to build in this manner for some centuries.) Where the walls consist merely of unhewn stones, loosely fitted together, with the interstices filled up with smaller ones, we should conceive that this would be the natural commencement of the art of building among all barbarous tribes. But there seems something too regular and systematic in the arrangement of the polygonal stones in the walls, of which Sir William Gell speaks, to be the result of mere accidental coincidence; and it is certainly, to say the least, very singular, that wherever tradition points out the Pelasgian settlements, there this style of building should be found. But we are led to another curious result. In Etruria, the polygonal style of building is scarcely ever discovered. Cossa and Saturnia, says Micali, are the only cities in Etruria, or indeed on the

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the right bank of the Tiber, of polygonal construction; and these are the least ancient, if not perhaps of the period of the Roman dominion. As far as it goes, this argument would show that the Tyrrhenians—the main body of the Etrurian people, or the subjugated race who, according to Niebuhr, executed their great works—were not Pelasgian. In fact, in other respects, the civilization of most of the other Italian races—the Sabine, the Oscan, as well as the Œnotrian—has much greater resemblance to the traditionary accounts of the Pelasgian than the Tyrrhenian or Etruscan.*

In Etruria itself, it is certainly very remarkable that the style of building presents so many points of resemblance with Egypt. The construction of the tombs, hewn out of the solid rock, has already been alluded to, as bearing a close analogy to the Egyptian. At the first view of part of a tomb near Toscanella in Sir W. Gell's book (vol. i. p. 397) which bears an Etrurian inscription, we should decidedly have pronounced it Egyptian. The details, in some instances, as well as the outline, seem to confirm this theory; but Sir William Gell, who has not, like Micali, decidedly committed himself in favour of this hypothesis, observes—

'It is doubtful whether some antiquities, decidedly Egyptain, said to have been found at Corneto, were really discovered there or not. Certain geese alternating with little figures in the attitude of prayer,' —[the engraving is in the English work,]—' and forming a border, in fine gold, seem evidently Egyptian.'

In another passage, relating to the tombs at Tarquinii, he gives the following statement:—

'It is singular that the men represented in these tombs are all coloured red, exactly as in the Egyptian paintings in the tombs of the Theban kings: their eyes are very long; their hair is bushy and black; their limbs lank and slender; and the facial line, instead of running, like that of the Greeks, nearly perpendicular, projects remarkably, so that in the outline of the face they bear a strong resemblance to the negro, or to the Ethiopian figures of Egyptian paintings. They wear round their ancles rings as ornaments, and armlets on their arms. Shawls of oriental patterns are also worn by both male and female. Many of those engaged in the sports have only a wrapper

* Nature seems to have done more than human industry towards delivering the plains of Thessaly and Bœotia from the superfluous waters, and changing the stagnant morasses into fertile plains; nor are we aware that any emissaries or works remain, or at least have been described by travellers, which could be compared with those of the north of Italy and of Tuscany. But as the plain of the Pelasgian Argos formed part of the country, once, according to tradition, covered by waters, if early vestiges of the hand of man should be discovered there, the art of draining and embanking, and perhaps the construction of the works, might again connect the Etrurians and Pelasgians. Micali, indeed, might still urge this peculiar science of reclaiming overflowed parts of a delta as an evidence of Egyptian descent.



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of linen round their loins: some have boots of green leather, reaching behind to the calf of the leg.'—*Gell*, vol. i. p. 390.

These are certainly very curious coincidences, if they lead to nothing further; but the buildings of the Etruscans and Egyptians present some other singular points of analogy. It cannot now be doubted that the ancient Egyptians understood the principle of the arch: the statement in Mr. Wilkinson's work sets that question at rest. There seems good evidence that the Etruscans, at a very early period, were likewise in possession of this valuable secret. The arched vaults of the Cloaca Maxima, no doubt of Etruscan construction, and those of several of the sepulchres, are acknowledged to be of the highest antiquity. In the noble gate of Volterra there are circular arches of regularly hewn stone. The celebrated tomb of Porsenna, however, is even more closely allied to Egyptian art. Varro, at least, whose description of this remarkable monument has been preserved by Pliny, had no Egyptian theory to maintain, and could hardly have invented the striking points of resemblance between this work and the Pharaonic buildings. Niebuhr, indeed, with that peremptory dogmatism which, we confess, appears to us, on this and in other instances, very arbitrary, rejects the tomb of Porsenna as an improbable fiction, as baseless as those in the 'Arabian Nights;' but to us, no one seems less likely to have been carried away by a flight of imagination than a Roman writer on antiquities. It is not quite clear whether some part of the building was seen by Varro himself or not: some of the details were, no doubt, gleaned from the tradition of the place; but to suppose the tradition so boldly creative, as to raise in a particular spot so extraordinary a monument to their most celebrated king, appears to us utterly absurd. The more sober judgment of Otfried Müller concurs with Micali, in supposing that, though much of the detail in Varro's description may be inaccurate, yet the general outline is worthy of credit. In fact, it would be quite as extraordinary that Etruscan fiction should give such an Egyptian cast to its imaginary buildings, as that Etruscan art should affect the *pyramidal* forms, and make a *labyrinth* part of a public monument. Varro's description is certainly, with all its details, incomprehensible; perhaps Niebuhr is not far wrong in declaring it to be *impossible*. But if every building were assumed to be imaginary, which could not be made out from the description of an unscientific writer, how many of the great monuments of antiquity would share the fate of Porsenna's tomb! Micali instances the sepulchre of Osimandyas, described by Diodorus Siculus. We might venture to suggest the edifices—all sufficiently splendid, but totally unlike each other in the character of their architecture—which have been raised by the imaginative

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imaginative piety of the Villalpandi and the Lamys, from the description of the Temple of Solomon in the sacred writings. The restoration of the tomb of Porsenna by Graves, de Brosses, Corte Novis, and Quatremère de Quincy, may be as unsatisfactory as the works of these theological builders; but we can see no reason on that account for denying the existence of the tomb itself, any more than of the first Temple of Jerusalem. 'Porsenna (says Varro) is buried under the city of Clusium, in which place he left a monument of squared stone, each side three hundred feet wide (*pedum lata tricenum*), fifty high. On this square base within is an inextricable labyrinth, from which, if any one should hastily enter without the clue, he cannot find his way out. Above that square *stand* five pyramids—four in the corners—one in the middle—seventy-five feet wide at the base, a hundred and fifty feet high: so pointed, that on the top of each a brazen circle and cupola (*petasus*) is placed, from which bells are suspended by chains, which, agitated by the wind, are heard at a great distance, as was formerly the case at Dodona;'—the resemblance to the Pelasgian Dodona is worth remarking; but so far all appears tolerably clear and intelligible; and by Varro's use of the present tense (stant), as Müller observes, he seems to imply that he had himself seen this part of the building actually standing. The unintelligible part follows; 'above which circle'—(*orbis*, the construction would lead to the *orbis* on the top of each pyramid described in the previous sentence, but this seems clearly impossible)—'were four pyramids, each a hundred feet high; above which, on one floor, are five pyramids,'—the height of which Varro was ashamed to add. 'The Etruscan traditions (*fabulæ Hetruscæ*) say that it was equal to all the rest of the structure: so insane was the infatuation of seeking glory, which could produce no advantage. Moreover, the wealth of the country was exhausted to add to the fame of the architect.' These concluding observations, apparently gathered from the Etruscan traditions, offer a curious analogy with the unpopularity which, according to Herodotus, adhered to the memory of the builders of the Egyptian pyramids.

On these remarkable coincidences in the style of building—the discovery of Egyptian antiquities in the very oldest sepulchres—the extraordinary resemblance of the sepulchres themselves with the necropoleis of Thebes—the apparent analogies between the Etruscan and the Egyptian mythology, particularly in the ceremonial of the dead—(the *Mantus* of Etruria answering in his office, as well as closely corresponding in his name, with the *Amenti* of Egypt)—on these grounds Signor Micali does not hesitate to rest his hypothesis of the civilization of Etruria by a sacerdotal

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cerdotal colony from Egypt. He even ventures to conjecture the period when this migration may have taken place. At the disastrous epoch in the Egyptian annals, when the barbarous Hykshos overran Egypt, overthrew the native dynasties, destroyed the temples, oppressed the religion, enslaved alike the highest and the lowest caste, a great number of the leading families abandoned their native shores. At this time were thrown off the colonies mentioned by Diodorus Siculus (lib. i., c. 28). A sacerdotal settlement was made in Babylonia; Cecrops passed from Sais to Attica; Danaus from Thebes to Argolis. During this general dispersion of the higher caste of the Egyptians, a few families may have made their way to the coasts of Italy, obtained the ascendancy by their superior knowledge, and their acquaintance with the arts of civilization, but chiefly by the sanctity of their priestly character, and established a sacerdotal aristocracy over the barbarous Rasenas, the indigenous inhabitants of Etruria. By their influence, according to Micali's theory, the Etrurian nation was gradually raised to the rank of a civilized, conquering, and commercial people; so as to establish its dominion over the whole of Italy, to be at one time the masters of the navigation of the Mediterranean, and to introduce at least the rudiments of the fine arts into the West. We have stated, we conceive, both the hypothesis, and the evidence upon which it rests, with the utmost fairness. In the observations we are about to make, Signor Micali will do us the justice to acknowledge that we can be actuated by no unfriendly spirit; if we do not at once accede to his theory, we have before said that we consider it entitled to a fair hearing. It is surely time that such questions should be examined by scholars without passion and without acrimony; and, in fact, the conclusion at which we arrive is rather the suspension of our judgment, an adjournment for the purpose of hearing further evidence, than the direct and peremptory rejection of this learned Italian's theory.

The grounds from which we may infer the affiliation or the relationship of the different races of mankind are similarity—1. of language, including written characters; 2. of religion; 3. of civil institutions; 4. of manners; 5. of arts; perhaps, 6. of physical form; and these points of similarity must be so marked and peculiar as not to be resolved into the common habits and usages of mankind in a similar period of civilization. With regard to the last point, we know of no evidence but that just quoted from Sir William Gell, the painting at Tarquinii: to this, therefore, we shall not revert.

1. The Etruscan language, we have before stated, at present stands entirely alone: to what class or family it belongs we have not

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not the least clue. The slight circumstance of similarity with the language of the hieroglyphics,—the omission of the vowels, we have already noted. From this point, therefore, as yet no light whatever is thrown upon the origin of the nation, excepting that the nation who spoke the language, or that part of it which imposed its peculiar tongue upon the Etruscan people, was distinct from all the other old races of Italy.* That element of relationship which connected together the other tribes, whether Pelasgic, Teutonic, Aboriginal, or Oscan, and which passed into the Latin, seems altogether to have been wanting in the Etruscan, though the language of Etruria appears to have been cultivated and read to a late period in the Roman history. The written characters, on the other hand, are closely allied to those of the neighbouring nations, and resemble what are called, we are inclined to think not improperly, Pelasgic. By the Etruscans they were written from right to left, and this remained the sacred or Hieratic character—

> 'Non Tyrrhena retro volventem carmina frustra
> Indicia occultæ Divum perquirere mentis.'

We do not find any vestige of hieroglyphics on the Etrurian antiquities. On one of the vases discovered in the excavations on the estate of the Prince of Canino, there is said to be an inscription closely resembling the *Demotic* character of Egypt; but the engraving is admitted not to be a close fac-simile of the original; and not being so, we may venture to say, might just as well not have been made.† But the adoption of the Pelasgic or Italian

* We cannot call to mind the passage in Livy from which Signor Micali infers that the language of the Etruscans and the Umbrians was the same. His reference to Liv. ix. 30 is erroneous.

† An account of these discoveries by the Prince of Canino has been published in our Archæologia, introduced by a letter from his son-in-law Lord Dudley Stuart. The Prince of Canino, in all the pride and ardour of the possessor of such numberless treasures, at least 2000 vases, &c., found in a rubbio (nearly four acres) of ground, announces this important discovery as settling the question of the superior antiquity of the Etruscan to the Grecian art, a point which some learned Italians had before contested with patriotic ardour. An inscription in which the name of Vitulonia was traced, appeared to indicate the spot as the cemetery of that city; and as Vitulonia was destroyed at a very early period, and Vulci built on its site, the Prince concluded that all these works of art were at least as old as the date of Vitulonia. His theory, however, has not found favour in the sight of the profound antiquaries of Italy and of Germany. In truth, the Etruscans, according to this hypothesis, must not only have anticipated the perfection of Grecian art, and the creations of Grecian mythology, but that of Grecian letters and language. Many of the inscriptions are not only in fair Greek characters, but in good Greek. Bœkh, Otfried Müller, and M. Gerhard, as well as Micali, seem agreed, and, as might be expected from scholars of such high character, on most conclusive grounds, that the greater part of these works are of Attic manufacture; they evidently belong to the city of Vulci, and probably to no very ancient period of that city. See the letter of M. Gerhard addressed to M. Panofka, and the documents subjoined. Mr. Millingen in his essay, printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, concurs in the opinion as to the more recent production of these works of art.

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character by the Etrurians leads to no certain conclusions about the language. If, at the time of their migration, the Egyptian settlers had, in fact, no written characters (we can hardly, after all, call the hieroglyphics a written character)—if the Hieratic, or at least the Demotic style, was not formed, or not in common use, they might, at a later period, adopt the letters of a neighbouring people, just as the modern Coptic alphabet is evidently derived from the Greek.

2. In the religion of the Etruscans, excepting the remarkable analogy which we have pointed out between the Mantus and Amenti, there is, after all, rather a general resemblance to the great Oriental systems, than to that which is purely and exclusively Egyptian. Signor Micali himself admits other foreign influences; and monuments of Phœnician and other eastern superstitions appear intermingled with those of an Egyptian character. The mere superiority of a great sacerdotal caste was common to almost all the nations of antiquity; to the Celtic—to the Pelasgic—(the Selli of Dodona and the Hierophants of the mysteries of Samothrace). Even if we were to go back to the old theory of the Lydian extraction of the Etruscans, it would be rash to assert, that, because in the later history of Lydia this dominant power does not appear, therefore Lydia, in its early social state, differed from all the neighbouring nations of Asia. In the religion itself, as far as it can be traced, there is the oriental Pantheism, the Dualism, the Tina (the primary emanation from the Ineffable Supreme), with his twelve Dii Consentes, half male and half female, (twelve was the sacred and dominant number, not in Egypt and Etruria alone, but in Palestine, in Asia Minor, and other parts of the East,) the Cupra or the Juno; the Minerva, the Neith of Egypt, and the Athena of Greece; the Sethlans, the Vulcan, or the Pthah; still there is nothing which indicates a peculiar relationship to Egypt rather than to any other part of the East. M. Micali himself seems to admit that the Cabiric worship of Dionysius, or Bacchus, with its peculiar symbols, of which there appear in his engravings very curious and very early monuments, may have been introduced from Samothrace. In fact, our author rather shrinks from the strong and decisive tone with which he had announced his hypothesis in the first volume, when he enters into a more complete examination of the Etruscan *religion* in the second:—

'It cannot be doubted that the Egyptian religion *predominated over all the others*, as far as relates to the rites of sepulture, the most important of all, considering that it gave to man a more distinct confidence that he was passing to a better haven. Cinerary vases in the Canopic form, little statues, amulets, scarabei, and a great many other principal symbols of Egyptian superstition discovered in the sepulchres, are

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are an undoubted proof of the great zeal displayed by the Etruscans in imitating in their family tombs the very forms of the Egyptians, with whom they had for a long time commercial relations and constant intercourse. And, in truth, it is not surprising if so many things in our country, in her earliest ages, as well religious as civil, are shown, on the authority of facts, to resemble so much the Egyptian, since, at that time, *one and the same system of ideas was ruling, and dominant among all civilized peoples.*'

This is a very different view from that of the direct Egyptian descent of the sacerdotal caste. The question is, whether the extensive commercial connexions of the old Etrurians will not of themselves account for the introduction of all these vestiges of foreign superstitions; whether ancient Etruria, in her high time of wealth and luxury, like republican and imperial Rome, may not have imported largely the superstitions as well as the other merchandise of Egypt. If the connexion had been that of regular lineal descent, we should certainly have expected a more close and striking resemblance to the Egyptian mythology; the deities in their forms and attributes would have been more manifestly the same with those on the shores of the Nile; the sacerdotal caste would have transplanted and enshrined its whole Pantheon in the newly colonized region. The total difference of the names of the deities is a very strong argument against their identity; we find an Amenti, indeed; but to Pthah, Thoth, Amun, Oseirei, and the whole host of Egyptian deities, we find no resemblance in the Etruscan names of the gods. The attributes are equally wanting; the heads of the hawks, the jackals, the monkeys, which distinguish the Hor, the Anubi, and other Nilotic divinities. In short, the ceremonial of the dead alone bears the religious impress of Egypt.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Etruscan superstition, the great instrument by which its priests ruled the popular mind, was their skill in divination. Now it appears to us that in one, if not in both of the principal branches of this mysterious science, the Etruscans are less likely to have derived their skill from Egypt than from any region in the world. It was from watching the flights of birds, rather than the courses of the heavenly bodies, that the Etruscan soothsayers drew their more usual predictions. But augury never appears to have been pursued with any degree of zeal or success in Egypt. Astrology, on the other hand, did *not* form one of the leading branches of Etruscan science. The fulgural art of the Etruscans is still more manifestly native to the mountainous and stormy region which they inhabited. The atmosphere of Egypt, on the whole, perhaps, the most serene, and unfrequently, or at least only at particular seasons of the year, visited with storms

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storms of thunder and lightning, was the least likely to cultivate this mode of divination. In January, February, and March, is the Egyptian season of rain and tempest; during the rest of the year violent tempests are of comparatively rare occurrence. We are not aware that this science entered into *their* range of knowledge; but it formed the chief and the distinguishing branch of the *Etruscan discipline;* and in few countries would it be more necessary to propitiate the Jupiter Elicius—by whose powerful influence the lightning fell harmless in the days of the holy Numa; but the rite being unlawfully performed, struck the royal palace, and consumed the impious Tullus Hostilius. In Italy, particularly in the district of the Apennines, the diviner would find perpetual opportunities of exercising his mysterious art. Micali has himself made the observation, that 'the ancients have already noticed how much the physical formation of Italy, placed between two seas, renders it peculiarly liable to the generation of thunderstorms, and how much more frequent they are, in fact, there than in other countries.'—(vol. ii. p. 201.) Whether or not the Etruscans, as has been conjectured on good grounds, understood the principle of conductors;* still, in an atmosphere so continually pregnant with the electric fluid, this was one of the signs from heaven which the sacerdotal order would have most constantly at their command; and whether science or imposture, or both, no where would the *fulguratores* be more frequently summoned to their awful and imposing office of interpreting, of guiding, or of averting the ominous and destructive thunderbolt. It is certainly conceivable that a sacerdotal order, originally derived from Egypt, might adapt its superstitious terrors to the local circumstances of a new country; yet, on the other hand, where the relationship is only conjectured from certain slight and trivial points of resemblance, it is impossible not to be struck with slight, and in themselves perhaps unimportant, points of dissimilitude.

3. The civil polity of ancient Etruria bears no resemblance to that of Egypt, except in the predominant power of the hereditary sacerdotal order, common to all the Oriental, the Pelasgic, and Celtic tribes. On the other hand, the establishment and maintenance of the division of lands by a religious ceremonial might be considered as not improbably derived from the geometrical science of the Egyptian priesthood.

4. The manners of a nation thus advanced to civilization by an influential foreign caste would retain more of the original native character, than either the religion, the laws, or the arts. Manners depend on the habits and pursuits of the people, and the habits

* See, among other works, Eusebe Salverte, des Sciences Occultes, c. xxiv.

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and pursuits are almost entirely formed from local circumstances, and the degree of civilization—whether the people are a pastoral, or an agricultural, or a commercial race, inhabitants of the mountains or of the plain: so that, unless in the maintenance of some peculiar usages, there is no bond of similitude between kindred nations so soon entirely effaced, even in some instances among colonists who keep up a close connexion with the mother country.

5. The arts, on the other hand, often retain a strong national character, impressed by the dominant part of a mingled nation; and in the case of the Etruscans, the origin of their fine arts has, in fact, been the curious problem which has constantly re-awakened the mysterious interest concerning this ancient people. All the recent discoveries tend more and more to show the close and early connexion with Greece—either with Greece properly so called, or with the flourishing Grecian colonies of southern Italy. The graceful legends of the Greek mythology are traced in characters too distinct to be mistaken on by far the greater number of the urns and fictile vases, which, were once supposed only to belong to the Campanian and southern cities, Nola, Capua, and others, but which are now discovered in such vast numbers on the sites of the old Etruscan cities to the north of the Tiber. The question then is, not whether Etruria, at a very early period, did not borrow *from Greece* the exquisite grace of form, the beautiful mythic tale, the whole race of gods and heroes to embellish her works of art; but whether *the art itself* was originally derived *from Greece*—whether, as Micali asserts, there is, or is not, a class of vases and other antiquities, manifestly of an earlier and ruder style, which belong to an *exclusively Etruscan* period, with symbols, and mythic or allegoric representations of Oriental or Egyptian character, and earlier than the influence of the Grecian taste. Rosellini's work shows clearly that, in point of the beauty of shape, the Egyptians had attained an elegance and perfection scarcely to be expected from their other works of art. Whoever has been so fortunate as to see the volume of illustrations in the Florentine work upon Egypt, which contains the vases and other fictile vessels, cannot but be struck, not only with their extreme beauty, but with their similarity, in their most graceful shapes, to the most finished Etruscan works. The ornaments, too, the scrolls and arabesques, and other fanciful embellishments, are as various, as rich, and as elegant as can be imagined; but the finer art of design, the delineation of the human figure, the grouping, the drapery, the form, all this is wanting on the Egyptian vases, and makes its appearance on the Etruscan, *with* the mythology and the hero-legends of Greece. But, after all, if the historical traditions of the naval power and the extensive commercial relations—we may add

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add, the successful piracies—of the Etrurians, which we know to be as old as the poems of Hesiod, deserve—and there is no reason for withholding—our belief—it must be impossible to decide how far the objects of art, which may be found in the cities of a luxurious people, were their own native productions, or introduced by commerce; still less how far the manufacture of such articles may have been the invention of native artists or of foreigners—of the slaves which a naval people commanding all the circumjacent seas (Τυρρηνοὶ θαλαττοκρατοῦντες, Diod. v. 13), rivalling the navigators of Phœnicia and Carthage, would have swept into their harbours from every shore of the Mediterranean. It is perhaps not sufficiently considered, that a nation which, according to the expression of Cato (ap. Servium in Æn. xi. 57), held the dominion of the greater part of Italy (ii. 563), and possessed the whole country to the Sicilian sea—which had the shame or the glory of endangering the whole navigation of the Mediterranean by their piracies—must in fact have commanded the artisans of all the neighbouring countries. The conclusion comes round then to this, that Etruria was not likely to have been a powerful maritime and commercial nation without having made very considerable previous progress in civilization; but, on the other hand, her foreign relations through commerce, and, it may be, piracy, render it more difficult to ascertain which of her arts or usages were of native growth or imported from foreign countries. The vast and durable cemeteries themselves remain almost the only monuments which *must* have been wrought by the labour of the inhabitants of the country, of whatever extraction these may have been; it is possible that all the rest of the curious but more portable articles, the sphinxes, the scarabei, the vases with Egyptian work, might actually have been of Egyptian manufacture, and introduced into Italy by the traders or the plunderers of the 'high and palmy' state of Etruria. Still, when they are found in cemeteries of Egyptian construction, they may fairly be considered as somewhat strengthening the hypothesis of the Egyptian origin of the Etrurian civilization.*

But from whatever quarter it was derived, Signor Micali strongly insists on a native Etruscan school of art. In sculpture many works are mentioned by ancient authors as belonging to the Tuscan school. But for this branch of Tuscan art, as far as regards sculpture and painting, since it bears greater resemblance to the early Grecian style, the Æginetan, and is not of the very

* We have only just received the fourth volume of Rosellini's Egyptian work, from which we make the following extract, relating to the similarity in the manner of painting, as traced in Egypt and Etruria:—'The pictures of the Etruscans, both at Chiusi and Tarquinia, are, like those of the Egyptians, painted with unmingled and uniform colours. Those of the Tarquinian hypogea, recently discovered, were executed in a manner wonderfully resembling that practised in Egypt.'

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remotest age, we must content ourselves with a reference to the volumes before us, and confine our notice to the origin of the fictile vases—

'Of greater importance to the history of religion, of usages, and of arts are the earthen vases with figures and paintings which, in the most various shapes, and in almost countless numbers, are drawn from the sepulchres throughout Italy. The most ancient of these, and of genuine Etrurian manufacture, are the vessels of black clay, of the natural colour, and unbaked, but dried in such a manner as to give them sufficient solidity, and a kind of dull brightness of surface approaching to leaden. The most remarkable of these have works of design stamped upon them in the lowest relief, either on the body, the handles, or the feet of the vase, of which the symbolic representations refer entirely to religion, and chiefly to the doctrine of the Erebus. Offerings to the deities who act as infernal judges; winged genii, formerly the guardian spirits during life, which mingle themselves up with these judgments; processions of the initiated; the symbols of initiation and consecration; games and sacred ceremonies; finally, all other things which, without doubt, allude to *the mysteries* and to the future life. The great god of departed souls, otherwise Bacchus, that is, Tinia, according to the Etruscan mythology, is frequently represented as a ferocious monster, with the Gorgon's head and large tusks, with the tongue lolling out, horrible and fearful to behold. This monstrous image, which has a principal place in the funeral monuments of Etruria, is peculiarly fit to alarm the sacrilegious violator of the tomb. Very many other figures, either of animals, or fantastic monsters, or beings of biform nature, which are represented on vases of this kind, are so many emblems and symbols of the worship of the infernal Bacchus, and of the mysterious dualism which always appears under these strange forms.

'The obscene symbol of the later Bacchanalian worship never appears in these earliest works. Nor is this alone a good proof of great antiquity, but it is confirmed by the style itself of these little images, the artisans of which had certainly no Hellenism: in fact, the mode of workmanship is in every respect like the Egyptian, and indicates the first steps of art. Of the same kind are those cinerary vases of Canopic form, with human heads of both sexes, which are found in the same primeval sepulchres, sometimes with the arms and hands stretched out in the attitude of supplication, sometimes folded to the breast.... Not less ancient, nor less foreign to the genuine Hellenic system of mythology, must be considered the reddish-coloured vases in terracotta, with paintings representing almost entirely certain generations of animals, both quadrupeds and birds, mingled with monstrous images of winged sphinxes and other symbolical figures of biform nature. From these symbols, vases of this kind are vulgarly, though most improperly, called Egyptian. They are found in *the very ancient sepulchres* .....In general they have the peculiar form of balsamari (vessels to contain liquid scents) of an extraordinary size; nor can it be doubted that

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that vessels of this kind have served solely for the religious ceremonies of sepulture. On these are represented the same symbolic figures of Oriental or Egyptian origin which are seen on the earthenware vases of black clay above mentioned, and on the most ancient bronzes. Bacchus appears sometimes transformed, like Osiris, into a subterranean deity; sometimes as the good genius, the hostile adversary and conqueror of the evil wrought by the contrary principle; sometimes under the same likeness in which, in the Oriental cylinders, appears the winged Ized—in a Babylonian dress, in the act of pressing with each of his hands the neck of an ostrich, the bird of Ahriman.'

If these conclusions of Signor Micali, as to the very great antiquity of these different works of art, be correct—and, to judge from his engravings, as well as from his arguments, there is much in their favour—they are of great importance, not merely as regards the question of the Etrurian civilization, but also the antiquity and universality of the mysterious doctrines of the East.

As to the Hellenic period of Etrurian art, we think it right to extract our author's opinion on the result of the recent excavations at Vulci, to which we have before alluded:—

'The extraordinary discoveries made within the few last years in the territory of the ancient Vulci, of an immense number of this kind of vases, has re-awakened the important question agitated before—viz. whether they are to be considered the manufacture of the country or of Greece? The object for which the different parties contend is not less honourable than the vigour of genius displayed in the contention. But even patriotism, a noble passion when restrained within just bounds, must give place to truth; and I hope that, after a deliberate examination, on the spot, of some thousands of these vases, I may now be permitted to deliver my opinion without regard to any party.

'To satisfy the desires of the greedy collector, one day, one single hour, is sometimes sufficient to excavate from the sepulchres a considerable number of vessels, which have been buried for centuries. In casting one's eye over many such vases, brought to light in the utmost confusion, and principally in the Necropolis of Vulci—where they are found more entire, in better state of preservation, and more remarkable for the elegance of their paintings—one is forced to acknowledge that they show, by the most conclusive marks of distinction, that they are not of the same age; in short, there is immediately recognized a great variety of manufacture, as well as regards the work of the potter as that of the painter, such, on the whole, as manifestly proves a wide diversity of age, of school, and of art. It is impossible to doubt that, among the number of vases found in this place, many are decidedly Greek; but it seems equally certain that a great part of them are Etruscan, or at least made in the country, because the workman, here as elsewhere, worked in clay with the same method, and according to an established system of ideas. The vast number of vases which are found every day in the cemeteries, and which are discovered throughout Etruria, in Etruscan sepulchres, and with the names of honourable families

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families of the land,* cannot, surely, have been without exception imported from foreign countries; but it seems quite natural to suppose that, when the pomp of funerals increased, according to the dignity, the wealth, and the number of the relations of the deceased—when the prodigality in libations, in offerings, and in the funeral banquets, grew to such a height, that in the same sepulchre are sometimes found as many as twenty or more different vases—the most opulent might eagerly covet the foreign vessels of Corinth or of Sicily, or even those of the Nolan or Athenian workmanship, which surpassed all others in beauty. This, in fact, is the cause that vases of these foreign schools are found mingled with many others which belong to our own country, and are of domestic manufacture.

'Comparison, and a great deal of experience, decide on this difference of workmanship better than reasoning.....The first in point of antiquity, and the peculiar character of design, are, without doubt, certain vases of a hard and dry style, on which the figures are disposed, one after the other, in uniform symmetry, although sometimes not without life and movement. Most remarkable, above all, is the square fashion of the draperies, which are richly ornamented in the manner of the East, not less than the peculiar character of the armour, which bears devices in every kind of relief—intended perhaps to show the art of embossing (*lavori di toreutica*). But those vases of an archaic style most especially and with great certainty indicate, both in their mechanical workmanship and their painting, a school much earlier than the monuments wrought upon the principles universally adopted in Greek art after Phidias and Zeuxis. Whence it appears probable that this very style, so peculiar to the most ancient Greek painters, was originally derived from the Greeks of Asia Minor, the first of the race who reached any excellence in the arts; thence it may have passed to Corinth, and from thence even to Etruria. There was constant intercourse, two or three centuries after the Trojan war, between the industrious and commercial Corinth, which Homer calls rich, and the shores of Asia Minor. . . . . It is, nevertheless, true that Corinth and Sicyon, if they did not invent the art of working in clay and painting upon it, yet highly improved it, and preserved it for a long time in a most flourishing state. Already, in the first century of Rome, the mutual intercourse and traffic between Etruria and Corinth was frequent, as is shown by the fact of Demaratus, himself a merchant, taking refuge with his hosts at Tarquinia. . . . . Now, if I have grounds for my opinion, the more ancient workmanship of a great number of the vases at Vulci must be derived from the school of Corinth or Sicyon. It is a peculiarity worthy of consideration, that the gods most anciently and chiefly worshipped at Sicyon—*viz.*, Apollo, Diana, Hercules, and Minerva—are exactly the divinities which are found most frequently

* As in Vulci alone are found, with Etruscan legends, the Minucian, the Annian, the Aruntian or Aruntilian, the Velian, &c., family names, which are discovered in other inscriptions of central Etruria.

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represented on the earthen vessels found at Vulci. These Corinthian vessels, a common merchandise and article of traffic, being of such general use in the sepulchres, were not merely exported to Etruria, but everywhere else. Hence, without going any further, the cause that so many Corinthian urns (idrie) and other painted vases in this archaic style are found in place after place, in the cemeteries at Vulci, as well as in those of Sicily and many parts of Magna Græcia. Perhaps thirty names of the makers and the painters may be read on the vases of the finest description, drawn from the necropolis of Vulci. These, as it appears, were excellent artists for the most part of one and the same school—so uniform is their workmanship, both in the execution of the paintings and the mechanism of the wheel; others—the painters, for instance, of vases with red figures on a black ground—are not only artists of a later period, but of a more refined state of the art. So that it may be considered established, that those which can be truly called Greek, and of foreign manufacture, and which are in great numbers, belong to different periods, and perhaps came in part from the wheels of Attica and in part from other schools.'

We are glad to find that Signor Micali admits the Attic origin of many of these works, that fact being, in our opinion, fully proved by the German writers who have treated on this subject.

We have almost confined ourselves to one question—at least to one race among those 'ancient peoples of Italy,' whose origin and national character are embraced in these elaborate volumes. We should not, however, do justice to the talent, the learning, and the candour of our author, if we did not, as to the other branches of his inquiry, strongly recommend his work to all who are embarked in such studies, and may have formed their opinion of the value of Signor Micali's contributions to the remote history of Italy from his earlier and more incomplete publication. On the history of the other races, which at an early period peopled the peninsula, he has collected his materials with diligent erudition, disposed them with admirable arrangement, and judged, if not always with conclusive authority, yet never without that good sense, fairness, and calmness, which have a right to candid and dispassionate hearing. The main point on which we differ from his general theory is the greater distinctness with which we appear to ourselves to trace the existence of a great Pelasgic nation, anterior to the Hellenic civilization of Greece, and exercising an important influence on that of Italy. We greatly doubt, as we have shown, the theory of Niebuhr, which would make the body of the Etrurian population, Pelasgic—the *dominant* race, a *northern* tribe. The Etrurians, the Rasena, notwithstanding the historical traditions of the Tyrrheno-Pelasgians, we are inclined to suppose a distinct race; but many of the other tribes, whose language had great influence in the formation of

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of the Latin tongue, we cannot but consider connected by closer or more remote affiliation with the Pelasgic stock. A German scholar has written a treatise to prove the 'Identity of the Hindus, the Persians, the Pelasgians, the Germans, and the Slaves;'* without going quite so far, we cannot help thinking that the Pelasgians were the Indo-Teutonic race which spread those remarkable analogies of customs, and still more of language, which connect Greece and Rome with India. The striking similarity, not merely in words, but in grammatical forms and inflexions, between the Greek in some, and the Latin in *other* and *distinct* points, can only be accounted for by their transmission through some common parent. And when we find a general tradition of Pelasgians in both countries, and this tradition attaching the same relationship as well as peculiar character to that race, we cannot but think that there is a fair presumption in favour of this theory. But on this point we must break off;—a publication on the Pelasgians, we observe from his correspondence with M. Gerhard, is preparing by M. Panofka; whether it will advance the question much beyond the Horæ Pelasgicæ of the Bishop of Peterborough remains to be seen; at all events, the connexion of the eastern and western languages has been much developed since the work of the learned prelate was printed. We will conclude, then, with repeating, that all who take an interest in the Early History of Italy must study this treatise of Signor Micali; and all who would make themselves acquainted with the peculiar character of the ancient Etrurians will find a mine of instruction in the engravings which accompany its text.

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ART. VIII.—*Pencillings by the Way; First Impressions of Foreign Scenes, Customs, and Manners.* By N. P. W. New York. 1835.

'IT is extraordinary,' says the author, 'how universal this feeling seems to be against America. A half hour *incog.* in any mixed company in England, I should think, would satisfy the most rose-coloured doubter on the subject.'

This feeling, in which we certainly do not participate, will hardly be diminished, wherever it has hitherto prevailed, by the appearance of these 'Pencillings.' Mr. N. P. Willis enjoys, we believe, some reputation in his own country as a writer of verses. A volume of his rhymes was lately reprinted here, under the auspices of Mr. Barry Cornwall; but notwithstanding that edi-

* Die Identität der Hindu, Perser, Pelasger, Germanen, und Slaven, dargethan aus Sprache, Religion, und Sitte, von F. A. Rauch. Marburg. 1829.



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tor's authority, the contents seemed to us of very slender merit—much upon a par with the young ladies' imitations of Wordsworth, Byron, and Moore, which crowd the gilded pages of our own *Annuals*. Mr. Willis's American fame and glory, however, seem to have procured for him a favourable reception in the society of this country; as indeed all Americans, whatever else they may say against us, must admit, that whenever they have any, even the slenderest, pretensions to personal distinction, they are sure of being individually well treated among us; our houses are opened to them, *cæteris paribus*, far more freely than to any other foreigners; and we approve of this on the whole, though we have observed not a few cases in which the results of such liberality were by no means agreeable. In Mr. Willis's case, the result has been, that while visiting about in London and in our provinces as a young American sonnetteer of the most ultra-sentimental delicacy, he was all the time the regular paid correspondent of a New-York journal, in which, week after week, appeared his prose reports of what he saw and heard in British society—these same fifty letters which now lie collected on our table, and which, we greatly fear, will tend to throw obstacles in the path of any American traveller who may happen to honour England with his presence during the next season or two. Mr. Willis's prose is, we willingly admit, better than his verse: it has many obvious faults, especially those of exaggeration and affectation; but it is decidedly clever, and the elements of what might be trained into a really good style are perceptible. He has depicted some of our northern 'scenes' in a not unpleasing manner; and his descriptions of 'customs and manners' are often amusing—bearing the impress of shrewdness and sagacity, but deriving their power of entertainment chiefly from the lights which they reflect on the customs and manners of the author's own country. For it must be obvious, that when a clever foreigner considers anything he meets with in our society as deserving of being painted in detail to his own fellow-countrymen, that something was new to himself; and accordingly, from Mr. Willis's elaborate portraitures of English interiors, we may, at all events, form a fair guess what American breakfasts, and dinners, and table-talk are not; or, at all events—and this we strongly suspect would be nearer the truth of the case—of what these things are not in those circles of American society with which the individual writer had happened to be familiar before he crossed the Atlantic.

We advise our readers to keep this last consideration in view: it would certainly not at all surprise us to hear that many of this person's *discoveries* had been received with a share of ridicule in his

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his own country; that within her limits, had the *élite* of American houses been opened to him as liberally as some of those of the English nobility seem to have been, he might have found many of the features which he has thought so worthy of minute delineation here. We can ourselves bear witness that the *general tone* of the best society of the Old World does not impress all American travellers with the same startling effect of novelty which it appears to have produced on the mind of Mr. Willis. In short, we are apt to consider him as a just representative—not of the American mind and manners generally, but only of the young men of fair education among the busy, middling orders of the mercantile cities; and here again we find nothing to make us recall the notion expressed in a former article, that in our own provincial towns, a diligent observer might very probably discover, at this day, the counterpart of almost every trait which certain English travellers have dwelt upon, as exclusively characteristic of the domestic society of the United States. We can easily fancy a smart young country attorney, or one of Mr. Joseph Hume's new parliamentary nominees, being affected much as Mr. Willis was, by a casual inspection of some of those 'English customs,' which Mr. Willis has thought as strange and foreign as if he had witnessed them in Japan. To such persons, indeed, we are, as is well known, indebted for most of our own late 'Novels of Fashionable Life;' and perhaps Mr. Willis may see reason to regret that he had not thrown his materials into that form of composition. A few adulteries, a divorce, and a duel, would have cost him little trouble; and for the rest, it would have only been to *travestie* the names which he has now produced with as little reserve as English voyagers have been used to bestow on those of the kings and dukes of the Guinea coast.

In the course of his wanderings, however, Mr. Willis was fortunate enough to be domesticated for a season in some of the most virtuous as well as refined of our noble circles; and we shall extract, as a more than commonly favourable specimen of his style, some passages from his 'Letters written at Gordon Castle, in the autumn of 1834.' Our readers will be forcibly reminded of Crabbe's 'Learned Boy' staring through Silford Hall at the apron-string of 'Madam Johnson;' but mixed with this there are now and then bits of solid, full-grown ignorance and impertinence, worthy of Baron d'Haussez himself;—and over not a few of the paragraphs a varnish of conceited vulgarity, which—call it either Yankee or Birmingham—is far too ludicrous to be seriously offensive. With what feelings the whole may have been perused by the generous lord and lady of the castle themselves, it is no business of ours to conjecture. We repeat that we have



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selected what seems to us, on the whole, a very favourable specimen of Mr. Willis's manner of description :—

'The immense iron gate surmounted by the Gordon arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace-walk, the winding avenue lengthened away before, with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me, driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful blood-horses, prancing along, with side-saddles and morocco stirrups, and keepers with hounds and terriers; gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings, and in another moment I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive. . . .

'The last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his Grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon: a more lovely view never feasted human eye.

'"Who is at the castle?" I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau.—"Oh, a great many, sir." He stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers. "There's Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Claud Hamilton and Lady Harriette Hamilton—(them's his lordship's two step-children, you know, sir)—and the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Sophia Lennox, and Lady Keith, and Lord Mandeville and Lord Aboyne, and Lord Stormont and Lady Stormont, and Lord Morton and Lady Morton, and Lady Alicia, and—and—and—twenty more, sir." "Twenty more lords and ladies?"—"No, sir; that's all the nobility." "And you can't remember the names of the others?"—"No, sir." He was a proper page: he could not trouble his memory with the names of commoners. "And how many sit down to dinner?"—"Above thirty, sir, besides the duke and duchess." "That will do." And off tripped my slender gentleman with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir-up in his way out, and turning back to inform me that the dinner-hour was seven precisely.

'It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September; and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable.

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disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks, and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest shaped, by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods,—or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a gamekeeper idled into sight, with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels. And all this little world of enjoyment and luxury, and beauty, lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland—a day's journey almost from the possession of any other human being. I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

'The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills; and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, the different parties were returning to the castle. Soon after a loud gong sounded through the gallery—the signal to dress; and I left my musing occupation unwillingly to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen—the duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

'I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with the broad red riband of a duke across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle.'

We are rather surprised that a man who had travelled largely in Europe, and spent at least one winter in London, should have mistaken a gallant general's well-won red riband for a badge of his hereditary rank. But let Mr. Willis proceed—

'The gong sounded at the next moment, and, in our way down, he named over his other guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The duchess, a very tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately; and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room.'

We should have supposed Mr. Willis might have observed before

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before this time, that there are and can be no difficulties about precedence, where almost all the company have fixed rank. At New York the affair is no doubt a very troublesome one.

'It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour to the modern dukes in *kilt of the Gordon plaid*[!]; and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were among the vases several large coursing-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

'I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had upon my right Lady ——, "the most agreeable woman in Scotland." It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

'I have been struck everywhere in England with the beauty of the higher classes; and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I had never seen "heaven's image double-stamped as man and noble" so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found: the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of "thoroughbred." There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the continent: the *paysans* of France and the *contadini* of Italy being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature, as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressement*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high-breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *déreglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally "gentlemanlike" and Indianlike. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always

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always does) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who should bow down to his very plate and smile as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house, and to discover that at the very moment he bowed so coldly he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

'The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table, the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *chasse-café* were brought in when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels. I have described it, and shall describe others minutely—and I hope there is no necessity of reminding any one that my apology for thus disclosing scenes of private life has been already made. Their interest as sketches by an American of *the society that most interests Americans, and the distance at which they are published*, justify them, I would hope, from any charge of indelicacy.'

We can well believe that Mr. Willis has been depicting the sort of society that most interests his countrymen;—

'Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,'

their servile adulation of rank and title—their stupid admiration of processions and levées, and so forth, are leading features in almost all the American books of travels that we have met with—and the same spirit shows itself largely in the present author. But we do not exactly see how the fact of these letters having been first published in a New York newspaper can at all affect the question of delicacy or indelicacy: hitherto, however, we have not quoted anything very offensive. For some things in the next day's journal we certainly cannot say so much—

'I arose late on the first morning after my arrival at Gordon Castle, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table. I was struck on entering with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone; the duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting-jacket and coloured cravat; the duchess was in a plain morning-dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born

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born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance, in the full force of the term, was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes (for shooting), and in place of the gay hilarity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and ate his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. *I wondered*, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of *many people in my own country*, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England'!!!

Mr. Willis's astonishment that the duke and his guests did not go a-shooting in red and green ribands, &c. &c., is particularly delightful. We are reminded of the monkish illuminations where kings and queens are represented as lying in bed with their crowns and sceptres—

'Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes, marmalades, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable, than the whole *tone* of the *meal*. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a-year! A salmon was brought in for me to see, as of remarkable size, which was not more than half the weight of our common American salmon.

'The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other avocations; those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; some paired off to the billiard-room, and I was left with Lord Aberdeen in the breakfast-room alone. The Tory ex-minister made a thousand inquiries, with great apparent interest, about America. When Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Wellington Cabinet, he had known Mr. M'Lane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with any one with more pleasure. He admired Mr. M'Lane, and hoped he enjoyed his friendship. He wished he might return as our

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our minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, *he said*, was worth a score of *practised diplomatists*. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. M'Lane, of whom he could scarce say enough. His politics would naturally lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the President very much as a man.'

It is now that we begin to feel how impossible it is for any man to write a book upon this plan without falling into scrapes which, if he has any fund of sense and feeling, he will repent all the rest of his days. It is fortunate in this particular case, that what Lord Aberdeen said to Mr. Willis might be repeated in print without paining any of the persons his lordship talked of: but what he did say, he said under the impression that the guest of the Duke of Gordon was a gentleman; and there are abundance of passages in Mr. Willis's book which can leave no doubt that, had the noble earl spoken in a different sense, it would not, at all events, have been from any feeling of what was due to his lordship, or to himself, that Mr. Willis would have hesitated to report the conversation with equal freedom. We do not doubt that the next paragraph was meant to be the very quintessence of politeness—but we, nevertheless, consider it with unmitigated disgust—

'Lord Aberdeen has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character'!

We think Mr. Willis should have, at least, informed us where he had picked up his notions of this nobleman's name and character. Does he study the radical newspapers for views of our eminent men, and then *amuse* himself with getting introductions to their country-houses, that he may see how far the original corresponds with the caricature?

'He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him, a pair of coarse check trousers very ill made, a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *negligé*—his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank.'

It is obvious that Mr. Willis considers Lord Aberdeen's personal manners as not less characteristic of *an earl*, than the duke's red riband was yesterday of his still higher station in the peerage.

'The

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'The routine of Gordon castle was what each one chose to make it. Between breakfast and lunch the ladies were generally invisible, and the gentlemen rode or shot, or played billiards, or kept their rooms. At two o'clock, a dish or two of hot game and a profusion of cold meats were set on the small tables in the dining-room, and everybody came in for a kind of lounging half-meal, which occupied perhaps an hour. Thence all adjourned to the drawing-room, under the windows of which were drawn up carriages of all descriptions, with grooms, outriders, footmen, and saddle-horses for gentlemen and ladies. Parties were then made up for driving or riding, and from a pony-chaise to a phaeton and four, there was no class of vehicle which was not at your disposal. In ten minutes the carriages were usually all filled, and away they flew, some to the banks of the Spey or the seaside, some to the drives in the park, and with the delightful consciousness that, speed where you would, the horizon scarce limited the possession of your host, and you were everywhere at home. The ornamental gates flying open at your approach, miles distant from the castle; the herds of red deer trooping away from the sound of wheels in the silent park; the stately pheasants feeding tamely in the immense preserves; the hares scarce troubling themselves to get out of the length of the whip; the stalking gamekeepers *lifting their hats* in the dark recesses of the forest—there was something in this perpetual reminding of *your privileges*, which, as a novelty, was far from disagreeable. I could not at the time bring myself to feel, what *perhaps would be more poetical and republican*, (!!) that a ride in the wild and unfenced forest of my own country would have been more to my taste.'

The next paragraph amused us particularly. The Duchess of Gordon, it seems, in driving Mr. Willis through her park in a pony-chaise, made some inquiries about the trees of the American forests; his commentary is as follows:—

'People in Europe are more curious about the comparison of the natural productions of America with those of England, than about our social and political differences. A man who does not care to know whether the president has destroyed the bank, or the bank the president,—or whether Mrs. Trollope has flattered the Americans or not,—will be very much interested to know if the pine-tree in his park is comparable to the same tree in America; if the same cattle are found there, or the woods stocked with the same game as his own. I would recommend a little study of trees particularly, and of vegetation generally, as valuable knowledge for an American coming abroad. I think there is nothing on which I have been so often questioned.'

Notwithstanding all his experience, Mr. Willis cannot understand why English ladies and gentlemen should, in conversing with an American, select topics on which there is no risk of any serious differences of opinion,—or questions which are likely to bring out something like satisfactory information. His vanity, perhaps his national rather than his personal vanity, blinds him. He never suspects

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suspects that an individual who would not give one fig for *his* opinion about the social differences of England and America—and who would be more likely to judge Mrs. Trollope from observation of Mr. Willis himself than to adopt Mr. Willis's criticisms on that lady's book—might give Mr. Willis full credit for having a pair of good eyes in his head and being able to tell wherein the trees, cattle, and game of a Scotch domain differed from those of an American forest. This passage, by the way, confirms our suspicion of Mr. Willis's own *cockneyism:* we really had not suspected the existence of any class of American travellers to whom it could be at all needful to point out 'a little study of trees' as 'valuable knowledge before coming abroad.' But what Mr. Willis himself says in the sequel about the 'repose' of 'high life' might have of itself sufficed to make him scratch this precious paragraph from his tablets. He goes on:—

'The number at the dinner-table of Gordon Castle was seldom less than thirty, but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either one or the other. A travelling-carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, "Who is arrived?" You were sure to see at dinner—and an addition of half a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in anything. Leave-takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the duke and duchess, and to no one else except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase or were more than a common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *gêne* of life seemed weeded out, and if unhappiness or ennui found its way into the castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For me, I gave myself up to enjoyment with an *abandon* I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest disposal; solitude when I pleased, company when I pleased, the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail coach at all. The great spell of high life in this country seems to be *repose*. All violent sensations are avoided, as out of taste. In conversation, nothing is so "odd" (a word, by the way, that in England means everything disagreeable) as emphasis or startling epithet, or gesture, and in common intercourse nothing so vulgar as any approach to "a scene." The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as simple and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical, so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word "capital" suffices; for all ordinary praise the word "nice!" for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word "odd!" To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary

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cabulary is to raise the eyebrows of the whole company at once, and to stamp yourself under-bred or a foreigner. This sounds ridiculous, but it is the exponent not only of good breeding but of the true philosophy of social life. The general happiness of a party consists in giving every individual an equal chance, and in wounding no one's self-love. What is called an "overpowering person" is immediately shunned, for he talks too much, and excites too much attention. In any other country he would be called "amusing." He is considered here as a mere monopolizer of the general interest, and his laurels, talk he never so well, shadow the rest of the company. You meet your most intimate friend in society after a long separation, and he gives you his hand as if you had parted at breakfast. If he had expressed all he felt, it would have been "a scene," and the repose of the company would have been disturbed.'

There is some truth, as well as a great deal of exaggeration, in this little lecture of our *arbiter elegantiarum;* but we think his vanity has again deceived him when he proceeds to account for some of (we presume) his own less fortunate experiences in English society, simply on the grounds thus alluded to :—

'You invite a clever man to dine with you, and he enriches his descriptions with new epithets and original words. He is offensive. He eclipses the language of your other guests, and is out of keeping with the received and subdued tone to which the most common intellect rises with ease.'

We can conceive of much more offensive things in 'a clever man' than either his 'new epithets' or his 'original words;' and we extremely doubt that—

'The "unsafeness of Americans" in society (I quote a phrase I have heard used a thousand times) arises *wholly* from the American habit of applying high-wrought language to *trifles.*'

He adds,—

'The natural consequence is continual misapprehension, offence is given where none was intended; words that have no meaning are the ground of quarrels, and GENTLEMEN ARE SHY OF US!!'

We hope the explanation may be satisfactory to the shy gentlemen of whom Mr. Willis complains.

Mr. Willis's letters from Edinburgh are singularly barren; and yet he was there at the time of the meeting of those active gastro-patetics who are pleased to call themselves the British Association of Science,*—and moreover of what was called the

* The body has since held a successful festival at Dublin, and Bristol is the next point of attraction. There all the talents are to congregate, for the purpose of discussing the comparative anatomy and gastronomic phenomena of *Chelonia Mydas*—(called by the unassociated, TURTLE)—and we understand that the Corporation of that ancient city, eager to encourage merit, and determined not to be outdone by the Universities, have resolved to confer the degree of Alderman on the most efficient of the performers.

Grey,

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Grey, but was in reality the Brougham, dinner of August, 1834. Our traveller, luckily we believe for all his senses, was not at the dinner,—but he went to the 'Grey Ball' of the night after:—

'Dancing was going on with great spirit when we entered; Lord Grey's statesman-like head was bowing industriously on the platform; Lady Grey and her daughters sat looking on from the same elevated position, and Lord Brougham's ugliest and shrewdest of human faces flitted about through the crowd, good fellow to everybody, and followed by all eyes but those of the young. One or two of the Scotch nobility were; but whiggism is not popular among *les hautes volailles*, and the ball, though crowded, was but thinly sprinkled with "porcelain."'

We fancy our readers may have had enough of this 'illustrious stranger;' but we cannot think of concluding without one specimen of his 'Life in London;' and we select from a letter which one would naturally expect to be as little offensive as any letter of such a series could well be—*viz.*, that in which Mr. Willis gives the world an account of his first meeting with Mr. Moore. This occurred at a dinner given by the Countess of Blessington to a very small party—all of whom, be it observed, with the single exception of the poetaster, were obviously familiar friends and acquaintance of the poet.

'I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the pope's; a clever English nobleman; and the "observed of all observers," Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

'"Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written), he made his compliments with a gayety and an ease, combined with a kind of worshipping deference, that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love.

'Dinner was announced; the Russian handed down "miladi," and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is pannelled reflecting every motion.

'The soup vanished in the busy silence that beseems it; and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time..... Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration

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inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws from every person around her his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had *diffidence* (??) a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

'Some one remarked that Scott's Life of Napoleon was a failure. "I think little of it," said Moore; "but, after all, it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more." "It will not live," said *some one else;* "as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual."'

We presume it was nobody but Mr. Willis that could have made this last remark to the author of the Life of Sheridan, the Life of Byron, and the Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Lady Blessington, no doubt, felt rather awkward; but Mr. Moore turned the corner adroitly and airily:—

'"But *what* an individual!" Moore replied. "Voltaire's life of Charles the Twelfth was the life of an individual; yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world; and what was he to Napoleon?"

Mr. Moore might have appealed to better things than Voltaire's Life of Charles the Twelfth; but let that pass. We much doubt if all the pretty things which we have quoted will so far propitiate Lady Blessington as to make her again admit to her table the animal who has printed what ensues:—

'O'Connell was mentioned. "He is a powerful creature," said Moore; "but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of '*thinking on his legs*' is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than anything else. Lord Althorp is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an oppositionist, he *failed* when he came to lead the House [!!!] O'Connell would be irresistible were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still coward enough to attack. They may say what they will of duelling; it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better.' I must confess I think so. Then, in O'Connell's case, he had not made his vow against duelling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France,

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France, where they were to meet; and O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two—

> '"Some men, with a horror of slaughter,
> Improve on the scripture command,
> And 'honour their' wife and daughter,
> 'That their days may be long in the land.'"

The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!' . . . . Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful, that with all the agitation in Ireland we have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's *lives, fortunes, and religion at stake*, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. [!] It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living for, is *dead!* You can scarcely reckon Shiel of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his faults, stands 'alone in his glory.'"'

With this passage we conclude—from it alone the reader will see what is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Willis as an 'unsafe' traveller. The freedoms taken by many preceding writers in describing scenes of social and domestic life, abroad and at home, have often excited pain and disgust. We have not a word to advance in extenuation of the bad taste of such things; but this we must say, that in as far as we are acquainted with either English or American literature, this is the first example of a man creeping into your home, and forthwith printing—accurately or inaccurately, no matter which—before your claret is dry on his lips—unrestrained *table-talk on delicate subjects, and capable of compromising individuals.*

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ART. IX.—*A Steam-Voyage down the Danube. With Sketches of Hungary, Wallachia, Servia, and Turkey, &c.* By Michael J. Quin, Author of 'A Visit to Spain.' 2 vols. London, 1835

THE application of the power of steam to the purposes of navigation, by propelling or towing vessels, was first discovered, as we have on a former occasion stated, by Jonathan Hulls, whose little book bears date 1737; but it was then considered either as altogether visionary, or as a scheme too expensive to be even tried. In later times, some feeble experiments were made by the late

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late Lord Stanhope, Miller of Dalswinton, and Symington, by which, however, Fulton benefited largely before he was enabled to carry the plan into full effect in his own country. Navigation by steam having been successfully introduced among ourselves immediately after, if not simultaneously with, Fulton's proceedings, —it was not long in finding its way to the commercial nations of Europe—by some it was soon applied to coasting and to harbour purposes—by others to the conveyance of passengers on rivers, and lakes, and close seas—and latterly we have extended it to the navigation of the Indian Seas, and crossed the Atlantic by means of steam.

Austria was the last to avail herself of this valuable discovery, —at least, till very lately, her dominions had seen nothing of the kind, except one or two crazy steam-boats on the Italian lakes—and one heavy and tardy concern, moving between Trieste and Venice, chiefly for passengers, which had been established by an English mercantile house, and which has subsequently extended its beat along the shores of Istria and Dalmatia. Closed around by other powers, in the centre of Europe, and possessing no sea-coast but the fragment we have mentioned, and not much traffic, her government may have considered navigation as an object of secondary importance. Her attention, however, has recently been called to the state of that noble river the Danube, the first and largest in Europe, the Volga not excepted, which flows in an uninterrupted stream of 1700 miles through the very heart of her dominions, intersecting them in every direction. It is the common drain of that great basin which is surrounded by the western, northern, and eastern Carpathian mountains, and by the chain on the south, commencing from the Balkan on the shore of the Euxine, and continuing under different names to the Adriatic. That large and important portion of this empire, Hungary, is, in a particular manner, intersected in every part by the Danube and the numerous streams that flow into it from all points of the compass; and many of these are sufficiently capacious to be navigable by steam-vessels, which will, no doubt, in process of time, supplant the miserable craft now upon them, especially as coal is to be found in various parts of the great basin of Hungary.*

This

* On the northern side of the Danube—

The *Marsh*, or *Marowa*, after intersecting Moravia by its various branches, joins the great river at Presburg;—

The *Waag*, after traversing the northern part of Hungary, falls into it at Komorn;

The *Gran*, swelled by its branches, joins it at Gran;

The *Theiss*, with its affluents, the *Maros* and numerous branches, intersecting the north-eastern and eastern parts at Hungary, fall into the Danube a little to the eastward of Peterwardin;

The *Temes*, after receiving many tributaries, falls in near Semlin.

On

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This important subject is the principal feature of interest in the book now before us. Its author made his literary *début* by an interesting work on Spain, which we noticed favourably in a former Number, but can scarcely say reviewed,—other matter pressing upon us at that interesting crisis, when a French army invaded Spain.* We feel that Mr. Quin did not receive on that occasion all the attention which his ability deserved, and we shall, therefore, now endeavour to make amends. The novelty of many of his subjects, his lively and characteristic descriptions of the various people he meets with, and his felicitous manner of arranging them in groups, well entitle him to a better sort of reputation than can be aspired to by most modern travellers. In his exhibition of men and manners, as they show themselves on the surface, he leaves, indeed, nothing to be wished for—to study them deeply would have required a long residence, and he has too much good sense to pretend to more than his opportunities put within his reach. With regard, however, to the various objects of natural history, the nature of the river and its two banks, the breadth, depth, and velocity of the one, and the products of the other, we should undoubtedly have looked for more detailed and definite information, even under the circumstances of the case, than our author has supplied. A flying traveller, or one dropping down the current of a river with considerable rapidity, is not, to be sure, the person most likely to collect exact information; it must be observed, however, that what with frequent landing, getting aground, and transhipping, opportunities were not wanting to Mr. Quin for acquiring some portion, at least, of the knowledge we desiderate. This, however, is a failing but too common with travellers, who content themselves generally with a vague description of an object, which conveys no distinct idea, whereas nothing so easy, even for an illiterate person, as merely to *describe with accuracy*.

To give an instance of our meaning from Mr. Quin.—He sees at Vostizza a large plane-tree, the finest specimen of vegetation he ever beheld, each branch being as large as an ordinary tree—extending so far, that the tradition of numerous armies having encamped beneath its 'broad umbrage' may easily be believed—its hollow trunk often used as a state-prison, and capacious enough for a family of five or six persons to live in it without inconve-

On the southern side the Danube receives—
The *Mur*, which takes its rise in Styria;
The *Drau*, or *Drave*, which rises in Carinthia;
Lastly, the *Saw*, or *Save*, crossing Illyria, falls into the Danube at Belgrade, and as far as this place forms the southern boundary of Hungary. Besides these, a multitude of streams flow through the Turkish provinces from the southward into the Danube.

* Quarterly Review, No. LVII., Art. IX.



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nience—and enjoying the reputation of being at least two thousand years old! Now we should like to have known the *size* of this ancient Greek monster, which, passing a string round its trunk, and pacing from one extremity of its branches to the opposite one, would have enabled him to set down with sufficient accuracy. Then again, at the same place, and treading close on the heels of the tree, we have a very minute and detailed description of an object, which notwithstanding affords no clue that can possibly lead to the discovery of what it could be,—whether the fragment of a split crystal, or a piece of imperfect talc, or of painted glass. It was, he says, a marine substance—transparent—with fragments of some scales of a fish attached—somewhat larger than the palm of the hand in thickness, varying from a quarter to an eighth of an inch—it was not a shell, but more like a petrifaction—a sprig in a graceful manner spread on the outer side, and a second within, &c. &c. But now comes the most curious part, in which we apprehend the power of a vivid imagination has been not a little taxed. We shall find more specimens of it as we proceed.

'But I have still to describe the most surprising characteristics of this *marine* formation. When held up against a good light, in one angle two human skeleton heads appertaining to one body are to be seen, and a philosopher appears to be examining them. At the opposite angle the greater part of the figure of a donkey is plainly discernible; the head, the pricked-up ears, the eyes, the mouth, the nose, the neck, the fore-legs, and a considerable portion of the body and one of the hind legs, are as clearly defined *within* the substance by the hand of nature, as if they had been delineated by an artist. A sack, apparently filled, is on the donkey's back, and a man with a *turban* on his head is as distinctly seen walking by his side, with his left hand resting on the back of the animal, who looks the patient drudging creature of earth to the very life. Towards the centre, the head of an ox presents itself peeping over the scales, as we sometimes see a cow, anxious to get to its young one, looking over a gate. This transparency, or whatever the conchologists or mineralogists may choose to call it, is in my possession, and I shall be happy to show it to any known scientific gentleman who may wish to inspect it.'—vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

Mr. Quin drops no hint, by the way, of his having had any objects but those of an ordinary traveller in this excursion. We have, however, heard it whispered, and there are many things in his book which seem to justify the rumour—that he started in a demi-official capacity. If this was the case we think the government chose their agent judiciously—but that they limited him to far too small a space of time. However, let us now proceed with him on his voyage:—

'While

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'While I was preparing at Paris,' says Mr. Quin, 'towards the close of last summer, for a journey to Constantinople by the ordinary and very fatiguing course overland through Vienna, Semlin, and Belgrade, I was informed that steam-boats had been recently established on the Danube, which would enable me to descend that river to the Black Sea, and thence to the Bosphorus. The hope of accomplishing my object by a route so novel, so attractive in itself, and so convenient in every respect, was too tempting to be resisted. I therefore lost no time in repairing to Vienna; and as the scenery of the Danube possesses but little interest between Presburg, where the steam-navigation begins, and Pesth, the modern capital of Hungary, I preferred embarking at the latter place.'—vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

On his way thither he says he heard many sinister reports of the *dampschiffe*, or steam-vessel—one that it had been destroyed by its own engines—another that it had been bulged on the rocks—and a third that it had stuck fast in the sandy bed of the river for want of water; however, having reached the spot on the 24th of September, 1834, he found the vessel quiet at anchor, below the bridge of boats that forms the communication between Pesth and Buda. Being past midnight, the inns were all shut, which obliged him to make his way to the steamer through a crowd of carts, carriages, packages, and cases of all descriptions, huddled together on the bank in readiness to be received on board. In the steamer all were fast asleep, and our author, having travelled for thirty-four hours, wished to be in the same happy state, and therefore groped his way into the cabin 'amidst piles of boxes, trunks, cloaks, baskets, hat-cases, stools, and tables, congregaged in "most admired confusion."' Perceiving by the glimmering light of a lamp a vacant corner, he wrapped himself up in his cloak, and resolved to subside into profound repose. All of a sudden, however, the ears of Mr. Quin were astounded with such a storm of tongues, and such an uproar of laughter, as completely to convince him that there was no hope of slumber, and that sport and merriment were likely to be the order of the night as well as the day in the Danube dampschiffe. 'Anecdote followed anecdote; interrogatory, answer; reply, rejoinder; sur-reply and sur-rejoinder; slight titter, partial laughter, general shouts, coursed each other with indefatigable speed round the circle of this noisy congress, until the broad day-light streamed through the windows, and dissipated every hope of peace;' but it also revealed to him 'a whole host of the fair sex, and among them some really pretty Hungarian ladies.'

This being the first account we have of what the living cargo of a Danube steamer may be likely to consist of, we shall simply enumerate the contents, referring our readers to the book itself



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for the happy manner in which Mr. Quin has classed and contrasted the natives of many and various countries. First and foremost, then, were spread about the deck a number of Tyrolese families, amounting in all to nearly a hundred individuals, who were proceeding, under the charge of a medical gentleman, for the purpose of settling in Transylvania, and working the mines belonging to the Austrian government. In the cabin were a party of Hungarian nobles—men of genteel appearance and manners—seated at a round table, playing cards. Near them were an elderly lady and a countess of an exceedingly elegant figure, whose husband, having ruined himself at Pesth by gambling, had dismissed her back to her mother attended by a French *femme de chambre*, the only remaining fragment of her transient splendour, except her harp, which, with characteristic enthusiasm, she had managed somehow to save from the ruins. There were one or two merchants for Trieste also, and a variety of minor adventurers whose exact condition or calling could not be ascertained. In a corner two little girls were tittering away most merrily, and within the *ladies'* cabin were some of the laughing voices that had 'murdered' our traveller's 'sleep.' Retired from the crowd on deck appeared now and then an extremely well-looking Jew and his daughter, a pale, slight, interesting girl, dressed in the Turkish costume. The father saluted our traveller in Spanish, and they soon became great friends. The daughter had a mandolin, upon which she played several Moorish and Servian airs. On the whole,

'I was much pleased with my new friends. They exhibited towards each other, and towards myself, so much good nature; they were so frank in their discourse, so cheerful, so full of anecdote, so easily provoked to laughter, in which they indulged with all the heartiness of children, that I felt the greatest interest in poring over this new page of the volume of society. Even when I did not understand the language in which their conversation was carried on, I could collect its general meaning from the tone, the look, the animated gestures by which it was accompanied.'—vol. i. p. 25.

But among the groups that in the course of the morning emerged from their dens was an extraordinary character—'one little man,' says Mr. Quin, 'whom I shall not so speedily forget.'

'He was from Moldavia. He had been in the Russian service during the late war with Turkey, but in what capacity I could never satisfactorily discover; I suspect he was a spy. He spoke German, French, and Italian fluently. He wore a blue frock-coat, which probably had served him during the said war, as it could boast of only a part of one button and two very unequal skirts, remaining in any thing like decent condition; the rest of the garment was covered with grease. A pair of old black stuff trousers, patched at the knees in a most

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most unworkmanlike manner, rent and not patched in other parts indescribable, and vilely tattered at the extremities, together with a ghost of a black waistcoat, a cast-off military cap, and wretched boots, offered an apology for a better suit, which he said he had at home. His shirt was also in the list of absentees! He had lost the half of one of his thumbs; the other was wrapped in a bandage. He had not shaved for three weeks; he certainly could not have washed either his hands or his face for three months; and a comb had probably not passed through his hair for three years. To crown his personal peculiarities, he had a very red nose, on the top of which was perched a pair of spectacles. Nevertheless, with all these strong objections against him—so strong, that I wonder my friend Captain Cozier had not thrown him overboard—there was something about this man which seemed to have actually fascinated a rather genteel youth, who was constantly at his side, and to have already secured him the devotion of a miscellaneous group of Austrian soldiers and their wives, pedlars, and artisans, who occupied mats and sheepskins on deck. With the sailors he was quite a favourite. He whistled well, he sang well, and passed off everything in a "devil-may-care" kind of way, which gained him admirers. A charlatan at a French fair—a romance-reader at the mole of Naples—could not possess more power over his audience, than was exercised over these simpletons by this Moldavian adventurer. He had a common-place-book in his bosom—for his pockets had all vanished—from which he occasionally read to his followers scraps of poetry of his own composition, or selected from the works of celebrated German writers. These readings he interspersed with comments often so droll, that he set the whole deck in a roar. Then he would relate some of his accidents by flood and field, or describe his travels, in the course of which he mentioned the most extraordinary scenes in the world, which had occurred to him at Constantinople, Bucharest, Prague, Vienna, Petersburgh, Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Gibraltar, Venice—everywhere but London, where he had the modesty to confess he had never yet been. His eye, when lighted up by the excitement of the moment, was singularly brilliant; the flush of fine intelligence was on his swarthy weather-beaten cheek; his voice was melody itself, and his diction eloquence.'—vol. i. pp. 17-19.

The Captain Cozier, an Englishman, here mentioned was master of the steamer; but he is described as being little conversant in any branch of nautical science, and about equally skilled in the topography of the Danube, knowing no more of the caprices of the sand-banks than of the bed of the Yellow Sea. He treated the passengers with a degree of superciliousness that was quite laughable. 'It seemed to be his settled opinion,' says Mr. Quin, 'that nobody except an Englishman was worthy of breathing the same air with himself.' To our author, therefore, being an Englishman, or rather, as we believe, an Irishman, he was civil enough. The

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The chief engineer, named Pearce, was a skilful, active, good-humoured young man, from Birmingham; and among the crowd was pointed out another Englishman, attending on a pretty young German dame, whom he had just brought from Vienna as his wife. He was on his way to Tolna, where he had for some years lived with Count Tedische, a Hungarian nobleman, who, like most of his 'order,' must have an English groom to take care of the stud. He was now no longer groom, but elevated to the rank of the Count's bailiff, or steward. From this intelligent young man Mr. Quin obtained much information respecting the customs of the Hungarian nobility and peasantry, and their relative positions. Such a fellow-traveller was the more acceptable, as Mr. Quin was unacquainted with the Hungarian language, and the gentlemen passengers spoke no other except Latin—which, unfortunately, even those of our countrymen who have been well educated can seldom make much hand of now-a-days in conversation. Mr. Quin tried to rub up his old Corderian and Erasmian vocabulary—but it was not to much purpose. Even the elegant little countess, he tells us, was totally ignorant of either French or Italian; he does not say whether she shone in her *Propria quæ Maribus;* but, at all events, she seems to have had a very eloquent pair of black eyes.

At a little after six in the evening they arrived at Tolna, where the captain persisted in the necessity of stopping all night, on account of the sand-banks—an awful sound, at which, it seems, he always shook his head. To our traveller this was incomprehensible, the more so as the moon would in a little time have been above the horizon. The boat it seems had rubbed several times in the course of the day upon the natural bed of the river, to Captain Cozier's astonishment and perplexity;—and no wonder, if it be truly stated that, where deepest, there was not more than six or seven feet of water. Mr. Quin, naturally enough, had laid his account that the difficulties would have consisted rather in evading the dangerous rapidity of the flood—his fancy, he tells us, had painted the Danube as nothing less than a magnificent inundation, hurrying for ever towards the Euxine—whereas he found it so shrunk within its banks, and often so lethargic in its course, that between one reach and another it seemed more like a lake than the principal river of Europe. This stoppage of the steamer was the more provoking as no accommodations were to be had on shore, and the night was splendidly beautiful.

Leaving Tolna at an early hour in the morning of the 25th, and having cleared a number of those floating flour-mills which abound below Pesth, and which, being built on boats, and anchored

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anchored in the stream of the Danube near all the towns, hamper the navigation of the river, they now ran along the edge of a vast forest, on the right bank. They passed in the course of the day several long straggling villages, near all of which were observed some apparently fine vineyards; but though the grapes they received from them were excellent, Mr. Quin pronounces the wines of Hungary, in general, to be detestable; and he attributes their bad quality to the mode in which they are manufactured. He says, that if the process were improved, and more attention bestowed upon the quality than upon the quantity produced, he thinks they would rival those of Spain. The fact is that, though Mr. Quin may have been unlucky in his personal experience, the wines of Hungary are in general very good; and that some of them at least equal the best of the Spanish ones in European reputation.

The steamer stopped about noon at Mohacs, to take in wood and coals. The latter are found at a short distance from the river: they are small and stony, but when mingled with wood, are said to form a strong fire. Mohacs is a town or large village, whose houses are built in a style of the most rustic simplicity: mostly of mud-walls, roofed with long reeds, each being surrounded with a high wicker fence, including sometimes a farm-yard, a garden, and a well. There are two churches, whose external appearance is described as decent; but as they were locked, Mr. Quin knows nothing of their interior.

The bank of the river was crowded with groups of very well-looking peasantry, assembled chiefly to gaze on the wonders of the steam-boat: the men loosely clothed in shirts, waistcoats, and wide trousers of coarse canvass, with sandals on their feet, but no stockings; the women having neither stockings nor sandals, and their only head-dress being a blue handkerchief tied under the chin—their gowns of ordinary German calico. Some twenty young women, with glass or coral beads round their necks, were offering fruit for sale—baskets heaped up with walnuts, magnificent grapes and apples, melons remarkably fine, and plums. Others of the fair sex were less agreeably employed. The coals and wood were taken to the boat in wheelbarrows, by a number of muscular, active, hard-working girls, while hundreds of men were loitering in utter idleness on the banks all about them. The poor girls were paid for three hours' labour with portions of flax, of the value of about twopence. During the operation, several ladies, attended by their maids, and dressed in the English style, came down to gratify their curiosity; they were followed by the *beaux* of the place, who had retained a more picturesque costume—being mostly apparelled in loose white mantles, turned up and embroidered with scarlet. In the decorations of these habitual breakers of

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of Priscian's head, we might almost fancy we traced some relics of the old Roman dandy—

'Quæque Tyron toties epotavere lacernæ,
Et toga non tactas vincere jussa nives.'

But probably their costume is only an imitation of the Austrian dragoon's uniform cloak.

The boat left Mohacs at three. The river was now about a mile in width, but both banks were low and sandy, and the appearance of the country uninteresting. On the right bank, in the distance, a sugar-loaf mountain was seen rising above the summit of a range of hills; but, says Mr. Quin, 'while I was indulging in a day-dream upon the novelties I was about to encounter, a sudden shock, of no great violence however, warned us all that we were absolutely aground.' The remainder of the day was spent in vain endeavours to get the vessel off, and they were therefore obliged to content themselves with remaining motionless for the night, consoled by listening to many national melodies, sung by the Tyrolese, the whole of the men and women joining in the chorus.

In the morning of the 26th a large flat-bottomed boat came alongside the steamer to receive all the baggage, which lightened the concern sufficiently to allow her to be floated off into deep water; then the cargo was re-shipped—and at one o'clock in the afternoon the voyage was resumed. The left bank was one continued forest—on the right appeared a ruined fortification and a castle, and some detached houses and small villages built in the same style as Mohacs. On the fourth day they passed the towns of Vuckovar and Kamenitz, situate at a distance from the right bank, but without stopping. The former is said to boast of a fine convent for monks, and several churches were seen which, from a distance, appeared to be more than usually handsome. A number of wicker cars were observed driving in and out of the town, and in a field near it a troop of cavalry were exercising their horses. Not far from this town, situated on an abrupt hill immediately overlooking the Danube, is another monastery belonging to the Franciscans, which appeared to be almost a town in itself.

The country, on the approach to Peterwardin, improved rapidly. On the right appeared undulating hills wooded with shrubs, villages prettily situated on the heights, church spires rising above the trees, which it seems no village is without. These objects announced a more fertile, a more populous, and a more cultivated part of Hungary than had yet been seen since the departure of the vessel from Pesth. About two o'clock they arrived at Neusatz, on the left bank, opposite to Peterwardin, with which

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it is connected by a bridge of boats: the latter is defended by one of the strongest fortresses on the river. The works are erected on a lofty rock on the river side, and protected on the land side by extensive bastions and towers; and the place was well garrisoned. Peterwardin is an ancient Sclavonian town; but Neusatz is comparatively a new place, having been founded by Maria Theresa. It consists of several long straggling streets, full of shops stocked with toys, groceries, clothes, ironmongery, tin, and earthenware, wooden bowls, dishes, and trenchers, all of very rude fashion, and jewellery of an ordinary description. On the same side as Peterwardin, and a little below it, is Carlovitz, a town prettily situated on the slope of a hill, and celebrated for its wines.

The peasantry in these wine districts are described by Dr. Bright as 'healthy, strong, and cheerful, but miserably lodged and fed.' Of the *agricultural* labourers in the neighbouring parts, that author says—

'Their appearance bespeaks no fostering care from the superior—no independent respect, yielded with free satisfaction, from the inferior. It is easy to perceive that all stimulus to invention, all incitement to extraordinary exertion, is wanting. No one peasant has proceeded in the arts of life and civilization a step farther than his neighbour. When you have seen one, you have seen all. From the same little hat covered with oil falls the same matted long black hair, negligently plaited or tied in knots; and over the same dirty jacket and trousers is wrapped on each a cloak of coarse woollen cloth or sheepskin, still retaining its wool. Whether it be winter or summer, week-day or Sabbath, the Sclavonian of this district never lays aside his cloak, or is seen but in heavy boots.'—*Travels through Lower Hungary.*

In this district, we are told, Prince Esterhazy possesses above twenty free villages, some of which contain not less than two hundred families of this description. Such are the people who clothe the Esterhazys with jackets which are ostentatiously displayed as being of the value of thirty thousand pounds!

About nine the following morning (the 28th) the spires of Semlin appeared in view, a little to the northward of which the Theiss flows in; and at a short distance further down, the cupolas and minarets of Belgrade were seen, situated at the confluence of the Save (the boundary river of Hungary) with the Danube. At Semlin, it being Sunday, the church bells were ringing in all directions, and the market, well supplied with vegetables and fruit, was thronged with people decked out in some dozen varieties of holiday costume, Hungarian, Greek, Turkish, and Armenian. Semlin being the frontier town of the Austrian dominions in that quarter, all travellers from Servia, or the interior of Turkey, are obliged to submit to a quarantine of fourteen

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fourteen days. The steamer, therefore, on quitting Semlin and passing Belgrade, kept as close as possible to the Hungarian bank of the Danube. Mr. Quin says, this latter city looks a splendid collection of mosques with their white tall minarets, and palaces with their domes, gardens, cypresses, and shady groves. The citadel, strongly fortified, occupies a lofty hill that overlooks every part of the town. The palace and haram of the pasha cover a considerable space of ground, and have an imposing aspect. The Danube here presents a magnificent sheet of water; but, says Mr. Quin, 'with the exception of a few small wherries, in which some dirty Turks were fishing lazily in the sun, there was scarcely a symptom of animation around us. Belgrade itself looked at a distance like a city of the dead.'

In the afternoon the steamer passed Semendria, on the Servian side of the river, once an important naval station, and a powerful fortress in the hands of the Turks, but now fallen into decay. Here Mr. Quin saw two brigs of war of eight guns each, that had recently been built for Prince Milosch, the governor of Servia, by a company of carpenters from the island of Zante. They were both aground, he says, without a chance of being extricated from their position until the winter. For what purpose they had been built, he thought it would be difficult to say, as from the state of the river below this place, full of rocks and rapids, it would seem utterly impossible they should ever descend into the Black Sea. We shall attend presently to this matter, which Mr. Quin so hastily dismisses. After passing Kubin, a little further on, a series of islands divided the waters of the Danube into several channels, and continued to do so as far as Moldava. In their way to this place, they reached Vipalanka on the morning of the 29th, where the Tyrolese passengers were landed, to make the best of their way to their future abode in Transylvania, and where, by other debarkations, the passengers were reduced to our traveller, the Servian Jew and his pale daughter, and the Moldavian adventurer, whose inexhaustible stores of poetry and anecdote, general knowledge, and real civility, had so far won on Mr. Quin, that he tells us, 'I began to like the fellow.' From Vipalanka to Moldava the river glided gently between two ranges of hills wooded to the very tops, and opening now and then into valleys and ravines, in which neat white cottages were scattered, and shepherds were seen driving their flocks a-field; and, as they approached Moldava,

'Fields of Indian corn, hills deeply indented by the rains, and exhibiting sometimes the appearance of artificial fortresses, sometimes retiring to a distance, and leaving in front abrupt mounds of the most fantastic shapes; villages with their churches and steeples on one side, and

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and churches and minarets on the other; Servians on our right fishing in little cockle-shells of boats; Hungarians on the left tending herds of swine; mountains towering in the distance—in turn engaged our attention until we arrived at Moldava, where we cast anchor at noon.'

At this place our travellers met with a disappointment. It had been stated, and intended by the directors of the Steam-Navigation Company, that the steam-boat would return to Presburg from Moldava, and that the passengers would be forwarded thence to Orsova, a distance of about twenty miles, in a light boat, rowed by four stout Wallachians, and drawing little more than six inches of water; but, to their dismay, they were told, that in many parts of the Danube between Moldava and Orsova, there were not, at this particular season, six inches of water, nor even three. They therefore found themselves to be under the necessity of embarking in a rough flat-bottomed boat belonging to a fisherman, and of sending all the baggage by land. Mr. Quin states that this was the driest summer that had been known for many years: but even so, this extraordinary shallowness of the largest river in Europe, fed by such a multitude of copious streams, must have appeared to him quite unaccountable. As for the Wallachian boat, he says:—

'The master, or patron, as he is more usually called, was a short weather-beaten old man, who had already counted more than seventy winters. The pupil of one eye was completely dimmed, and of the other scarcely sufficient remained sound to admit more than a single ray of light. Yet through that small aperture he issued glances of authority which, enforced by an imprecation or two, sometimes made the fellows at the oars wince. His helm was a long oar, which he moved to either side of the stern as occasion required. The rest of our equipage was in a very simple, or rather in a very unworkmanlike style. The oars, which were just like our fireshovels, with short handles, were passed through a noose of thong or rope, tied to a peg in the edge of the vessel, which noose, or which peg, or which said thong or rope gave way about every quarter of an hour, another quarter being required for its restoration. We had three rowers, the excess of velocity at one side being corrected by the long oar of the stern.'

Nothing could exceed the laziness of these fellows. The boat was left entirely to find its own way. 'As it was still wandering down the current, our fellows all fast asleep, it landed somewhat roughly on a bed of rocks in the middle of the river. The patron awoke from his dreams in a violent rage, the fire glaring from his diminutive eyeball, as if we were all about to be lost in an inch or two of water.' They were now in the very midst of the rapids of the Danube, the bed of which is described by Mr. Quin as being wholly composed of rough rocks, sometimes starting up in masses to

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to the surface of the river, sometimes forming a wall which runs across from bank to bank. Upon these, he adds, the boat was constantly rubbing, and it was literally thrust over many of the ledges. Meantime the romantic character of the shores excited—sometimes we suspect rather too vividly—the imagination of Mr. Quin:—

'In the almost perpendicular wall which rose on our right, there was a singular *lusus naturæ* on a gigantic scale—it was the complete figure of a water-mill and mill-house petrified, and slightly crushed by an enormous rock which had fallen upon it from the higher precipices. The face of the superincumbent mass presented the figure of *a monk* preaching from a pulpit; and it only required the existence of a legend to induce a superstitious mind to believe, that the "miller and his men" had been notorious criminals—that the monk had come to reprove them—and that, while he was still vainly exhorting them to repentance, the whole living scene was suddenly transformed into stone. The whole of this narrow passage amongst the rocks was curious and highly romantic. A little beyond the petrified mill, on the opposite side, we beheld a *perfect outline* of an immense lion, couching; the head, the eyes, the mouth, and the paws, were as correctly delineated on the naked stone, as if they had been drawn by the hand of an artist. A cluster of rocks, somewhat further on, assumed *all the appearance* of the ruins of a cathedral, with its towers and ivied walls, and Gothic windows and gates. The effect of this pile was remarkably picturesque, as it rose on an eminence above a mass of green foliage, which seemed to conceal the lower parts of the cathedral.'—pp. 91, 92.

They were told that eight hours would bring them to Orsova, or twenty miles with the current; but as the day was spent, and they were still far distant from that place, they determined to pass the night in a village called *Swinich*, consisting of a dozen or two of huts, built certainly in the most piggish style. In the *auberge*, however, our author spent a merry night among a motley group of village politicians. At one end of a table sat the governor of the village in his blue uniform, at the other the parish priest—the former a simple good-natured man, the latter full of humour. There were besides the overseer of the works going on upon the Danube, the captain of the police, the officer of the quarantine, an officer of the customs, and 'a non-descript with a silly face.' The priest at first seemed to have all the talk to himself; but nothing afforded to the governor so much delight as to put him down in argument, or witness that operation executed by another. The Moldavian poet, it seems, did this most effectually. Having treated the company with a history of his travels, which extended to Grand Cairo, the audience seemed at a loss to know where Grand Cairo was, till the priest enlightened them by observing,—

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observing,—'In Asia to be sure.' 'In Asia!' exclaimed the Moldavian, with indescribable disdain; 'no such thing; Grand Cairo is in Africa.' The governor was in raptures at this triumph over the priest, who, to be revenged, contrived to inveigle the poet into a theological controversy; but here too the Moldavian was triumphant, proving himself *stronger*, as the under-graduates say, in his divinity, than there was any great reason to suspect him of being in his morality.

Nor did the qualifications of this extraordinary adventurer stop here. A young lady with her guitar had joined the company.

'The instrument having been tuned, our poet asked permission to look at it, and swept his mutilated fingers over the strings with the skill of a professor. The priest looked amazed. After preluding in a singularly graceful manner, which captivated the Swinicheans, the tatterdemalion, clearing his voice with a fresh bottle of wine, which was voted to him by common accord, treated us to "Di tanti palpiti," not only with great taste, but in one of the best tenor voices I ever heard. The priest exclaimed that he knew not what to think of this fellow, unless he was the devil.'

He showed himself, it seems, a perfect master of the art, and that too of the very best school. Italian, German, Hungarian, and Moldavian airs followed each other in rapid succession, and in the most admirable style, so that the fair owner of the guitar remarked, says Mr. Quin, with a charming simplicity, that she really did not know her own instrument in the hands of this enchanter.

'In truth, when I looked at this Moldavian—remembered how he had amused his companions on the deck of the steamer by his anecdotes, his poetry, and his dramatic declamations; the variety of information which he afforded to myself during the course of the day; his undoubted acquaintance with many countries, though he sometimes indulged in exaggeration on that subject; the wandering life he had led; the offices, sometimes of trust, and responsibility, and peril, which he had fulfilled; his various acquirements in science, history, and the fine arts; and, to crown all, his musical powers, which were of the very first order; and his ragged, unshaven, filthy appearance —I could not help feeling that there was a mystery about him, such as perhaps in a former age might have procured for him the dangerous honours of a magician.'

This is the last we hear of this extraordinary character, who seems to have slipped through Mr. Quin's hands without his having procured from him any clue that could lead to his history. The company in this *auberge* was joined by an Englishman of the name of George Dewar, an intelligent though humble adventurer in the engineering line. He had been employed as an expert diver, in getting up treasure from the wreck of the Thetis, on the coast

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coast of South America, and was then rated as an able seaman. Dewar's hostess, being the lady patroness of the village, insisted that our traveller must go home with her, as she had prepared her own bed for him.

'As soon as our circle broke up, therefore, I proceeded with my hostess and her husband, my countryman, &c. &c. to her mansion. Ascending a large wooden portico by a ladder, we all entered the bed-chamber together, without any ceremony: it was in fact the only room in the house, and served equally as kitchen, dining-room, drawing-room, lumber-room, and dormitory. It had the invaluable recommendation of cleanliness, notwithstanding the variety of uses to which it was convertible; and the bed, moreover, to which I was most graciously conducted, exhibited a variegated quilt, the work of the lady's own hands, and a pair of sheets fragrant as thyme, and white as the falling snow.'—pp. 104, 105.

There were three beds in the apartment, one large enough to accommodate at least half a dozen men, and a small temporary pallet for the lady's own use. George assured him that this dame was a pattern of domestic virtue; that it was the general custom throughout that part of the country to have only one sleeping-room for all the family as well as the guests; and that there was that kind of chivalrous feeling which would condemn to the deepest infamy any person guilty of the slightest disrespect towards the conjugal relations. So said George; nor though the engineer's landlady, who had been learning a little English from her lodger, had an unfortunate trick of always pronouncing 'Mr. Dewar' very like 'my dear,' did Mr. Quin at all question the accuracy of these favourable tidings.

George Dewar had been recommended to Count Szecheny when in London as a useful assistant for superintending the construction of roads, blasting the rocks, working the diving-bell, and such other labours as might be carrying on for removing the obstacles that interrupted the navigation of the Danube. Some of the works were now in progress near the Servian village of Milanosch, opposite almost to Swinich. Here Mr. Quin says the noise of the mallet and punch, the pickaxe and chisel, was heard in all directions. A whole village of huts occupied the glen in which the families of the artisans and labourers, and the officers superintending the operations on the part of the Austrian government, were located. 'I was delighted,' says Mr. Quin, 'by this lively picture of industry, so little resembling anything I have seen since my departure from Vienna.' The grandeur of the mountain-scenery on each side of this defile of the Danube continued the whole way to Orsova; and Mr. Quin's enthusiasm is again and again worked up to steam pitch.

'We still moved on amidst scenery of the most magnificent character,

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racter, formed by gigantic rocks disposed in the most irregular manner, exhibiting an infinite variety of shapes, strange and sometimes terrific in their appearance, such as might meetly combine for the creation of a region of enchantment. On the summit of one of these craggy mountains an immense isolated pile, bleached by the winds and rains of many a winter, looked precisely like a Druidical chapel. The dry bed of a torrent led from the river side along the heights towards the temple, and groups of hooded pilgrims were seen winding their way upwards at each side of the channel in regular procession, while here and there scattered figures were emerging from among green shrubs, bound for the same destination. But temple, penitents and all seemed as if they had been miraculously petrified in the midst of the solemnities in which they were engaged.' —pp. 115, 116.

On landing at Orsova our traveller was met by M. Popovicz, the agent of the Steam-Navigation Company, and several gentlemen, among whom was the principal author of the whole of these improvements, the Count Szecheny, who invited him to dine, and was exceedingly kind and courteous. He also offered to convey him to Gladova, where the new steamer was waiting, and in which it was the Count's intention to proceed as far as Rutschuck. But next morning he sent to inform Mr. Quin that the carriages, baggage, and cargo destined for the lower part of the Danube, had not yet arrived from Moldava, and that the steamer therefore would not quit Orsova for four-and-twenty hours more. Mr. Quin, after describing, at full length, the furniture and utensils of the inn where he lodged, thus proceeds:—

'I asked for some warm water to shave with. The waiter brought it to me *in a dinner-plate!* I could not help laughing at this extraordinary novelty, and he then brought me the kettle. I compromised the matter at last for a tumbler, which was rather an improvement on the steam-boat, where I never could succeed in getting hot water except in a tea-pot! Another unnameable utensil seems rather scarce in those parts. The only one of which the steam-boat could boast was used for keeping pickles! This reminds me of an anecdote which the Count tells with the most ludicrous effect, as a proof of the barbarism in which his country is yet enveloped. An old lady, a friend of his, received a present of porcelain from England, including cups, saucers, plates, dishes, and basins of every kind, among the rest a bidet. When the latter article was examined, nobody belonging to her household could at all make out for what purpose it was destined; but as it was a handsome piece of manufacture they were resolved that it should not be thrown by in a corner. One day the good dame invited, as the custom is in Hungary, a very large party to dinner, at which the Count and some other noblemen who had visited foreign countries were present. To the ordinary luxuries of the table was added

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added a roast pig, which, to the great amusement of the civilized part of the company, was served up in the bidet!'—pp. 119, 120.

The count took Mr. Quin in his phaëton as far as Gladova, where they found the Argo steamer waiting for them; but still none of the cargo had arrived. The road along the bank of the river was rocky and dangerous; and having passed the frontier of Wallachia, which commences at Orsova, the appearance of poverty among the people was very striking. The description of the villages and their inhabitants puts one in mind of what so frequently occurs in Ireland:—'The cabins of the poor people were constructed of hurdles, not defended even by the addition of mud on the inside from wind and rain. Crowds of children appeared at the doors literally naked, in company with pigs and goats, dogs, cocks and hens, and ducks, as if all were of the same order of existence. Some of these wretched habitations were altogether underground.' They now passed along by the side of what is called the Iron-Gate—the *porta ferrea* of the Danube—a series of rocks and rapids extending about three miles; and here follows a discovery, which we allow the author to make the most of:—

'Looking down the river, which is here of no very great width, and divided by a sand-bank, which however cannot be perceptible in the ordinary state of the Danube, we distinctly observed the water curling over a series of impediments, extending in a right line from bank to bank. At both extremities of this line we perceived on the land the remains of square pillars; and, on approaching the ruin on our side, we found it constructed of blocks of stone, faced towards the river with Roman tiles; evidently forming the buttress of the first arch of a bridge. In the river itself we counted the remains of six or seven pillars, which had manifestly served to sustain as many arches, connecting the bank on which we stood with the opposite one. No doubt therefore could remain that here was the site of Trajan's celebrated bridge, a marvellous work for the times in which he lived, considering that it had been constructed on one of the most remote confines of the Roman empire. I calculated that these interesting ruins were about three English miles from Gladova. *I brought away a fragment of a tile, as a rude memorial of our discovery.*'—vol. i. pp. 150, 151.

This is really a startling *discovery!* There are, we believe, in England some who have sailed down the Danube, but none certainly who did so without inspecting the well-known and quite visible ruins of Trajan's bridge.

Another day was spent without the baggage having arrived, and it might have been a week if the count had not himself ridden back to Orsova, and hastened it forwards. At length, however, it arrived and, as soon as it was shipped, the new steamer proceeded cautiously

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cautiously until she had passed Trajan's bridge, where the water became deeper. The country was uncultivated on both sides of the river, and the grass completely parched up by a drought of seven or eight months. The Wallachians, who during the recent anarchy had fled into Hungary, were just beginning to return; and, if left in peace and free from spoliation, Mr. Quin thinks a few years would convert their country into a paradise. The important city of Vidin, in Bulgaria, now made its stately appearance. Twenty minarets shot up their whitened spires above the domes of the mosques, and amidst the tall cypresses. The scene was animated and picturesque. The troops were out under review of the pasha. Numerous boats were gliding up and down the river, or stationed near the bank, where crowds of both sexes were collected to see the steam-boat.

Here the Count and our traveller paid their respects to Hussein Pasha, who so bravely defended Shumla against the Russian army. Mr. Quin informs us, that being afterwards beaten by Ibrahim, in Syria, he was recalled in disgrace, and his enemies endeavoured to subject him to the bowstring—but the sultan respected his talents, and never doubted his fidelity. 'He was therefore (says our author) *exiled* under the extraordinary rank of field-marshal, to the Pashalic of Vidin, where he endeavours to forget his reverse of fortune in his exertions to form a few regiments, who are intended to be models of discipline to the whole Turkish army.' Mr. Quin does not tell us where he picked up this information. Hussein Pasha was, in fact, removed from the command because he had been unfortunate—and he was at the same time *deprived* of the rank of field-marshal; but there was just as much probability of his head being cut off, as there was of Mr. Quin's—and a few months afterwards he was named to the pashalic of Vidin as a concession to the Christians in that very precarious and difficult government. He is well known to be a sincere patriot, and a thorough hater of Russia. The feeling of some quarantine Wallachian officers, on the other side of the river, was very different from that of Hussein—Mr. Quin having remarked to them that, in fact, they were Russian, rather than Wallachian, officers—inasmuch as the regulation of the quarantine in any country is the peculiar attribute of sovereign authority—they appeared to be rather pleased at being thought imperial servants; indeed they observed there could be no doubt of this, as their Hospodar himself, when invested with his office by the sultan at Constantinople, was actually arrayed in a Russian uniform!

The river soon became so shallow, that it was necessary to send a boat ahead to sound, and the steamer still continued occasionally



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to rub over sand-banks. It was therefore deemed expedient that they should stop for the night at Argugrad; but in the morning, on attempting to proceed, the boat penetrated so deeply into a sand-bank that she remained firmly fixed. It was of no use to lighten her, for, to the dismay of the passengers, it was discovered that, even if the cargo, boilers, engines and all, were removed, there was not the slightest chance of getting her afloat. Our traveller therefore determined at once to abandon her, and take the remainder of his passage in a boat belonging to some Zantiotes, who had been employed in building the two frigates which Mr. Quin saw in the river higher up, and who were now on their way, by the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, and the Hellespont, to their native island. 'It was no very welcome change,' he observes, 'to pass from the comparative luxuries of the steamer—from a good mattress, excellent dinners, champagne, and the fascinating society of the Count, to an open boat, manned by Greek carpenters, with whose conversational language I was wholly unacquainted;' and to increase his chagrin, he had omitted to supply himself with any kind of refreshments from the larder of the steamer; but the kind-hearted Ionians cheerfully offered him what they had—sour wine, curds, brown bread, and grapes.

Without the least obstacle they reached Sistow, beautifully situated on a range of hills—and here 'the Danube presents a fine sheet of water; so deep, too, that four or five Russian merchant-ships were proceeding along with us.' In the afternoon of the seventeenth day of Mr. Quin's voyaging they came in sight of Rutschuck, where their boat was moored, amidst a number of Russian, Turkish, and Greek merchant and fishing vessels, of every size, presenting an appearance of considerable commercial activity. Here Mr. Quin quitted his Ionians and their boat, and proceeded to Constantinople by land, across the Balkan.

We have already expressed our regret at the insufficiency of the information collected by Mr. Quin during seventeen days' navigation of so important a stream. We have selected from his book all those passages which can convey a general impression of the features of the country and its inhabitants; and we now proceed to supply some of his deficiencies on this and other topics from another source.

And first of all, a word or two as to what Mr. Quin says of Semendria;—surely two brigs of war could scarcely be supposed to have been constructed there, unless there were some means of conveying them to their own element; and, if there were such means, the whole matter of the navigation of the Danube was cleared up.

We have seen, in a very interesting account, though not yet published, of the commerce of Wallachia, some details regarding the

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the circumstance to which Mr. Quin alludes. Two years ago, a very fine brig was built by Prince Milosch, as an experiment, at Semendria; it was of 230 tons burthen, and drew eight feet water; the hull cost between four and five hundred pounds. It was conveyed past the rapids in safety to Galatz, and there, with great difficulty, was disposed of; the Russian authorities having done all in their power to disgust those who were interested in the enterprise, and to prevent the vessel from getting any flag. The vessel descended in the month of July, when the river is beginning to sink; difficulty or danger was nowhere anticipated, except at a place called the Cherdaps, three miles above Fetislam—where the bed of the river is interspersed with rocks for nearly the space of two miles; leaving three channels open, however—one in the centre, which was of considerable width; one on the Wallachian side, which is never used; and one on the Servian side, which when the river is low would not allow a craft drawing scarcely three feet to pass. The current is here exceedingly rapid, certainly not less than eight miles an hour. The barges upon the Danube are generally five hundred tons and upwards; these barges sometimes descend through the middle channel, but they never can re-ascend again, because the narrow channel at the side will not admit them. The commerce, therefore, between the higher and lower part of the river is maintained by smaller and shallower craft, the largest of which do not exceed 250 tons.

Except the rapidity, *not the shallowness* of the current, the *Cherdaps* are the only obstruction to the navigation of the Danube between Golloubatz—where the river enters the mountains from the plains of Hungary—to Fetislam, just above Trajan's bridge, where it again emerges from the mountains into the plains of Wallachia and Bulgaria. In this district, however, it is absolutely necessary to tow the vessels ascending the stream by a tracking-path; the windings of the river, and the absence of roads along the sides, necessitate a repeated change of bank, so that the vessels are obliged, after having made one point on one bank, to cross to the other side: thus, they naturally lose way and drop down the stream in their passage—besides having to shift their trackers from bank to bank; nor is this last matter a trifle;—men, of course, have to be used for tracking instead of cattle, and the ascending craft has at times to be *laden* with this live cargo. From twenty to forty people are requisite for tracking a vessel through the mountains; and eight or ten pairs of oxen are wanted to get it through *the Cherdaps*, where it has often to be unladen and reladen.

Now here two distinct questions present themselves,—the first, the deepening of the channel close to the tracking-path at



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Fetislam, to allow of large vessels returning upwards; and, secondly, the construction of a tracking-path through the mountains, to avoid the difficulties and inconveniences above enumerated, and permit the use of cattle for towing the vessels. Independently of both these, there is the steam navigation of the Danube, and these three enterprises remain perfectly distinct, both as to the plans, as to the means of execution, and as to the authority by which they are undertaken.

1. The *first* and most important, the deepening of the Cherdaps above Fetislam, has not, we believe, yet been commenced, nor the plan even fixed upon: two projects have been entertained, the first for blasting the rocks in the channel under water, and thus freeing the passage; the second for cutting a canal on the Servian side—but it is to be observed, that here neither bank belongs to Austria, although in the vicinity she has over-reached the Porte by obtaining a right to the fishery; she has, therefore, to obtain the consent of the Porte, and more particularly of the Prince of Servia, to this enterprise on the Servian soil. When accordingly the Austrian government applied, during the course of last year, for this permission, to the Porte—the Porte referred the matter to Hussein, Pasha of Vidin, and to Prince Milosch; and the account Mr. Quin gives us of the visit of Count Szecheny to the Pasha suffices to let us see, though Mr. Quin was not aware of what was on the cards, that Hussein's opinion was not the most favourable. Prince Milosch had in the first instance promised not only his consent but his co-operation; but it having been suggested to him that Austria might make use of the influence she would thus acquire to the prejudice of the commerce of Turkey, either by the erection of tolls or in some other shape, the Prince desired from Austria a pledge that she would take advantage in no way whatever of this enterprise, or of its consequences, for the introduction of any regulation unfavourable to the commerce or navigation of the Ottoman provinces—that, in fine, the advantages to accrue from this enterprise were to be entirely free and common to all nations. Austria was dilatory in returning to these demands a categorical reply: but until she does so, the prince's zeal in her service will not be very warm; and without his active co-operation the matter cannot be arranged. Then, the moment such a demand was made officially to the Porte, it became subject to all the conditions under which such transactions are conducted: doubt, suspicion, and delay on the part of the Porte—and the interference of Russia in the various modes in which she has it in her power to interfere. That interference has hitherto been exerted to frustrate the enterprise; and it probably will be so in future, unless the general tone of the policy of England,

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land, much interested, if it were but commercially, in this matter, should take such a shape as to make Russia pause.

2. The *second* enterprise is that of the tracking-path, from the commencement of the mountains and the narrows opposite Gollouvatz to the frontiers of Wallachia. Corridors are blasted through the bluff rocks, and terraces run across the shallower parts, at great labour and expense, to obviate the immense difficulties presented to tracking by the windings and contortions of the stream. This is a *government* enterprise; Count Szecheny has the direction of it; the works commenced three years ago, and they may be about a quarter concluded.

The Servian side presents much greater facilities for such an enterprise; indeed the Romans had established a complete line of path for this same purpose along that bank. At the lower portion of the passage the ancient corridor is cut in the rock, but at the higher extremity huge mortice-holes were let in for the insertion of beams, on which the tracking corridor was erected. A large inscription on the face of the rock remains to this day visible, and it gives the honour of this—one of the greatest, because one of the most useful of the works of Rome—to the Emperor Trajan. A recent traveller, whose MSS. notes are now in our hands, says—

'Never did I more strongly feel the greatness of that wonderful people, than when, on sailing down the Danube, I first observed the traces and comprehended the object to which this work was destined. Such were the modest and useful intentions and acts of sixteen centuries ago. Here was the evidence of the accomplishment by the Romans, although scarcely an indication of it remains in Roman authors, of an enterprise which is now universally admitted to be one of the most important for the public welfare of Europe. In that chiselling of the rocks of Servia, what proofs are there not of commercial circulation and prosperity, and, consequently, of the national well-being and individual happiness of a former period, which it is the fashion to regard as sterile in useful fruits, because the habits of our times lead us to imagine that prosperity cannot exist without clamour, or commerce or industry without libraries of legislation.

'On looking at the two sides of the river, I immediately saw that the Servian was that on which the road *should* have been constructed, even had the Roman relics not been there, nor the facilities which the Roman work itself still continues to afford. The plan of the Romans —that is corridors of wood, too, seemed the one best adapted to the nature of the country, covered with forests of oak. In fact, it appeared to me that the Roman road might be re-established with great ease: the rock having been cut away wherever it was called for, scarcely more than the restoration of the wood-work would have been necessary. Servia would easily have supplied the timber; the river would have transported it; every Servian wears a hatchet in his belt, and they live under a system similar to that which has left so many and

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and so stupendous ruins of works destined to public utility in Spain and in Hindostan*.'

This idea was subsequently suggested to Prince Milosch. It was objected, that as the Servians tracked their vessels, several villages lived entirely by that service, and the country gained half a million of piastres yearly; but he was soon made to perceive that, when the Austrian road was completed, horses belonging to the Austrian government would track the vessels. Some accounts have recently appeared in continental papers of this enterprise having been undertaken by the Servians; but we have stated all that we *know* on the subject.

3. The *third* business, perfectly distinct from these two, is the application of *steam* to the navigation of the Danube. A Company was formed for this purpose in 1830, and among its subscribers appeared the names of the late Emperor and his successor, Prince Metternich, the Prince Palatine, the Arch-Duke Ferdinand, &c. &c. But from the moment of the establishment of the steam-boats, the interference of the government has been by no means satisfactory to the directors. The concern is under the management of one of the principal banking-houses of Vienna, not (according to Mr. Quin's statement) of Count Szecheny—although there can be no question that to the zeal, activity, and influence of that distinguished person his country owes the commencement of this enterprise at the period when it did commence. Whilst steam is extending to all the great rivers of the earth—when boats are building in London for the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Ganges—when steamers constructed on the Thames visit the Euxine, and have become familiar in the windings of the Bosphorus—it cannot be surprising that the same power should seek to establish its dominion on the central, the largest, the longest, the most important river of Europe, and, as it has been termed, its main artery. It is most important, then, to ascertain how far the nature of the river itself affords facilities for steam navigation; and on that subject we have already laid before our readers much more accurate means of judgment than can be supplied by the results of Mr. Quin's rapid expedition. We know that it is navigated from Rahab, near Presburg, to Gollouvatz, backwards and forwards, by immense barges drawing six feet water—that these same barges descend to Galatz, although they do not return:

* We cannot pass this notice of such a relic of the ancient Roman sway in these regions without expressing our regret that no enthusiastic *scholar*, properly so called, has as yet conveyed to Europe at large some accurate information as to the actual Latin dialect still retained among the peasantry of what once was *Dacia*. In what are hastily called its barbarisms and corruptions may not most interesting fragments of the real old *lingua rustica et castrensis* be to this moment preserved?

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we further know that barges of different sizes and dimensions, drawing from two feet draft, and of eighty tons and upwards, navigate it during its whole course from Ulm to the sea—bring the produce of the salt-mines of Transylvania and Upper Hungary to a large portion of the Austrian dominions—ascend the Drave for the produce of the Styrian mines—and by the Save reach Laibach, within three days' land carriage of the Adriatic. Upon these facts are formed our ideas of the capabilities of the river. Its navigation is difficult and dangerous; its rapids and its shallows, its overflowings and its droughts, are all serious obstacles. But there is an obstacle much greater than all these; and that is, the absence, along its whole banks, of any population in the slightest degree acquainted with naval architecture, or even with the simplest operations of sailing and rowing. As an instance of this we may state, that the Turks, generally speaking, have an aversion to a sea-faring life, and know nothing of ships or boats; yet, on the Danube, so remarkable is the inferiority of the Germans and Hungarians to the Turks, that a vessel with a mast and a sail is known at once to be Turkish!

But for the *steam* navigation of the Danube there was another very weighty point to be considered—that of *fuel*. Wood there was in abundance, but the greater incumbrance and difficulties in making use of wood have so far been a drawback on the enterprise. The nearest point where coals were to be found was Edenburg, but these were of inferior quality. This difficulty was suddenly removed by the discovery of extensive coal-measures, of the very finest quality, on the banks of the river itself, just within the Austrian dominions, and about the centre of that portion of the Danube which is navigable from its mouth upwards. Thus favoured, the first steam-boat, '*Francis the First*' its name, was launched in the spring of 1832; and although laid up during the fair of Pesth, one of the principal branches of profit at first anticipated, although frequently out of order, and though the whole arrangements might be considered as provisional and experimental,—yet, during the summer, a profit of 40 per cent. was realized. This vessel first plied between Rahab and Semlin. The boats on the river now amount to four—one between the Cherdaps and Fetislam, a second between Orsova and Pesth, and a third between Pesth and Vienna, with a spare boat to replace the others in case of accident. The communications between Vienna and the mouths of the Danube were thus to be maintained from the autumn of last year by these three vessels. A fourth steamer was sent out from Trieste, to ply between the mouths of the Danube and Constantinople; but that in which Mr. Quin embarked having been grounded, through Mr. Cozier's blundering, without the chance of extrication

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extrication until the rise of the river, the last-mentioned steamer was retained at Constantinople, and she now plies between Constantinople and Smyrna, shortening a journey of five or six days to *thirty-two* hours.

As to the importance of the navigation, and more particularly the *steam* navigation of the Danube, not one word need be said; it will be generally admitted, however little the details may be appreciated. The importance of the river at this moment is reduced to almost nothing by its bi-section at Fetislam; and in the system of an internal European navigation dependent on the Danube, the slightest improvement on one point must react upon the whole of the rest, and progress once commenced here will soon receive the most surprising development. A cut of forty miles may put in communication the Vistula and the Danube; one of fifteen miles, the Elbe and the Danube; and the old project of Charlemagne, for connecting the Danube and the Rhine through the valley of the Neckar, is, it is said, about to be revived by means of a rail-road.

Already English bottoms are finding their way up the mouths of the Danube. The underwriters of Lloyd's have had to add a new country to their boards; the alarms of some of our navigators at the shoals and banks of the Danube have disappeared; and for a mighty region, into which no English flag had hitherto forced its way, 5000 ton of shipping have within the last few months been taken up. Again, so satisfactory has appeared to Prince Milosch his first attempt at naval architecture in Servia—so satisfied was *he* of the facility of transporting large vessels from his own country to the sea—that he has undertaken to build two corvettes, of 5 or 600 tons, which, to propitiate the influences around him, he intends to present, the one to the Emperor Nicholas and the other to Sultan Mahmoud.

The following are the observations of Mr. Quin:—

'The advantages destined to arise out of this great enterprise to Hungary, to Servia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria, and, indeed, to all Turkey, are incalculable. Those countries, which have hitherto seemed scarcely to belong to Europe, will be rapidly brought within the pale of civilization; their natural riches, which are inexhaustible, will be multiplied; their productions will be vastly improved; their institutions and laws will be assimilated to those of the most advanced nations; and new combinations, not only of physical but also of moral strength, will be created, which may give birth to important changes in the distribution of political power on the continent. Indeed, while I am writing this page from my notes, I learn from an authentic source that the people have demanded and obtained a *representative constitution* from Prince Milosch in Servia, and that the first assembly of the states has been already held at Karagozovatz, where, on the 28th

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28th of February last, he delivered a speech, of which I have procured from the same quarter an accurate translation.'—p. 153.

We agree with Mr. Quin that this speech of Prince Milosch exhibits a very interesting picture of the patriarchal condition of that principality: it also does great credit to his own head and heart. As to the 'representative constitution,' Mr. Quin forgets that strange things require new names to designate them.

The interests of Hungary, however, were those chiefly contemplated by the projector of the scheme, the Count Szecheny. This Hungarian, of a noble and wealthy family, and, what is better, of a noble mind, has been in soul wholly devoted to the welfare and regeneration of his country. In furtherance of his benevolent views, he has frequently visited England, France, and other parts of Europe; he was recently in London to make himself acquainted, by personal intercourse, with such scientific and professional men as were best calculated to forward his views with regard to steam-navigation; and also to order engines and the requisite machinery to be sent out by way of Trieste. Mr. Quin, as we have mentioned, fell in with him when superintending the works going on upon the Danube and its banks—the result of his individual public spirit and indefatigable perseverance. Having had frequent opportunities of conversing with this nobleman, when he was in London not two years ago, we can confirm much of what Mr. Quin has stated concerning him—particularly as to his devotion to his country's service, and his clear and enlightened notions on the reform of which it stands so much in need. We believe that 'he loves Hungary as a youth loves the first mistress of his heart'—that he 'familiarly calls his country his wife, and looks upon all its inhabitants as his children.' He is now in the vigour of life, is unmarried, and determines to remain so, that he may be more at liberty to carry his plans into execution; he has served in the army; and is a leading member of the Diet, in which his talents, his superior acquirements, and his disinterested patriotism give him great influence.

Mr. Quin gives us some amusing anecdotes of the Count's life. He says that the original subscriptions of the company formed at Pesth not being sufficient for meeting so large an outlay as was required, the Diet resolved to petition the Austrian government for assistance:—

'This was the first instance in which the Diet was called upon to take into its consideration a measure peculiar to Hungary in its national character, and involving, therefore, consequences of vast political as well as commercial tendency. If the Diet took this enterprise under its auspices, the popularity and the sense of independence which the assembly would thus acquire might lead to other measures still

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still more conducive to the re-establishment of the Hungarian nation. Prince Metternich immediately sent for Count Szecheny, whose brother is married to a sister of the prince's wife, and sought explanations of this treasonable proceeding! The count's answer was very simple and unequivocal:—"If you have no wish that the Diet should adopt the petition and act upon it, do the thing yourselves, for the Danube, at all events, cannot be long without steam-boats." The hint was taken; the petition was cushioned; the plans of the Count were not only accepted but improved upon a most magnificent scale, and given back to himself for execution.'—vol. i. pp. 124, 125.

The Count did not stop here. He established a club at Pesth, on the plan of the Athenæum and others in London; of which the magnates and other nobles and respectable citizens are members. The English, German, and French reviews, magazines, and newspapers, and other popular publications of every description, are found in their reading-room; here too are held lectures on the sciences and the fine arts:—

'Some time after this club had been established, Prince Metternich of course turned his attention to it, and felt no small alarm when he perceived its natural tendency. He required an explanation of its purposes from the Count Szecheny; and upon hearing him, decided that it required control. "If you wish to control it," rejoined the count, "the only way to accomplish your object is to give us a good subscription, and become one of our members. You will then have a vote, and your personal influence will, no doubt, have its due effect." The prince took the hint and joined the club, which is now in a flourishing condition.'—vol. i. p. 133.

Another unheard-of innovation was on the eve of being adopted for the benefit of the Hungarians. The only communication between Pesth and Buda, or Ofen, on opposite sides of the Danube, is by a bridge of boats, which has occasionally operated as an obstacle to social enjoyment, gaiety frequently holding her court in both quarters. To remove this obstacle, and add greatly to the mutual convenience of the two cities—one of which contains 30,000 and the other 33,000 inhabitants, besides the suburbs and adjoining villages—a stone bridge was proposed and adopted, which will indeed prove a great benefit to every part of the neighbourhood on both sides of the river:—

'A stone bridge was proposed, the expenses to be defrayed by a toll, from which no person should be exempt. Never was such an innovation as this heard of in Hungary since the Danube began its course! A Hungarian nobleman is privileged by his rank from the payment of taxes of any kind. But the ladies would not be debarred from the winter enjoyments of Buda; they worried their fathers, husbands, and brothers, until at length the vote was carried in the Diet—and so a stone bridge they will have. Slight as this incident may

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may seem to an Englishman, it will probably lead the way to many useful reforms in that country, on account of the principle of equal taxation which it involves.'—vol. i. pp. 5, 6.

But another innovation, of a character not less alarming to the bigoted party in Austria, has also taken place. A newspaper is published at Pesth, and that too in the Hungarian language; and as an Englishman has set up at that place an establishment for the manufacture of paper, and a type-foundry upon the most improved system, other newspapers will doubtless follow—especially as there is no law of censorship in Hungary, nor is the diet likely to sanction one. There is also at Pesth an academy somewhat on the plan of the French Institute, which publishes its Transactions in a quarterly journal. The Count Szecheny writes both in this journal and the newspaper. He moreover showed to Mr. Quin two elaborate separate treatises of his own—one on credit, with the view of modifying the system of entails in cases where the life-owner of an estate may choose to borrow sums of money upon its security; the other discussing in detail the various reforms of which Hungary stands in need, with a view to the amelioration of its institutions, the construction of roads, bridges, and canals, &c., &c. He takes a survey of the natural resources with which the country abounds, and avers that it requires only practicable communications with the frontiers to convert them into a mine of wealth. His writings are all in the Hungarian language, to which, by his birth, property, and the eminent station he fills, he has given a tone. He also speaks Hungarian in the Diet, where the discussions have usually been held in Latin. The Emperor Joseph made an attempt to annihilate the Hungarian language, which so excited the national feeling in its favour as to make its use the more general, but as the interference was withdrawn this enthusiasm died away; and the beautiful vernacular tongue is clearly entitled to every encouragement.

Conformably with the unjust privilege which exempts the nobility in general from contributing to the taxes, the clergy, who are also exempted, have at present a monopoly of all the means of education. It is intended, however, to put an end to that system by establishing public schools, upon the Lancasterian plan, in every parish of Hungary, to be supplied with teachers educated especially for their duties at Pesth. The Count Szecheny has been mainly instrumental in bringing about these great improvements (innovations as they are) in a country that has long laboured under oppressions and vexations occasioned partly by the law of serfage, partly by the unhappy distribution of the landed property, and partly by the faulty administration of local justice. It is a favourable

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favourable circumstance to the success of these undertakings, that the Count is so closely connected with Prince Metternich, over whom it would appear he has considerable influence. A great minister, possessed of such intelligence and ability as all the world ascribes to Metternich, cannot be blind to the discontent and disaffection of the Hungarians, among whom a strong spirit of freedom is rapidly gaining ground; nor can he shut his eyes to the incalculable advantage of conciliating the good will and affection of eight (some say ten) millions of people occupying the advanced and most vulnerable post of the empire.

The circumstances we have mentioned, the connexion of Count Szecheny with Metternich, and the time, are all propitious to the regeneration of Hungary. The soil and climate are highly favourable for agriculture and pasture, but the hand of the labourer wants the fostering and protecting care which is but partially bestowed by his lord; and until freedom is given to the serfs, exemption from forced labour to the peasantry, and taxation levied equally on the noble and the peasant,—until roads and canals shall afford the means of transporting produce to a ready market, and the government removes the heavy duties now exacted from all commodities passing the frontiers, even into the other Austrian provinces, it would be in vain to look for any great improvement in the prosperity of the country. The direction of the rivers, and the general surface, a great portion of which is free from mountains and hills, are highly favourable for opening internal navigation at a small expense: yet we believe there are as yet but three canals in all Hungary;—one called the Franz canal, uniting the Danube and Theiss from Pesth to Szolnok; that of Begal, which connects that river with the Temes, in the government of Temeswar; and a short one connected with the river Sarviz. The products, cramped as they are in the present state of the country, are various and valuable; wheat, Indian corn, and other kinds of grain,—pulse, tobacco, and wine,—wool, skins, tallow,—hemp, flax, and timber—the latter not abundant; but sufficient for architectural and domestic purposes,—gold, silver, copper, and iron,—coals, saltpetre, salt, and alum,—all, or most of them, marketable commodities. Poland takes off large quantities of their wines, and the surplus of wheat is mostly sent to North Italy, towards which and the port of Fiume are their only tolerably good roads. From this port a few cargoes of the excellent hemp of Hungary have recently been imported into England,—a commerce which it would be good policy in our government to encourage.

This progress, and the public spirit and unity called forth—not only by the results of such enterprises, but by their very existence—are elements of political power of the utmost moment at the

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the present crisis. Hungary, Transylvania, and the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, lie now unsheltered before Russia. Treaties will only be binding on her as these countries afford practical means of resistance. Whatever, therefore, improves the state and resources of these countries, augments their spirit of nationality, or connects their interests with the interests or the sympathy of the remainder of Europe, renders the progress of Russia more difficult and hazardous. Happily, Mr. Quin's information on this subject coincides with the light which has lately broken upon us from many other quarters; and all this we trust most fervently will at length arouse us from that state of negligence of our foreign interests, which has always been the harbinger of national decay.

Austria has long, and unfortunately alone, felt the necessity of arresting Russia. She may now have resigned herself to a feeling of hopeless resignation to an inevitable destiny; but if anything can arouse her, it is the fact stated from Constantinople, that Russia is fortifying the Delta of the Danube, and throwing a bridge of boats across the Sulina mouth of that river; the object being, no doubt, to search all passengers, or to raise a toll on the trade of Austria and the Turkish provinces. When we consider this, and look at Silistria, who can doubt of her having the complete command of the navigation of the river from that point?

Mr. Quin tells us that the state of the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia is little known in England; and he thus proceeds to enlighten us:—

'They are occupied chiefly by a Sclavonian population, *to which the Greeks also belong* [!!!] professing the Greek Catholic religion, actuated by an indelible hatred to the Turks, and intimately connected with Russia by religious as well as national sympathies. Though compelled by conquest to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Porte, the provinces which are *separated from* the Russian empire by *the Pruth*, and *mere geographical lines*, were governed for many years by two hospodars, native princes, selected by the Porte, and continued in authority during the sultan's pleasure. Vexatious imposts, and great irregularities in the administration of justice, produced incessant discontent among the people, who demanded the protection of the [Russian] emperor against the exactions and abuses of Turkish authority. The emperor listened willingly to their complaints, and under the pretext of securing them the free exercise of their religion, which was in truth never disturbed, interposed in their favour. The treaty of Bucharest, which was concluded in 1812, gave a direct sanction to that interposition so far as the interests of religion were concerned. The treaty of 1829, concluded at Adrianople, at the end of the late war, may be considered as handing over the provinces to Russia altogether.'—vol. i. pp. 186, 187.

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We do not think that such a passage as this is likely to diminish the ignorance of the people of England. In fact, the easiest mode of correcting it would be by inserting a '*not*' before each assertion. The population is *not* Sclavonic. The Wallachians have no national sympathies connecting them with the Russians; their church has always been supreme and unmolested; 'the Pruth' is only the last frontier, and has been so only since Russia took to herself a large portion of *Moldavia proper*. 'Mere geographical lines' have never separated the two empires. The Dniester, the Dnieper, the Ingul, the Bog, the Pruth, the Danube, have been at various times the very practical lines of demarcation. The treaty of Bucharest, we believe, will be little suspected of having to do with the interests of religion; and the treaty of Adrianople, so far from handing over the provinces in question to Russia, would now, if the execution of it were insisted upon by England, put an end to the quarantine, and would prevent Russia from interfering in the internal administration of the provinces. In fact, it is to the treaty of Adrianople that these people appeal against the regulations subsequently introduced, and to which a surreptitious sanction was obtained in the last diplomatic act that took place between Russia and the Porte.

If there is one fallacy more advantageous to Russia than another, it is that which leads travellers from a superficial glance to assert that such or such a country is already under her dominion. Russia makes it believed wherever she can throughout the East, that the nations of Europe are subject to her—she has it trumpeted throughout Europe by every traveller in the East, that Turkey and its dependencies, if not yet nominally, are already in reality hers. Mr. Quin has fallen into something of this delusion. The case is bad enough; but it is not yet, as his language would lead one to suspect, a hopeless one.

The political chapters of Mr. Quin's work are, however, enriched with one feature of the most important and interesting nature. He has somehow obtained, and printed, for our benefit, *a full copy*—of the treaty of *Unkiar Skelessi*—which, by the bye, means the 'King's Stairs,' and not (as he says) the 'Giant's Mountain.' By this treaty of *defensive alliance*, the two high contracting parties engage to afford to each other 'mutual *materiel* succours.' But the separate article now exhibited states, that the Emperor of all the Russias, wishing to spare the Sublime Porte the charges and embarrassments which would result on its part from the grant of such '*materiel* succours,' is willing to waive such succours, and, in conformity with the principle of reciprocity, is contented that, in lieu thereof, 'the Sublime Porte shall limit its action in favour of the Imperial Court of Russia *to shutting the strait*

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*strait of the Dardanelles;* that is to say, not to permit any foreign ship of war to enter it under any pretext whatsoever.' The *treaty*, in fact, had been neither more nor less than a plausible pretext for the *secret article.* 'One party,' says Mr. Quin, 'agrees at first, and in open market, to lend the other a pound of powder; but for the pound of powder both parties subsequently agree in secret to substitute the *key* of the Dardanelles.' It gives the autocrat the power, whenever he may choose to quarrel with any nation, of saying to the Porte, 'I do not want your powder, but, in lieu of it, you must shut the Dardanelles against my enemies.' We entirely concur with Mr. Quin, that every hour this *separate secret article* is allowed to exist, it inflicts an outrage on the law, and, on what is higher than the law—the honour of all other nations.

England, in 1809, consented not to lead her men-of-war up the Dardanelles; but this was only that she might furnish no pretext for those of Russia coming down. England never admitted the principle of exclusion. While the whole of the *coasts* of the Black Sea were Turkish, then indeed the Porte might do what she chose with her own; but from the moment that another power gained a footing in that sea, and moreover erected arsenals and constructed navies there, it became imperative on England to acquire the right of passage, if she had it not before. In the midst of European struggles for a temporary object, she allowed the right, but the recognised right, to lie dormant. But the time for talking of rights has passed away. The Turkish nation, by all the means that men possess for rendering their thoughts intelligible, invoke the protecting and invigorating presence of the squadron of Great Britain; but Russia holds up before us the parchment of a deed done in darkness: a parchment powerful as a talisman—but, like that, only powerful through the ignorance and credulity of men.

Thus, however, does the Muscovite step by step go on steadily, quietly but surely; and if Prussia and Austria be weak enough to look on in the expectation of a share in the spoil, while our own once-glorious name continues to be degraded among the nations by the necessary consequences of internal feud and faction, *why* should Russia cease to go on in the same style—until the cross has supplanted the crescent on the dome of Saint Sophia—the favourite object never for a moment lost sight of since the days of Catharine II.?

We can well believe that the crafty ministers of the Czar contemplate with the highest delight all that fills us with such deep alarm in the late and present condition of this country—and of France too. But if the recent proceedings of the Autocrat will not awaken Europe at large from her slumbers, ere the incorporation of Turkey is completed, Europe may as well continue to slumber on;

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on;—for we may be well assured that the possession of Turkey would speedily lead to the sacrifice of another and another victim at the shrine of inordinate ambition. England and France, however, at all events will not, we trust, be found to have lost all sense of honour and wisdom as respects a question to which a myriad of internal intrigues are but as dust in the balance. It behoves them, we think, to take immediate and effective measures to compel the Muscovite to nullify this surreptitious and offensive treaty. We are told, indeed, that Lord Ponsonby was instructed to remonstrate against this proceeding *at the Porte;* that Lord Palmerston also addressed a note to Count Nesselrode, disapproving of that transaction, and notifying that his government *would act as if it had never taken place;* and finally, that a similar note was addressed to the same quarter by the French minister, to which the following epigrammatic reply was returned—'*Russia will act as if these notes had never been written.*' We believe all this is true; but the affair cannot end thus. 'The phrase,' says Mr. Quin, 'that escaped Alexander, when he called the Dardanelles *the key of my house*, is preguant with a truth that becomes every day more apparent.'

Let us for a moment bring under view what this gigantic power —gigantic as to the physical force of numbers, but still more fearful by its intellectual superiority—not the intellect of its people, as compared with those of Europe, but the intellect of its diplomatists, as compared with those of other countries—is preparing. Let us, in the first place, turn our attention to the Baltic. In military occupation of both shores of the Gulf of Finland, the eastern coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, and the eastern coast of the Baltic as far as Tilsit, Russia has nothing to disturb her along the whole of these shores. Prussia, on whom her territory joins, has no navy, except a little toy frigate at Potsdam, a present from our King William; and she is moreover her ally. The harmless state of Denmark has a few ships of the line, one of which is occasionally put into commission. Those of Sweden—impoverished Sweden—have long been rotting in harbour. But that is nothing: it is well understood that some great change is at hand in Sweden: a very powerful party in that once lofty nation are desirous of uniting their country to the great neighbouring empire; and it is boldly affirmed that old Bernadotte (*mirabile dictu!*) is not averse from the plan. Perhaps, he may be well aware that the amiable and accomplished Prince Gustavus Vasa, the legitimate heir of the ancient monarchs of Sweden, has many secret friends who only wait for a fit opportunity to hoist his standard on the soil ennobled by the valour and virtues of his ancestors—and the shrewd old Frenchman may think

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think it politic, since the succession of his own throne is so doubtful, to secure, at all events, to young Oscar the quiet enjoyment of the vice-royalty of Sweden, when it shall become a province of Russia. Should this happen, Russia would have a line of sea-coast from the Gulf of Finland to Behring's Strait—from the German Ocean to the Pacific. For what purpose, then, does Russia keep in commission so large a fleet in the Baltic as eighteen sail of the line and as many frigates, which she paraded last summer fully manned and well equipped? She has no enemy at home—she has no foreign possessions to protect—she has no interests in the Mediterranean that require a single ship—she has neither port, nor island, nor a foot of territory, nor any trade in that quarter that calls for her interference or protection.

Turning our attention to the Black Sea—although every possible caution is used for concealment of what is there going on, it is nevertheless well known that, for some time past, the most active operations have been in progress preparatory for some hostile movement: she has no enemy there that can touch her—she is in possession of all the shores of that close sea, except where her humbled ally still keeps a few leagues on the southern coasts—she has taken care that no foreign ship of war can even approach that sea; yet warlike preparations are making with the utmost activity. We have seen a sketch of the works which are constructing round the naval arsenal of Sevastopol, and which when finished will completely protect it against any force ever likely to be brought against it. From private information, on which we are disposed to rely, we are told, as far back as December, 1834,—

'Extensive military preparations are making by Russia in the Black Sea, where she has put *twenty-five ships of the line* on the stocks, and intends increasing her fleet there to *sixty sail* of different sizes. Workmen are employed night and day in adding to the fortifications of Sevastopol.'

From another correspondent we learn that—

'All the docks in the Black Sea are in great activity; a great number of naval officers arrive daily from the ports of the Baltic at Sevastopol overland; and since the summer (of 1834) no less than 12,000 men have been constantly employed in rendering the position of this fortress impregnable. They are also increasing the number of their steam-vessels. They expect six from England, armed and manned by Englishmen, who are well paid, and hired for three years. One has already gone by way of Lisbon and Malta, the "Peter the Great," Captain Fox.'

To enable Russia to carry on her operations *unseen*, and without being under the necessity of making application for supplies to any foreign state, that might create suspicion, her provinces adjacent



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to the Black Sea furnish abundance of the required materials—timber, iron, copper, and cordage may be procured at small cost and almost to any extent; and when ships are brought down to the Sea of Marmora or the Dardanelles, she will find no difficulty in getting them manned from the islands of the archipelago, by some of those amiable Greeks whose trade as pirates and pilots has at length nearly been destroyed. The Greeks, indeed, *have* a bond of union with the Russians in their common religion; and good pay will not be wanting in so vital a service, whenever the crisis may arrive—not of contesting for the supremacy in the Black Sea, which they already have—the wanton affair of Navarin* gave them *that;* but for the far nobler object of ambition—*the supremacy in the Mediterranean!* Ten years ago all this would have appeared a chimera; but friends and foes have unfortunately alike contributed to realize the audacious projects of Catharine; and unless Turkey should regain her independence through the aid of England and France, which we think they are bound to give, so as to be enabled to oppose an effective barrier to the passage of a Russian fleet through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, we may ere long see the full completion of those long contemplated designs. It is not altogether concealed that the anxious wish of the Russians is to be released from their *imprisonment in the Black Sea*—and who doubts that *this*, once accomplished, would open a new era to Russia, to the development of her internal resources, and the vast extension of her foreign influence?

This release can only follow the occupation of the Dardanelles—that is, the acquisition of an advanced position that renders her invulnerable, and which gives her in addition an immense empire, men, treasures, materials, and a fleet. One hundred sail will be ready a month after the occupation to issue from the straits. What then would happen it is not difficult to foresee. Greece thrown into utter confusion—the puny monarchy of the Bavarian boy destroyed—the imbecile government dissolved—the Ionian Islands insulted and plundered—the Levant trade cut up, and for a time annihilated. France, equally unprepared with ourselves, would be pretty much in the same predicament.

We see all this and much more coming; time is all that is required for the consummation; time wears on—yet what are we doing—what *is* to be done? Lord Durham is gone to St. Peters-

* The fleet of an ally peaceably at anchor in the bay of Navarin, consisting of three sail of the line and nineteen frigates, was attacked by ten sail of the line and ten frigates, led on by three admirals; and the cruel havoc which they were able to make, magnified in quackish and gasconading phrase into utter *destruction*, was rewarded as a victory! The high character and renown of the British navy were not gained by such *victories* as this.

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burg—what *can* he do there that will change the progress of events? It has been whispered that the Emperor was to be requested to *disarm*—modest and amiable assurance! Imagine the yell of laughter that would arise from the Sclavonic millions if they were told to '*disarm!*' Imagine Lord Durham—another Æschines addressing another Philip—requesting Nicholas to DISARM! No, we must play our game, and strive to win it—not ask our antagonist to remove his pieces from the board. Russia plays for conquest; her existence, perhaps voluntarily at first, but irrevocably now, is involved in her success. The northern hordes sigh for Asia Minor, the Russian nobles for the Bosphorus. Her navies await the signal to unmoor, her million of soldiers the word to march; if they wait patiently it is to make more sure. Ask the Emperor for any proof of his moderation, his generosity, or his '*condescension*'—any pledge, any guarantee, on any point, and you will receive a gracious reply. You may receive, as 'proofs of his imperial condescension,' a few firmans for the passage of the Dardanelles, or even a commercial treaty with Persia, or a shorter quarantine on the Danube; but all these advantages will be sacrificed if the word *disarm* is only whispered.

We cannot afford to follow Mr. Quin through the rest of his travels. He has some entertaining chapters on his ride across the Balkan—on Adrianople and Constantinople—on Smyrna—on Athens—on the Ionian Islands and their late governor, Lord Nugent, whose administration is highly lauded—and, finally, on Venice, Rome, and Naples. But these regions have been so often described of late years, and most of them by such able writers, that we may without disrespect pass over the results of Mr. Quin's rapid progress homewards. It appears from various passages, that he is a Roman Catholic, and from many more that he is rather a keen Whig; but still we are bound to say, that he deserves the title, in its true and best sense, of a liberal traveller—and we therefore hope to hear more news of him in this capacity.

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ART. X.—*Ion; a Tragedy.* London. 1835. (Privately printed.)

THIS poem, to which we hazarded an allusion in our last Number, has been placed at our disposal; but as the writer persists in not publishing it, we should hardly consider ourselves justified in making it the subject of a minute critical examination. We embrace, however, the opportunity of gratifying our readers with a few specimens of a tragic composition, which, after re-



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peated perusal, we are satisfied must ultimately fix the name of Mr. Talfourd on a very high station in contemporary literature. We know, indeed, of no work of this class, produced in recent times which affords more complete evidence of its author's capacity to place himself, if he chose, in the rank of our classical dramatists. He has studied the art thoroughly, and apprehends its resources and its difficulties as nothing but severe meditation can enable any man to do: in what he has attempted he has succeeded admirably; and though he modestly doubts whether he could have adequately fulfilled a harder task, we are persuaded that few who study his piece will participate in that suspicion.

The beautiful 'Ion' of Euripides has suggested the name of the hero, and some circumstances of his position at the opening of the scene. Like the 'fatherless and motherless' boy of the Greek tragedian, he is a foundling, who has been nursed and reared within a temple, and is now employed in the services of the place; but with these exceptions, and that of a few scattered images, the modern author has taken nothing from that particular play. With the spirit of the high Greek drama, however, his whole mind and manner are deeply imbued; and yet, as *genius* never did nor can display itself without some bearing on the thoughts, and feelings, and tastes of its own age, he has given us a tragedy which, while it must afford peculiar and exquisite delight to the classical scholar, might, we think, with some slight alterations, be produced with extraordinary effect on our own stage; that is to say, supposing us to be in possession of two or three actors qualified to embody the lofty and graceful conceptions of a true tragic poet.

The object and general plan of 'Ion' are thus opened to us in a short preface:—

'The idea of the principal character,—that of a nature essentially pure and disinterested, deriving its strength entirely from goodness and thought, not overcoming evil by the force of will, but escaping it by an insensibility to its approach—vividly conscious of existence and its pleasures, yet willing to lay them down at the call of duty,—is scarcely capable of being rendered sufficiently striking in itself, or of being subjected to such agitations as tragedy requires in its heroes. It was necessary, in order to involve such a character in circumstances which might excite terror, or grief, or joy, to introduce other machinery than that of passions working naturally within, or events arising from ordinary and probable motives without; as its own elements would not supply the contests of tragic emotion, nor would its sufferings, however accumulated, present a varied or impressive picture. Recourse has therefore been had—not only to the old Grecian notion of DESTINY, apart from all moral agencies, and to a *prophecy* indicating its purport in reference to the individuals involved in its chain,—but to the idea of *fascination*, as an engine by which

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which *Fate* may work its purposes on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action, most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue. Either perhaps of these aids might have been permitted, if used in accordance with the entire spirit of the piece; but the employment of *both* could not be justified in a drama intended for visual presentation, in which a certain verisimilitude is essential to the faith of the spectator. Whether any groups surrounded with the associations of the Greek mythology, and subjected to the capricious laws of Greek superstition, could be endowed by genius itself with such present life as to awaken the sympathies of an English audience, may well be doubted; but it cannot be questioned that except by sustaining a stern unity of purpose, and breathing an atmosphere of Grecian sentiment over the whole, so as to render the picture national and coherent in all its traits, the effect must be unsatisfactory and unreal. Conscious of my inability to produce a work thus justified to the imagination by its own completeness and power, I have not attempted it; but have sought, out of mere weakness, for 'Fate and metaphysical aid' to 'crown withal' the ordinary persons of a romantic play.'—*Preface*, p. ix.

We are of opinion that to real genius an audience would freely grant all and more than Mr. Talfourd has feared to ask for himself. But we shall not at present enter into any *vexed questions*.

The *destiny* of this piece hangs over the royal race of Argos; and the *prophecy* announces that the vengeance which their misrule has brought down on their people, in the form of a wide and wasting pestilence, can only be disarmed by the utter extirpation of the guilty house. The reigning king, Adrastus—whose character and history have from the beginning been darkened by his knowledge of such a prophecy—conceives himself to be a childless man; and maddened with the sense of this terrible doom being concentrated on his head, he has felt and acted as one cut off, from the hour of his birth, from all possibility either of human sympathy or of divine compassion. While the plague is ravaging his city, and the senators and priests are sending their deputations to Delphi, in hopes of grace or guidance, the prince continues shut up in his palace, apparently insensible to the calamity around its gates, deaf to the cries of his people, inaccessible to his councillors, and plunged in a reckless career of debauchery, in which the captains of his guard are his sole companions. The pestilence spreading more and more fiercely, and the mission to Delphi not having returned within the expected time, the priests and elders of Argos resolve to send once more to the palace, and implore their king to come forth and join with them in some solemn ceremonial calculated to appease the divine wrath; but the last messenger who had gone on such an errand had been beaten and scourged, and brought back for answer, that the next should be instantly put to

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to death. At this moment, the beautiful orphan and stripling of the temple courts, who has already exhibited something of the unexpected grandeur of his character, offers himself for the perilous embassy; and such is the fascination of his heroic innocence, that the High Priest, who has reared him and loves him as a child, consents.

But we must pause a moment on the change which had come over Ion at the outbreaking of the pestilence—the astonishment with which the senators heard that *he* had been the only inmate of the temple who continually braved all dangers in ministering to the necessities of the sick:—

'*Agenor.* What, Ion
The only inmate of this fane allowed
To seek the mournful walks where death is busy!—
Ion, our some-time darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud
To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such etherial aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
By no internal contest is he train'd
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquish'd;—*Love, the germ*
*Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,*
*Expanding with its progress, as the store*
*Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals*
*Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,*
*To flush and circle in the flower.* No tear
Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Press'd on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
And falter'd into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, *or from some slender vein*
*Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,*
*Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd*
*From its mysterious urn a sacred stream*
*In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure*
*Alone are mirror'd;* which, though shapes of ill
*May hover round its surface, glides in light,*
*And takes no shadow from them.*
*Cleon.* Yet, methinks,
Thou hast not lately met him, or a change
Pass'd strangely on him had not miss'd thy wonder.
His form appears dilated; in those eyes,
Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells;
Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now
Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care:
Those limbs which in their heedless motion own'd
A stripling's playful happiness, are strung
As if the iron hardships of the camp
Had given them sturdy nurture; and his step,
Its airiness of yesterday forgotten,
Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,
As if a warrior of heroic mould
Paced them in armour.
*Agenor.* Hope is in thy tale.
This is no freak of Nature's wayward course,
But work of pitying Heaven; for not in vain
The gods have pour'd into that guileless heart
The strengths that nerve the hero;—they are ours.'—p. 13.

In the next scene the youth himself appears, and reports the incidents of his last night's walk:—

'*Ion.*

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'*Ion.* I pass'd the palace where the frantic king
Yet holds his crimson revel, whence the roar
Of desperate mirth came, mingling with the sigh
Of death-subdued robustness, and the gleam
Of festal lamps mid spectral columns hung
Flaunting o'er shapes of anguish made them ghastlier.
How can I cease to tremble for the sad ones
He mocks—and him the wretchedest of all?
*Timocles.* And canst thou pity him? Dost thou discern,
Amidst his impious darings, plea for him?
*Ion.* Is he not childless, friendless, and a king?
He's human; and some pulse of good must live
Within his nature—have ye tried to wake it?'—p. 24.

His entreaty to be entrusted with the message to the king is in these words:—

'*Ion.* O do not think my prayer
Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send me!
The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lip of Phœbus;—ye are wise,
And needed by your country; ye are fathers:
I am a lone stray thing, whose little life
By strangers' bounty cherish'd, like a wave
That from the summer sea a wanton breeze
Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside
Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking.'

From an interview which succeeds between Ion and Clemanthe, the daughter of his guardian high-priest, Medon, we must quote what follows (Phocion, Clemanthe's only brother, is on the embassy to Delphi):—

'*Clemanthe.* O thou canst never bear these mournful offices!
So blithe, so merry once! Will not the sight
Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,
Or the dumb woe congeal thee!
*Ion.* No, Clemanthe;
*They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest!*
If thou hadst seen the warrior while he writhed
In the last grapple of his mighty frame
With mightier anguish, strive to cast a smile
(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,
The widow of the moment fix her gaze
Of longing, speechless love upon the babe,
The only living thing which yet was hers,
Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
Yet with attenuated hand wave off
The unstricken child, and so embraceless die,
*Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart;*
Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief
In sullenness or frenzy;—but to-day
Another lot falls on me.
*Clem.* Thou wilt leave us!
I read it plainly in thy alter'd mien;—
Is it for ever?
*Ion.* That is with the gods.
I go but to the palace, urged by hope,
Which from afar hath darted on my soul,
That to the humbleness of one like me
The haughty king may listen.
*Clem.* To the palace!
Knowest thou the peril—nay the certain issue
That waits thee?
*Ion.* I know all;
But they who call me to the work can shield me,
Or make me strong to suffer.
*Clem.* Then the sword
Falls on thy neck! O Gods! to think that thou,
Who in the plenitude of youthful life
Art now before me, ere the sun decline,
Perhaps in one short hour, shalt lie cold, cold,
To speak, smile, bless no more! Thou shalt not go!
*Ion.* Thou must not stay me, fair one; even thy father,

Who

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Who (blessings on him!) loves me as his son,
Yields to the will of Heaven.
*Clem.* And he can do this!
I shall not bear his presence if thou fallest
By his consent; so shall I be alone.
*Ion.* Phocion will soon return, and juster thoughts
Of thy admiring father close the gap
Thy old companion left behind him.
*Clem.* Never!
What will to me be father, brother, friends,
When thou art gone—the light of our life quench'd—
Haunting like spectres of departed joy
The home where thou wert dearest?
*Ion.* Thrill me not
With words that in their agony suggest
A hope too ravishing,—or my head will swim,
And my heart faint within me.
*Clem.* Has my speech
Such blessed power? I will not mourn it, then,
Though it hath told a secret I had borne
Till death in silence;—how affection grew
To this, I know not; day succeeded day,
Each fraught with the same innocent delights,
Without one shock to ruffle the disguise
Of sisterly regard which veil'd it well,
Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,
And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.
Do not despise it in me!
*Ion.* With deep joy
Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long
Since I have learn'd to tremble midst our pleasures,
Lest I should break the golden dream around me
With most ungrateful rashness. I should bless
The sharp and perilous duty which hath press'd
A life's deliciousness into these moments,
Which here must end. I came to say farewell,
And the word must be said.
*Clem.* Thou canst not mean it!
Have I disclaim'd all maiden bashfulness
To tell the cherish'd secret of my soul
To my soul's master, and in rich return
Obtain'd the dear assurance of his love,
To hear him speak that miserable word,
I cannot—will not echo?
*Ion.* Heaven has call'd me,
And I have pledged my honour. When thy heart
Bestow'd its preference on a friendless boy,
Thou didst not image him a recreant; nor
Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.
Thou hast endow'd me with the right to claim
Thy help through this our journey, be its course
Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end,
And now I ask it!—bid my courage hold,
And with thy free approval send me forth
In soul apparell'd for my office!
*Clem.* Go!
I would not have thee other than thou art,
Living or dying—and if thou shouldst fall—
*Ion.* Be sure I shall return.
*Clem.* If thou shouldst fall,
I shall be happier as the affianced bride
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—
Thine—ever thine—

[*She faints in his arms.*'—p. 37.

We consider the next scene, in which Ion braves and disarms the spleen of the tyrant, as, on the whole, excellently conceived—but that it might be advantageously abridged. The unhappy king's announcement of the fatal prophecy that greeted his birth is, however, not to be passed over; the spirit of Greek thought and language was never more happily concentrated than in these lines:—

'*Adrastus.* At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its prince,
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstacies;
Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted cups
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,
My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,

In

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In the dark chamber where my mother lay
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these words
Of me the nurseling, 'Woe unto the babe!
'Against the life which now begins shall life
'Lighted from thence be arm'd, and both soon quench'd,
'End this great line in sorrow!'—p. 57.

In the third act, Adrastus meets his senate in the great square of the city; and while their expostulations are still in progress, the long-expected ambassadors return, and Phocion announces the oracle of Delphi:—

'Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease.'

The king, for whom alone (except Ion) this prophecy could have no novelty, receives it with frantic rage, and once more withdraws to his palace. The young men retire also to a grove without the walls; and the will of the Divinity being now explicitly declared, they cast lots to determine the hand by which the king is to die. The name of Ion is that which leaps out of the helmet; and the youth, whom Adrastus had spared but an hour before, is compelled, and solemnly undertakes, the execution of this dreadful office. Ctesiphon, another young man, draws the second lot; and it is his commission to follow Ion—if he falters, to punish his feebleness—if he fails, to consummate the sacrifice.

Next morning, while Ion is preparing himself in secret for his awful duty, and while he is actually within the palace, where the consequences of a deep debauch render the royal guards useless—the discovery, which the reader has probably anticipated, is evolving itself in the Argive temple. The aged priest and Clemanthe are at length satisfied that their foundling is no other than the only long-lost son of King Adrastus.

Act IV. opens in the royal chamber; the King is on a couch asleep; Ion enters with the consecrated knife which has been committed to his hand.

'*Ion.* Why do I creep thus stealthily along
With thief-like steps? Am I not arm'd by Heaven
To execute its mandate on a king
Whom it hath doom'd? Can hell have palter'd with me?
*Or some foul passion crouching in my soul,*
*Started in noble form to lure me on?*
Assure me, gods! Yes, I have heard your voice,
For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm
And see me stab? He's smiling in his sleep,
As if some happy thought of innocent days
Play'd at his heartstrings: must I scare it thence
With death's sharp agony? He lies condemn'd
By the high judgment of supernal powers,
And he shall know their sentence. Wake, Adrastus!
Collect thy spirits, and be strong to die!
*Adrastus.* Who dares disturb my rest? Guards! Soldiers! Recreants!
What wouldst thou with me, ruffian?
[*Rising.*
*Ion.* I am none,
But a sure instrument in Jove's great hand

To

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To take thy life long forfeited—prepare!
Thy hour is come!
*Adr.* Villains! does no one hear?
*Ion.* Vex not the closing minutes of thy being
With torturing hope or idle rage; thy guards,
Palsied with revelry, are scatter'd senseless,
While the most valiant of our Argive youths
Hold every passage by which human aid
Could reach thee. Present death is order'd for thee
By Powers who watch above me while I stand
To execute their sentence.
*Adr.* Thou!—I know thee—
The youth I spared this morning, in whose ear
I pour'd the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,
If thou darest do it, but bethink thee first
How the grim memory of thy thankless deed
Will haunt thee to the grave!
*Ion.* It is most true;
Thou sparedst my life, and therefore do the gods
Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall
Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin,
And not the great redress of Argos. Now—
Now, while I parley—spirits that have left,—
Within this hour have left,—tormented flesh
To rot untomb'd, glide by and frown on me,
Their slow avenger:—Now the chamber swarms
With looks of furies. Yet a moment wait,
Ye dreadful prompters!—If there is a friend
Whom dying thou wouldst greet by word or token,
Speak thy last bidding.
*Adr.* I have none on earth.
If thou hast courage, end me!
*Ion.* Not one friend!
Most piteous lot!
*Adr.* Art shaken?
*Ion.* If I am,
Hope nothing from my weakness—mortal arms
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us both,
And we shall die together. Be it so!
*Adr.* No! strike at once,—my hour is come—in thee
I recognise the minister of Jove,
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power. [*Kneels.*
*Ion.* Avert thy face.
*Adr.* No; let me meet thy gaze;
For breathing pity lights thy features up
Into more awful likeness of a form
Which once shone on me;—and which now my sense
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,
Inviting me to that sad realm, where shades
Of innocents, whom passionate regard
Link'd to the guilty, are content to pace
With them the margin of the inky flood,
Mournful and calm;—'tis surely there;
—she waves
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,
Death's gracious angel!—Do not turn away.
*Ion.* Gods! to what office have ye doom'd me?—Now!
*Adr.* Be quick, or thou art lost!
[*As* Ion *has again raised his arm to strike,* Medon *rushes in behind him.*]
*Medon.* Ion, forbear!
Behold thy son, Adrastus!
[Ion *stands for a moment stupified with horror, drops the knife, and falls senseless on the ground.*]'—p. 143.

The King falls by the hand of Ctesiphon; and the announcement that Ion is the rightful heir of the throne is received with rapture by the grateful people. But the plague continues unabated—and the devoted youths who had cast lots along with Ion and Ctesiphon for the office of *Avenger*, remember the pregnant words of the oracle—and shudder to think that Ion himself must now be the object of their vow. We pass over various scenes, in which their mingled feelings are developed with great art and most thrilling interest—having no room for more than these extracts from the two last scenes of Act V.—extracts which we hope need

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need no comment to make them intelligible, as assuredly they need no eulogy to point out their power and beauty:—

'*Ion.* What wouldst thou with me, lady?
*Clemanthe.* Is it so?
Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,
That the departing gleams of a bright dream,
From which I scarce had waken'd, made me bold
To crave a word with thee;—but all are fled—
*Ion.* 'Twas indeed a goodly dream;
But thou art right to think it was no more,
And study to forget it.
*Clem.* To forget it!
Indeed, my lord, I will not wish to lose
What, being past, is all my future hath,
All I shall live for; do not grudge me this,
The brief space I shall need it.
*Ion.* Speak not, fair one,
In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel
Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,
That troubled the deep quiet of thy soul
In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,
For a brief taste of rapture.
*Clem.* Dost thou yet
Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,
Be still! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us?
O, my dear Ion!—let me call thee so
This once at least—it could not in my thoughts
Increase the distance that there was between us
When, rich in spirit, thou to strangers' eyes
Seem'd a poor foundling.
*Ion.* It must separate us!
Think it no harmless bauble, but a curse
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,
And from familiar touch of genial hand,
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,
For ever banish me!
*Clem.* Thou dost accuse
Thy state too harshly; it may give some room,
Some little room, amidst its radiant cares,
For love and joy to breathe in.
*Ion.* Not for me;
My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed
From that sweet fellowship of human-kind
The slave rejoices in: my solemn robes
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,
And the attendants who may throng around me
Shall want the flatteries which may barely warm
The sceptral thing they circle. Dark and cold
Stretches the path which, when I wear the crown,
I needs must enter:—the great gods forbid
That thou shouldst follow in it!
*Clem.* O unkind!
And shall we never see each other?
*Ion.* (*After a pause.*) Yes!
I have ask'd that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish: we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!
*Clem.* Bless thee for that name;
Pray, call me so again; thy words sound strangely,
Yet they breathe kindness, and I'll drink them in
Though they destroy me. Shall we meet indeed?
Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,
Thy councils, or thy pomps;—to sit at distance,
To weave, with the nice labour which preserves
The rebel pulses even, from gay threads
Faint records of thy deeds, and sometimes catch
The falling music of a gracious word,
Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be
Comfort enough:—do not deny me this;
Or if stern fate compel thee to deny,
Kill me at once!
*Ion.* No; thou must live, my fair one:
There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes

To

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To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me.
*Clem.* O, I do! I do!
*Ion.* If for thy brother's and thy father's sake
Thou art content to live, the healer Time
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things
Of this delightful world,—and if another,
A happier—no, I cannot bid thee love
Another!—I did think I could have said it,
But 'tis in vain.
*Clem.* Thou art my own then still?
*Ion.* I am thine own! thus let me clasp me; nearer;
O joy too thrilling and too short!

*Enter* AGENOR.

*Agenor.* My lord,
The sacrificial rites await thy presence.
*Ion.* I come.—One more embrace—the last, the last
In this world! Now farewell! [*Exit.*
*Clem.* The last embrace!
Then he has cast me off!—no,—'tis not so;
Some mournful secret of his fate divides us;
I'll struggle to bear that, and snatch a comfort
From seeing him uplifted. I will look
Upon him in his throne; Minerva's shrine
Will shelter me from vulgar gaze; I'll hasten,
And feast my sad eyes with his greatness there! [*Exit.*]'—p. 191.

The last scene is again in the Great Square: on one side is the throne—on the other an altar. The people are assembled to witness the instalment of Ion in his royal dignity. The young king, attended by the High Priest Medon, the senators, Agenor, &c., advances in his robes. He is received with shouts—pauses in front of the throne, and speaks:—

*Ion.* I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to Heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.
Must I sit here?
*Medon.* My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.
*Ion.* Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter; yet sustain'd
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it. [*Sits on the throne.*
Stand forth, Agenor.
*Agenor.* I await thy will.
*Ion.* To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people;—Thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earn'd
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is;
And order my sad country.
*Agenor.* Pardon me—
*Ion.* Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request;
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.
*Agenor.* Die! Ere that hour
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown!
*Ion.* Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his;—exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey benumb'd at noontide. Let me see
The captain of the guard.
*Crythes.* I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestow'd
On one who loved him well.

*Ion.*

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*Ion.* I cannot mark thee,
That wakest the memory of my father's weakness,
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learn'd the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issues wait it. In our realm
We shall not need it longer.

*Crythes.* Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?

*Ion.* No, Crythes!—in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard;—while we do not use
Our power towards others, so that we should blush
To teach our children;—while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason;—while their sinews grow
Hard 'mid the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need to guard our walls in peace
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee;—but thy valiant troop,
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.

*Crythes.* My Lord—

*Ion.* No more—my word hath pass'd.
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
As thou didst me; there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoil'd inmate.

*Medon.* Think of thee, my Lord?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.

*Ion.* Prithee no more. Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crush'd by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness;—what he *did*
Alas! ye know;—could ye know what he *suffer'd*,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space,
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be govern'd—all degrees—
Not placed in dext'rous balance; not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty;—tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!

*Medon.* Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long;—the paleness of thy face,
Which late seem'd death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.

*Ion.* The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king
And claim obedience. Swear, that if I die
And leave no issue, ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.

MEDON

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MEDON *and others.* We swear it!
*Ion.* Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended.
[*He goes to the altar.*
Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now;—and if there is a Power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven;—to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself.*
CLEMANTHE *rushes forward.*
*Clem.* Hold!
Let me support him — stand away — indeed
I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.
*Ion.* This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.—
Bend thine eyes on me!
*Clem.* And for this it was
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee!
Couldst thou think
I would be so divorced?
*Ion.* Thou art right, Clemanthe,—
It was a shallow and an idle thought;
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now,
No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feign'd, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?
*Clem.* I will treasure all.
*Enter* IRUS.
*Irus.* I bring you glorious tidings—Ha! no joy
Can enter here.
*Ion.* Yes—is it as I hope?
*Irus.* The pestilence abates.
*Ion.* [*Springs to his feet.*] Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not?—ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispell'd! — My own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee — Argos lives again—
The offering is accepted—all is well!'
[*Dies.*]—p. 204.

We leave these specimens to vindicate our high praise of this performance. That ION will not only be published, but *acted* hereafter, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt; and if these results are in any degree forwarded by this notice, our purpose has been attained.

It is now about a year since we introduced to our readers the noblest effort in the true old taste of our English historical drama that has been made for more than a century; and we have high gratification in seeing Philip van Artevelde followed, within so short a space, by this splendid attempt to recall into the power of life and sympathy the long-buried genius of the antique Tragedy of Fate.

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ART.

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ART. XI.—1. *Mémoires authentiques de Maximilien Robespierre.* 2 tomes. Paris, 1830.
2. *Mémoires de Charlotte Robespierre sur ses deux Frères.* Paris, 1835.

THE most prominent, yet the most mysterious, figure in the *phantasmagoria* of the French Revolution is MAXIMILIAN DE ROBESPIERRE. Of no one of whom so much has been said is so little known. He was at first too much despised, and at last too much feared, to be closely examined or justly appreciated. The blood-red halo by which his last years were enveloped magnified his form, but obscured his features. Like the *Genius* of the Arabian tale, he emerged suddenly from a petty space into enormous power and gigantic size, and as suddenly vanished, leaving behind him no trace but terror.

We therefore received with curiosity the two publications whose titles are prefixed to this article, in the hope that they might afford some insight into the personal, and perhaps some explanation of the public conduct of this mysterious man, who, in the guilty whirl of his revolutionary career, amidst the blaze of the most enthusiastic popularity, in the supreme and despotic omnipotence of a dictator, contrived to bury his private life in a deep and apparently modest obscurity. We have been entirely disappointed. The first, which affects to be an *autobiography* of Robespierre down to the close of the Constituent Assembly, is a manifest fabrication, and almost avowed to be so in the editor's preface. It contains a few small particulars of his early life, which might have been gleaned from persons who knew him, but the bulk is compiled from the files of the *Moniteur*. We therefore did not consider it worthy a separate notice, and are now only reminded of it by the still more impudent fabrication of the Memoirs of Charlotte Robespierre, of which the following is, we have reason to believe, a true account.

A young republican, of the name of Laponneraye, one of the heroes, it seems, of the *Great Days of July*, 1830, being grievously mortified at the result of that very *untoward* victory, betook himself to the task of enlightening the lower classes of the Parisians by certain lectures on the history of the French Revolution, which he delivered gratuitously on the Sunday evenings in a style that procured for their author we know not how many prosecutions and penal inflictions. In the course of these lectures he undertook the defence of Robespierre, whom he considers as the purest of patriots and the best of men. It happened that in an obscure quarter of Paris there still existed—on a pension originally granted by Buonaparte, but continued by those cruel and bigoted Bourbons,

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bons, who *never forgot and never forgave*—the sister of the Robespierres! This poor old woman, buried alive under the weight of 74 years—of complicated ill health*—and of her intolerable *name*—must have been surprised, to the whole extent of her remaining faculties, at hearing that name again publicly pronounced, not only without horror but with the extravagant admiration of the palmy days of the Jacobins. Laponneraye gives a vague and pompous account of the sympathy that soon united their hearts—of the tender friendship to which their common affection for the '*humane and virtuous*' Maximilian gave sudden birth. He solicited the honour of being allowed to call himself her son, and she, it seems, complied with the rational request. On her death, in August, 1834, the *bookseller* states, that 'she left these Memoirs to M. Laponneraye *qui nous a cédé*'—not *gratuitously*, we suppose—'the right of publication.'

In England the assertion of any man of letters, and of any respectable publisher, that a work was printed from the MS. of a person lately deceased would never be questioned—we regret to repeat that it is quite the reverse in France, and that the assurances given us of the authenticity of the Memoirs of Mlle. de Robespierre, not only create no confidence, but would have excited our suspicions even had there been no other evidence.

In the first place they are found in a catch-penny collection called the *Mémoires de Tous*, which appears in *livraisons* of one volume each (we are now at the third), and which professes to be a kind of asylum for short memoirs and details of particular transactions not bulky enough to claim a separate existence. The idea is a good one—but the materials have hitherto been contemptible either for their inanity, their folly, or their falsehood;—there is not in the three volumes a single tract of the smallest value. According therefore to the old proverb, 'Dis moi qui tu hantes, et je te dirai qui tu es,' this work has no great claim to respect.

In the next place, the *publisher*, in an anonymous advertisement prefixed to the *editor* Laponneraye's preface, says that Mlle. Robespierre *left* the MS. to Laponneraye. Why does not Laponneraye say so himself? The truth is, he could not; for Mlle. Robespierre's *will* is preserved, and it bequeaths everything she leaves behind in the world to Mlle. Mathon, a person whose family had received and protected, and who herself had attended, the poor old woman to her last hour.

Again: the *publisher* talks of *Memoirs*—but the *editor* himself pretends to nothing but some few scattered *Notes*, which he *admits*

* Cette fille estimable a vendu sa portion de patrimoine pour soutenir ses frères. Des chagrins nés antérieurement à leur punition ont altéré sa santé au point de la rendre incapable d'un long travail.—*Lettre de Guffroy à la Convention* 1794, p. 181.

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that he has *put together according to his own discretion.* But even this very small degree of authority we must question: a few scattered notes arranged at the discretion of such a person as Laponneraye would not be worth much; but we are satisfied that not a line of the work could have been *written* by the pen of Mlle. Robespierre. The style, in our judgment, is evidently that of Laponneraye; at all events, it is that of a journalist *of this day*, and not of a poor old recluse. The modern slang—the neology—the thoughts and phrases all smelling of the *Three Great Days*—are no more like what old Charlotte Robespierre would have hammered out than they are to Marot or Rabelais. The work professes to have been written between 1827 and 1832. Now in 1827 Mlle. Robespierre was, by her own account, sixty-seven—and in 1832, seventy-two—rather *late* to set about writing memoirs; and the impatient and declamatory *earnestness* of the opening chapter forms a singular contrast with the fact that the supposed writer had for forty years, in which she had nothing else to do, neglected this *duty*. A woman who had felt so strong a passion for writing about her brother could never have deferred till 1827 to make even a beginning. But there are some other circumstances still more conclusive. Mlle. Robespierre is made to say, that her brother belonged to 'two legislative assemblies *successively*.' This is a slip of M. Laponneraye's youthful memory, which could not have happened to the contemporary and sister. Robespierre was indeed member of two legislative assemblies, but *not successively*—he belonged only to the first and the last; and to that intermediate one, which is called for distinction '*the Legislative Assembly*,' and to which reference is made, it happens that Robespierre did not belong. And again—Mlle. Robespierre complains—and Laponneraye, in his own character, repeats and presses the complaint—that *Le Vasseur*, in his Memoirs, recently published, should have been guilty of the *indiscretion* of printing a letter from Mlle. Robespierre to her brother, which was found after his death, and which, she says, has been maliciously garbled and altered, so as to give a very false idea of the said brother's character, and of their fraternal relations. Le Vasseur's Memoirs were a fabrication (proved to be so in a court of justice), made by one Roche, and published from 1829 to 1832.* But Laponneraye, this last historian of the Revolution, seems so stupendously ignorant of the subject he was writing about, as not to be aware that this letter, and with it another† from the younger Robespierre to

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xlix. p. 29.

† As this letter is short, and not so generally known as the other, we insert it:—

'No. XLII. A.—*Robespierre the younger to his Brother.*

'*My sister has not a drop of our blood in her veins.* I have heard and seen enough of



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to the elder, concerning their sister, appears in the celebrated '*Rapport sur les papiers trouvés chez Robespierre, par Courtois*'—read in the Convention soon after Robespierre's death, printed both in quarto and octavo, and distributed all over Europe, *six-and-thirty years* before Le Vasseur's pretended Memoirs appeared.

The way Laponneraye deals with this letter is very characteristic of the spirit of fraud and falsification in which his work has been concocted. The letter has been always quoted as undeniable evidence of the *malevolence* and *malignity* of Robespierre's personal character; but, Laponneraye's object being to extol this misrepresented patriot as the acme of all public virtue and private amiability, he boldly puts into Charlotte's mouth a double assertion, first, that all the passages attributing to Robespierre '*blind hatred*,' '*implacability*,' '*dreadful passion*,' '*outrageous cruelty*,' &c., were interpolations of their enemies, and not to be found in the original; and secondly, that it was not addressed to Maximilian, but to the *younger* brother. On the first point we observe, that the attempt to get rid of the force of a letter which has been forty years before the public by denying a phrase here and there is ridiculous; the whole context is consistent, and a word, more or less, would not in any degree affect its general character. As to the second point, though addressed to one brother, it refers to the common enmity of *both*, and whether addressed to Maximilian or Augustin, the effect would be nearly the same; but who can believe that it was written to any other than the *supreme power*? If the quarrel had been with Augustin alone, is it not plain that she would have appealed to Maximilian—his master and hers? And we see that the terms of Augustin's letter, which Laponneraye does not seem to have known, imply that Charlotte was *compromising* in some public way *their* political reputation, and threatening some public and scandalous exposure which would have endangered *their* political position.

We insist on these points rather more than at first sight they may seem to deserve, because it is evident that there exists at least *one other letter* of Mlle. Robespierre, which Laponneraye wishes also

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of her to satisfy me that she is our *greatest enemy*. She turns our spotless reputation to her own account, in order to rule us, and *to threaten us with some scandalous proceedings on her part which may compromise us*.

'We must take some decided steps against her. She must be sent back to Arras [their native town], that we may be relieved from the presence of a woman who is become our common plague. She tries to give us the character of being bad brothers; her calumnies—widely spread—have no other object.

'I wish you would see *La Citoyenne* Lasaudraie; she could give you full information concerning all the impostors by whom we are surrounded, and whom it is most important to detect. A certain St. Felix seems to be of the clique.....'—*Rapport de Courtois*, p. 177.

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to invalidate. He makes Mlle. Robespierre say, that having been sent to prison on the *Tenth Thermidor*, she was then over-persuaded by a female spy, who seemed to be a fellow-prisoner, to sign some paper, she knows not *what;* but she 'has, alas! but too much reason to fear that it may have contained assertions unworthy of her and which her heart abjures!'—(p. 128.)

We are not aware to what this may allude; and we really believe that Mlle. Robespierre's revelations, either in 1794 or in 1834, would not elucidate in any *essential* point the history of her brother; but—*valeant quantum*—we enter our protest against Laponneraye's fraudulent attempt to discredit the written testimonies of the time.

As to these Memoirs, we have said, and we repeat, that we do not believe that Mlle. Robespierre wrote one line of them; but we think it possible that Laponneraye may have obtained from her, in conversation, a few trivial circumstances and meagre anecdotes, which he has expanded into an hundred pages: we believe, however, that even this communication could have existed but to a very small extent indeed.

But whatever his materials may have been, whether written notes or verbal communications, it is evident that they are scanty and trivial to a wonderful degree. We cannot understand how any man could have talked even for two hours with the sister of Robespierre without having learned something more interesting, and above all something more individual and characteristic, than the trash which is here given. The only evidence of its approach to truth is its entire unimportance. Laponneraye seems to be a very silly, as he certainly is a very unprincipled, fellow; but if he had been *altogether* fabricating, he would certainly have invented something more suitable to the double purpose of panegyrizing Jacobins and selling his book. We therefore conclude that *some* of the facts he may have had from Mlle. Robespierre; while the ridiculous eloquence with which he embroiders these trivial matters is entirely his own.

In looking over—as the examination of these worthless publications obliged us to do—the more respectable works on the French Revolution, we could not but observe how vague, unsatisfactory, and even inconsistent, are *all the accounts of Robespierre.* His name, indeed, occurs in every page—his speeches fill the *Moniteur*—his ambition and his crimes are the commonplaces of the historian and the moralist; but the real *objects* and *extent* of that ambition—his *motives* and actual *share* in those crimes, are still involved in contradiction and obscurity. To this obscurity four circumstances have mainly contributed:—1. the natural reserve and mystery of his own personal character; 2. the humble position



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of his family and connexions; 3. the simultaneous death of all those who were interested in giving any explanation of his motives; and, lastly, his being made the scape-goat of all the surviving villains, who loaded his memory with *their* crimes as well as *his own*, and were careful to stifle any inquiries which might lead to the separation of his real from his imputed offences.

From all these causes it is probable that we shall never obtain a full insight into Robespierre's character, the individual motives of his actions, and the exact scope and aim of his ulterior designs. But something may yet be done—some of his contemporaries are still alive. There exists an immense mass of ephemeral publications which have been but imperfectly examined; and the public archives of France do, or at least did lately, contain a great deal of curious and unpublished matter; all of which, we think, if duly examined, sifted, and arranged, would throw very important lights on this most interesting—and, we must say, still unwritten—history. We have not the pretension of being able to contribute anything to such a work; but in the following hasty and, we are well aware, very imperfect sketch of the events of Robespierre's life, we shall indicate some of the doubts and difficulties which have struck our minds, in the hope of directing, to their elucidation, the attention of *those* who may have more leisure and better opportunities of investigation.

*Francis Maximilian Joseph Isidore* DE *Robespierre** was born on the 6th of April, 1759.† His father was an advocate at Arras; he lost his mother (Mary Carreau, a brewer's daughter) when he, the eldest of four children, was seven years old; and his father, soon after his wife's death, fled his own country for debt—kept for a short time a French school at Cologne—thence passed over, it is said, to England—and, finally, to America, and there disappeared. Laponneraye (for it would be idle to keep up the farce of attributing these Memoirs to Charlotte Robespierre) tells us that the father had acquired great consideration by his integrity and his virtues, and was at once honoured and beloved by the

* When Robespierre first appeared in the world he prefixed the feudal particle *de* to his name. He was entered at college as *de Robespierre*—he was elected to the States-General as *de* Robespierre; after the abolition of all feudal distinctions he rejected the *de*, and called himself *Robespierre*. Of this these Memoirs take no notice; yet it is not an unimportant circumstance; Camille Desmoulins, in one of his publications, recalled this disagreeable fact to Robespierre's memory in an *aigre-doux* tone —half sneer, half flattery—which we suspect was more likely to have contributed to his proscription even than the *Vieux Cordelier* itself. At the moment that Camille revived this unlucky proof of the *aristocracy* of M. *de Robespierre*, it was an imputation that would have sent a less popular man to the guillotine; and Robespierre might well have remembered it with mortal resentment.

† This is the statement in the first public mention that ever was made of him—the general list of the members of the States-General; and it would seem as if that statement was made by himself: all the late biographies give the year 1760.

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whole city of Arras; and suggests, that having been advised *to travel* for a short time to alleviate his grief for the loss of his wife, he did so, and died a victim to his uxorious sensibility—though nobody ever knew when, where, or how. But Laponneraye does not inform us why his sensibility did not take the more obvious course of devoting himself to the care of his infant family, instead of abandoning them in *utter destitution* to the charity of their neighbours.

These Memoirs are very indignant at some biographies which state (improbably enough) that Robespierre's diabolical disposition exhibited itself almost in infancy by his beheading pigeons and sparrows. The Memoirs do not deny, and do not regret, that Maximilian sent thousands of *men* and *women* to the guillotine; but that he killed *pigeons* and *sparrows*—what an atrocious calumny! Not content with a mere refutation of this slander, the Memoirs undertake to establish the very *reverse:* they confess that he did keep sparrows and pigeons, but so far from beheading them, he would weep at the even accidental death of his little favourites. We shall give one passage as a perfect specimen of the absurd style in which these Memoirs have been fabricated:—

'A poor pigeon, forgotten one night by us,' [the sisters,] 'in a garden, perished in a storm. On hearing of this death Maximilian burst into tears; he overwhelmed us with reproaches, which our carelessness but too well deserved, and swore never again to trust us with any of his dear pigeons. It is now *sixty years* since, by a childish negligence, I thus excited the grief and tears of my elder brother, and *even to this hour* MY HEART BLEEDS for it. I seem not to have grown a day older since the tragical end of the poor pigeon so tenderly affected Maximilian and so deeply afflicted myself.'—p. 41.

A pigeon, dying—as if it were a hot-house plant—of being left out a night! and the heart that *still bleeds for it* at the end of sixty years!—sixty years, too, of *such* events as might, we think, have afforded even the sister of Robespierre some better excuse for a perennial bleeding of the heart!

After this we shall spare our readers any further specimen of the style in which Laponneraye inculcates the chief, we might almost say the sole, topic of his work, namely the *extreme tenderness and humanity* of Robespierre's nature, and his constitutional and almost morbid horror of blood. It is very true that Robespierre, and many other of the bloodiest villains of the revolution, (Marat himself, for instance,) began by declaiming against the punishment of death,—as indeed they did against *all* existing laws and punishments, and for very obvious reasons. We will even admit that men, not naturally worse than others, may, by faction, frenzy, or fear, be carried away into excesses which in their earlier

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days they would have contemplated with horror—but it is nauseous to find a hack scribbler like this Laponneraye stupidly and shamelessly declaiming on the *peculiar* benignity of the most wholesale murderer that, we believe, the world ever produced. We shall, therefore, trouble our readers no further with this point.

A different and more considerable class of writers have been carried, by various motives, into an opposite yet almost equally false estimate of his character. They represent him as a '*plat coquin*'—a '*niais*,' a low fellow of no abilities, raised to eminence by mere accident, blood-thirsty without object or measure, and instigated to enormous wickedness by a blind and *gratuitous* malevolence against the human race. This is, *à priori*, incredible, and seems indeed contradicted by the facts of the case. Robespierre must have been a man of abilities,—well educated,—a tolerable writer, an effective speaker,—and, at least, a clever party tactician. In a season of general brutality, profligacy, and corruption, his manners and conduct were decent, and his personal integrity unimpeached.* He had neither the eloquence of Vergniaud nor the vigour of Danton, but he had a combination of qualities which enabled him to subdue them, as well as all other rivals, and to raise himself to the sovereign authority on the ruins both of the kingdom and the republic. He (we know not who it was†) took no unfair view either of Maximilian's character or of that of his successor, who called Bonaparte *Robespierre à cheval*, —a military Robespierre,—and it is probable that if Robespierre, in the crisis of his fate, had possessed or employed military talents, the *Tenth Thermidor* might have been an *Eighteenth Brumaire*.

It is a curious circumstance that both the Robespierres owed their education, their maintenance, and even their profession as advocates, to those *charitable institutions* which they were so active in destroying, and in an especial degree to that *clergy* which they persecuted with such incredible cruelty. Maximilian and Augustin began their education at the college (or public school) at Arras, where Maximilian showed, at the age of ten or eleven, such dispositions as, coupled with his destitute state, attracted the notice and charity of the neighbouring clergy, and, amongst them, of M. de Conzie, bishop of Arras, who obtained, from the great Abbaye de St. Waast, one of its *exhibitions* to the college of Louis le Grand, at Paris, for the promising and interesting orphan. On his arrival in Paris another benevolent ecclesiastic, M. de la Roche, a canon of *Notre Dame*, took him under his protection, and during

* 'Les Girondins se dechainaient impitoyablement contre Robespierre parceque le succès de ce qu'on appelait sa *vertu* et son *eloquence* les irritait.'—2. Thiers, 99.

† As the ancient mythologists appropriated all legendary wonders to Hercules, the moderns attribute all stray political *bons mots* to M. de Talleyrand, and this amongst the rest,—but we suspect undeservedly.

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eight years Robespierre prosecuted his studies with so much success, and so much to the satisfaction of his patrons, that when his own period of education had been,—at the age of nineteen,—accomplished, the vacant exhibition was transferred to the younger brother Augustin. M. de la Roche, we are told, died in the earlier years of Robespierre's residence in Paris, but we do not know the name nor the *fate* of the benevolent ecclesiastics who recommended him to the patronage of the bishop. Did they die in the course of nature, before the Revolution, or did they perish in the massacres of September, or were they reserved for the lingering tortures of what was ironically called *deportation?* We trust that these good men, like M. de la Roche, were spared the agonies of the Revolution and the guiltless remorse of having contributed to the elevation of Robespierre. Still more consolatory would it be if we had any reason to believe that even one of his benefactors survived, and had been saved in the general persecution by the gratitude of his pupil. It has been *said*, indeed, that he always exhibited a certain degree of respect and protection to the persecuted clergy, and it has been surmised that he never wholly forgot either his personal obligations to them, or the religious impressions which they had given him. This seems to be admitted by writers the least favourable to his general character; but we confess that we discover no *facts* indicative of any such feelings.

Robespierre now dedicated himself to the law, and was admitted, Laponneraye says, to the bar of the parliament of Paris;—we doubt this fact—as we do not find his name in the official list: at all events his residence and his practice were in his native town of Arras, where he obtained some literary reputation as well as some legal success: a small portion of literature and law seems to have gone a great way at Arras, for the materials on which Robespierre's provincial fame is built are very trivial.

Laponneraye gives us (what he might have received from Mlle. Robespierre) some *opuscula*, written by Maximilian at this period. The first is a dedication to the '*Manes of Jean Jacques Rousseau*' of some work, the name and subject of which we are not told. The fabricator of the *autobiographical* Memoirs (who also seems to have obtained it from Charlotte) makes it the introduction to his work: we suspect its authenticity; it is indeed the kind of trash which people at that day used to write about Rousseau, but it certainly would be well for Robespierre's literary reputation if we could exculpate him from having written, after he had reached the years of discretion and was become a senator, such nonsense as this:—

'Thy example shall be my guide. Thy admirable CONFESSIONS, those high and candid emanations of the purity of thy soul,—[*the most*

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*most beastly trash that ever polluted the press*]—will go down to posterity,' less even as a model of taste than as *a prodigy of virtue*. I will walk in thy venerated footsteps, even though I should leave a name which future ages may not inquire about,—happy if, in the perilous career which an unheard of revolution opens to us, I shall remain immovably faithful to the inspirations which I have imbibed from thy writings.'—p. 138.

This dedication affords Laponneraye an excuse for making Charlotte Robespierre say—

'I know not on what occasion it was, but it is *certain* that my brother had an *interview* with Jean Jacques Rousseau. This I only know by the dedication he addressed to his manes.'—p. 44.

The *autobiographical* Memoirs had already built on the same expression a long fable of a sentimental interview, of which, had it been true, Charlotte might have informed Laponneraye; but, in fact, the phrase of the dedication says only—'*I saw you in your latter days*' (p. 132): which, as the context shows, probably means no more than that he may have seen him in the street. But such are the scanty and trivial incidents with which these fabricators are forced to eke out their pretended Memoirs.

But there are some other specimens of Robespierre's early literature, the very mediocrity and insipidity of which make an interesting contrast with the terrible celebrity of his after life. Few things contributed more to the bad taste and false morality which prepared and accelerated the Revolution than those *soi-disant* literary Societies, which propagated themselves over the whole face of France; and by the natural operation of which both the vanity of individuals and an *esprit de corps* became enlisted in the general attack upon all received principles and all constituted authority. One of these Societies—that of Dijon—announced so early as 1750 the ridiculous question, *Whether the arts and sciences had been beneficial to mankind?* Rousseau took the negative side of this thesis, and the success of his paradoxical essay had a great tendency to pervert the minds of both the Societies themselves and of the candidates for their honours; the young literati despised the beaten track of received opinions, and 'sought for eminence in the heresies of paradox.' Robespierre was one of these neophytes.

In 1784, the Society of Arts and Sciences at Metz proposed a prize for the best essay on the question, *Whence arises the opinion which extends to a whole family a portion of the disgrace inflicted on a criminal by a degrading punishment?—and is that opinion beneficial to society or otherwise?* For this prize Robespierre became a candidate, and of course took the liberal side of the question; and, in allusion to this circumstance, Laponneraye puts into

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into Charlotte's mouth this significant remark, that Maximilian little thought that he was pleading by anticipation the cause of *his own family*; but she assures—in a sentimental apostrophe—his '*ombre chérie*,' that she is '*all-glorious of belonging to his blood*'—to his *blood*?—yes, that is the very word!

Some time after, the Academy of Amiens offered a prize on 'Eloge de Gresset.' Robespierre again entered the lists, but obtained only an *honourable mention*, for none of the essays were thought worthy of the prize. One Dubois de Fosseaux (a professor, who afterwards became mayor of Arras, and who, Laponneraye states, as if it was something very surprising, from being an admirer, became an enemy of Robespierre) addressed to him some consolatory verses on the bad taste of the judges; which, poor as they are, show that Robespierre had already some admirers. Fosseaux entreats him not to allow—

——— 'Cette modestie
La compagne fidèle, et le sceau du génie'—

to obscure his merit—

'Ne vas pas, cependant, vouloir priver ta tête
Des lauriers immortels que la gloire t'apprête.'

And proceeding to prophesy his young friend's '*destins glorieux*,' he concludes with a triple compliment to his professional, his moral, and his social character:—

'Appui des malheureux—vengeur de l'innocence,
Tu vis pour la *vertu*—pour la douce amitié!'

But Arras itself was not without one of these Societies, the members of which wore and conferred crowns of *roses*, and called themselves *Les Rosatis:* and in this foolery, we are told, magistrates, lawyers, judges, priests, and in short all the gravest personages of the town were not ashamed to partake—a small but not unimportant indication of the disorder of the public mind. Into this literary union Robespierre was of course admitted; and Charlotte it seems preserved an extempore song with which her amiable brother regaled the society on the occasion of his admission. It is really so curious to see the terrible Maximilian of the Convention, under his softer name of *Isidore*, crowned with roses, and singing *des couplets galans et spirituels* to *Messieurs les Rosatis*, that we thank Laponneraye for having preserved this anecdote and a copy of the song; with the first verse of which, rather as a moral than a literary curiosity, we present our readers:

'*Remercimens à Messieurs de la Société des Rosatis.*

'Air—*Résiste moi, belle Aspasie.*

'Je vois l'épine avec la rose
Dans les bouquets que vous m'offrez;
Et lorsque vous me célébrez,
Vos vers découragent ma prose. Tout

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Tout qu'on me dit de charmant,
Messieurs, a droit de me confondre—
La rose est votre compliment;
L'épine est la loi d'y répondre!'—p. 136.

*Pas si bête*, for a convivial improvisation!

But the time was now approaching when all these follies were to bear their disastrous fruits. The public mind of France had become so excited and perverted by a variety of causes great and small, and of grievances real and imaginary, that at the proclamation for assembling the States-General the whole nation went mad, and to this hour has never recovered from its insanity. Amongst the most remarkable symptoms of the frenzy was the choice of its representatives; and the prophetic eye of Mr. Burke saw, in the very selection of the National Assembly, a pledge of all the misrule and misfortune which followed. Robespierre—who had already obtained some reputation at the bar, particularly by a pleading in favour of some persons who had erected lightning-conductors, which their neighbours complained of—Robespierre embraced the revolutionary cause with ardour, and by his opposition to what he called the aristocratical usurpations of the preliminary arrangements for assembling the States, rendered himself so troublesome to the existing authorities, and so acceptable to the lower classes of electors (for it was almost universal suffrage), that, without any other reputation than that of paradox and turbulence, or any other property on the face of the earth but his *garland of roses*, he was elected member for one of the great provinces of the empire. His colleagues were still more obscure, and so notoriously incapable, that in the first personal account we have ever seen of the members of the Assembly, '*De Robespierre, avocat,*' stands last indeed on the list, but with this note, '*ce dernier se charge de parler pour tout le reste.*'

In the biographies it is stated that Robespierre was for a considerable time a silent member, and when at last he ventured to say a few words was little attended to. The *autobiographical* Memoirs state (and this is one of a thousand proofs of their falsity) that '*he first ventured a few words* on the *20th July*.' M. Thiers, in his History of the Revolution, tells us that his speaking was *heavy and pedantic;* and that it was not till after long practice he attained in the times of *the Convention* some facility of extemporizing. This cannot be quite true. Dumont describes livelily a scene which occurred in the very first days of *the Assembly*:—

'The clergy, for the purpose of *surprising* the Tiers Etat into a union of the orders, sent a deputation to invite the Tiers to a conference on the distresses of the poor. The Tiers saw through the design, and not wishing to acknowledge the clergy as a separate body, yet afraid to reject

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reject so charitable and popular a proposition, knew not what answer to make, when one of the deputies, after concurring in the description of the miseries of the people, rose and addressed the ecclesiastical deputation:—"*Go tell your colleagues, that if they are so anxious to relieve the people, they should hasten to unite themselves in this hall with the friends of the people. Tell them no longer to retard our proceedings, and the public good, by contumacious delays, or to try to carry their point by such stratagems as this. Rather let them, as ministers of religion, as worthy servants of their Master, renounce the splendour which surrounds them, the luxury which insults the poor. Dismiss those insolent lackeys who attend you—sell your gaudy equipages—and convert these odious superfluities into food for the poor.*" At this speech, which expressed so well the passions of the moment, there arose not applause, that would have appeared like a bravado, but a confused murmur of approbation much more flattering—every one asked who was the speaker?—he was not known, but in a few minutes his name passed from mouth to mouth—it was one which afterwards made all France tremble—it was ROBESPIERRE.'—*Dumont, Souv. de Mir.*, 61.

This sally, assuredly, however unjust and ungrateful to his old benefactors, was as ready, as artful, and as eloquent as anything the annals of that Assembly can produce; and, although Robespierre cannot be said to have sustained the vigour of this first flight, or to have placed himself on the line of the Mirabeaus, Maurys, Cazales, or Barnaves—yet he certainly very soon distinguished himself from the common herd, both by the frequency and the comparative merits of his discourses. It is very remarkable how few orators the revolution has produced, first and last. It might have been *à priori* expected, that a lively, loquacious people, not remarkable for diffidence, familiar with every species of histrionic exhibition, and electrified through all ranks and classes by the most sudden and violent excitement which ever conflagrated a nation—it might, we say, have been expected, that such circumstances would have produced a crowd of orators in the highest sense of the word—and it hardly produced one. Mirabeau, the nearest to that character, made a few extemporaneous *sorties*, the vigour, audacity, and *singularity* of which raised him to a stupendous eminence; but all his *orations* were written, and the best of them, as we are told, not written by himself. The practice of the pulpit—(which, under the old regime, was very *rhetorical*)—and the habits of the bar gave facility to a few priests and lawyers; but on the whole, considering that the Assembly consisted of near 1200 members, the disproportion of oratorical ability developed is, at first sight, unaccountable. We are inclined to suspect that this result is in a great degree attributable to a cause from which a contrary effect might have been expected; we mean the influence of the *tribunes*, or what we call the *strangers' gallery*. The direct and

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and summary authority which these vociferous critics exercised over the members operated in several ways to repress the developement of oratorical talent. Few men have in their first essays such nerve, coolness, and self-possession as enable them to face an assembly even of indulgent colleagues, much less a still more numerous and less ceremonious audience in the galleries. Many who might have become *by practice* and cultivation considerable speakers, were probably awed into silence by those ferocious critics; and *those* were most liable to be thus awed, who, from the delicacy of their taste, the precision of their logic, the elegance of their language, and the moderation of their views, might otherwise have been likely to rank as the greatest ornaments of the Assembly. And not only did the galleries subdue diffidence and delicacy into silence, but they operated by the intimidation of physical force. Members who happened to take the less popular side of a question were outrageously assaulted—their houses were plundered and burned—and in not a few instances they narrowly escaped massacre. That must have been but a bad school of oratory, where one side was nearly silenced, and even of the others those only were listened to who pandered to the appetite of the mob by every extreme of exaggeration, brutality, and violence. These causes appear to us to account for the gradual diminution and final suppression of good speaking in the successive National Assemblies, and the immolation (under various pretences) of every man of any oratorical abilities, the moment that he evinced the slightest opposition to the ferocious frenzy of the galleries; and we think that it is a confirmation of our hypothesis, that since the French Chambers have acquired by the Restoration something like independence of the galleries, there has been more good speaking, and a greater number of good speakers, than the republican assemblies (notwithstanding all their boasted abilities and energies) were able to exhibit.

We find, in one of Robespierre's own speeches in the Jacobins, evidence of the enormous number of this auxiliary audience in the first Assembly at Versailles, accompanied with a shrewd hint as to their influence over the intimidated representatives. The passage, besides its historical value, will have some additional interest for those who remember the anxiety that has been lately shown for an increase of accommodation for the *public* in our House of Commons.

'A still more interesting object is the publicity of the proceedings of the National Assembly; I mean such a publicity as the interests of the nation require, and I am far from thinking that the limited space reserved for the public in the small and inconvenient place of your present sittings (the *Manège*) is sufficient for this essential object,

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at least in the opinion of those who have *calculated the causes* of the revolution. The animated and imposing spectacle of the *six thousand** spectators who surrounded us at Versailles *contributed not a little* to the courage and energy which were necessary to our success. If to the Constituent Assembly has been ascribed the glory of having prostrated despotism, it must be admitted that the representatives *only shared it with the galleries.*'—*Discours aux Jacobins*, 10 *Feb.* 1792.

It is a fact which we do not remember to have seen anywhere sufficiently stated and developed, that, throughout the whole revolution, the galleries entirely directed the assemblies; and although all the historians have noticed the insolence of the spectators on particular occasions, no one has considered it as what it really was —a regular, systematic, organized power, never concealed, never intermitted, rarely resisted, and always predominant—the *vultus instantis Tyranni*, before which the several assemblies all quailed, but most of all that cowardly and imbecile Convention which such historians as Thiers eulogise for its grandeur and energy, while it was in fact the trembling slave of its own brutal galleries. These are important considerations; and although *our* long established parliamentary habits and traditions may save us from any *immediate* danger on this score, we cannot but see many indications that it is not altogether so visionary, or even so remote, as it may at this moment appear to many of our readers.

The ablest and most popular members of the National Assembly lost themselves successively by an attempt to arrest the democratic current, and to guide as *statesmen* the revolution which they had excited as *demagogues*. So fell Lafayette, Bailly, Dupont, Mirabeau, Talleyrand, the Lameths, Barnave, Brissot, Roland, Vergniaud, and every prominent man in the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies. Robespierre alone had the instinct, whether of prudence or of cowardice, to repudiate all personal advancement, all desire to take any direct share in the official administration of affairs: thence he obtained the reputation and name of the *Incorruptible;* and thence, by restricting himself to the mere duties of a deputy, and by avoiding all the odium and responsibility of government, this provincial lawyer obtained such an ascendancy in the Jacobin Club, and eventually in the Convention and in its committees, as was in practice equivalent to a dictatorship; and he fell at last, when the necessities of his position forced him to take individually a prominent part, and to appear personally as the chief citizen of the republic; but we anticipate.

During the progress of the National Assembly, Robespierre maintained and increased his popularity by many speeches and

* The galleries of the Hall *des Menus Plaisirs*, where the Assembly sat at Versailles, though very extensive, could not have held anything like this number; but we copy from the original speech before us.

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motions, which we have not room to notice separately, equal at least to those of his rivals in talents, and generally exceeding them in popularity; but towards its close he made and carried one motion, to which some historians of the Revolution assign, we think, a very exaggerated importance—we mean the vote which disqualified the members of the Constituent from being re-elected to the second, usually called the *Legislative* Assembly. Whether this was the selfish proposition of a man who doubted of his own re-election, or the mere impulse of a popularity-hunter, or whether it was the result of a deeper calculation of its consequences, we have no sufficient means of judging. He also excluded members of the Assembly from the ministry; and tells us that he had once intended to extend the prohibition even to the acceptance of any office whatsoever, but was dissuaded from this imitation of Cromwell's *self-denying ordinance* by the influence of Petion, for whom Robespierre professed at that time the utmost private and public friendship; and we may well believe that Petion's immediate appointment to the most prominent practical office in the state, that of Mayor of Paris, and Robespierre's to one of perhaps almost equal power, that of *Public Accuser*, may have influenced this decision. Is it not possible too that, by the double effect of these decrees, he may have intended to place himself in one of the departments of the *ministry?* May he not have acted under a combination of various motives? Invited by the popularity of the measure, and contemplating the appointment of himself and his friends to important offices, he may have been glad to send all his rivals and adversaries of the first Assembly back into the obscurity of private life; and as the Constitution would naturally deprive the *Legislative* of the temporary dictatorial power which the *Constituent* Assembly had exercised, he may have thought that he would be a greater man with the sword of the law in his hand, and the Jacobin Club at his back, than he could hope to be in the re-elected body whose functions were to be strictly legislative.

Those who attribute such momentous and *fatal* effects to this self-denying decree allege that the new Assembly was thereby deprived of those men who, having had so much experience and worn off the sharp edge of their first excitement, were generally inclined to carry the Revolution no farther—and the king and the royalists are therefore severely censured for having countenanced Robespierre's proposition. Now this reasoning would be very just if it could be shown that there existed any probability that it would have been the moderate and constitutional members of the old Assembly who would have been re-elected to the new. But, on the contrary, it is morally certain that none but the more violent

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lent demagogues would have had the slightest chance of re-election. As it was, not *one* person who had belonged to the privileged orders was chosen, nor more than half a dozen *constitutionalists* of any note; the rest were selected from amongst those who in the different districts had exhibited the greatest revolutionary zeal — factious lawyers — infidel sophists — club orators — newspaper-writers — and unprincipled adventurers of all disreputable classes and characters. In times of such popular excitement, every new election must always make matters worse: moderate men either retire or are displaced — only the most violent of the former body are re-chosen — and the new men, eager for distinction, seek it in exaggeration. The non-election of the Constituents was, therefore, in no degree the cause of the anarchy and horrors which ensued. All the men of rank, property, and experience would have equally been swept into oblivion, and replaced by the Brissots, Louvets, Rolands, Gorsas, Carras, Gaudets, Garats, and hundreds of other names till then wholly obscure — but soon to have such a momentary importance, and such eternal infamy.

Prior, however, to this period, an event occurred in which Robespierre bore a considerable, but still undefined share, and which had some important consequences, — we mean the meeting of petitioners against royalty in the Champ de Mars, on Sunday the 17th July, 1791, which terminated so bloodily. At this time the great question in discussion was whether the king's late flight to Varennes was not an abdication, and whether royalty should not be abolished. On Friday the 15th, the Jacobins decided that the PEOPLE should be invited to sign a petition, (drawn by Brissot,) demanding the abolition. This Robespierre afterwards declared that he disapproved, from a *presentiment* that it would be made an occasion and excuse for an attack on *the People*. On that same day, however, the question was decided by the Assembly in the king's favour; and on the next, Saturday, the Jacobins, whose policy it was never to get into direct collision with the Assembly, 'ordered the petition to be withdrawn — the question having been decided.' But though the club as a body wished to keep up appearances with the Assembly, no such reserve was necessary on the part of the People. Another petition was therefore prepared — for the signature of which all citizens were invited to attend next day, Sunday, the 17th of July, at the altar of the Country in the Champ de Mars.

This meeting was undoubtedly intended to overawe, and perhaps even to attack and dissolve the Assembly, and dethrone the king. But in the course of the day, when the people began to assemble in the Champ de Mars, two men, who for some unaccountable purpose had hidden themselves under the altar, were detected

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detected and *murdered*. This accident—(*if it was one*)—gave the authorities, a *reason* say they—an *excuse* say their antagonists, for forcibly dispersing the meeting,—martial law was proclaimed,—its ensign, the *red flag*, was displayed; Bailly, as mayor of Paris, and Lafayette, at the head of the troops, marched to the Champ de Mars. Some hundreds of the populace were killed, and the sedition suppressed. The Assembly ordered vigorous prosecutions against its authors. Robespierre is not named, but we have an address published on the occasion in defence of himself and the People, which shows that he was charged with being a chief cause of all these calamities. In this address he gives little insight into his personal share in the transaction, but he states one point of importance. The partisans of Lafayette (Thiers amongst the rest) represent the murder as having been committed by the petitioners in the latter part of the day, in the course of the tumult, and as having been the immediate cause of the extremities to which Lafayette had recourse. Robespierre, on the contrary, states (and we can hardly disbelieve a statement so publicly made and not questioned at the time) that the affair of the two men had occurred at seven in the morning, and was all over hours before the meeting of the petitioners, which had been fixed for and was not held before *noon*. No rational explanation has ever been given of the object of the two men, who had brought provisions for the day, and had bored holes in the steps of the altar —as some writers guess, for the indulgence of indecent curiosity. We rather suspect them to have been spies on the meeting; but it was certainly very curious that their unpremeditated massacre should have afforded so opportune a justification for measures which seem to have been antecedently prepared. This being the first time—since the affair of Reveillon, in April, 1789, which we shall have occasion to mention presently—that force was employed to disperse a revolutionary meeting, it made a great sensation, and put a finishing stroke to the unpopularity of Lafayette; Robespierre and all the demagogues were as loud and virulent against 'this wanton assault on peaceable citizens met to exercise their constitutional rights of petitioning,' as our demagogues were at the suppression of the Manchester meeting in 1820. This topic was so successfully laboured by the democrats, and the exertion of this authority was made so odious, that Bailly was displaced, Lafayette forced to exchange his command at Paris for one on the frontiers, and the agitators, though baffled for the moment, obtained a conviction which emboldened all their subsequent attempts, that no man would again dare to employ the military force in the repression of sedition.

On the meeting of the Legislative Assembly, Robespierre, we suspect,

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suspect, soon discovered that he had made a mistake in his decree of non-election—Pétion absorbed all the popularity in Paris, and the orators of the Gironde eclipsed his senatorial reputation. He saw that the Assembly (which he imagined had exhausted its revolutionary action) had gathered, like Antæus, fresh life and vigour from its late contact with its native soil, and he seems to have felt the necessity of trying new modes of keeping himself in the public eye, and of retaining the public attention. He became an assiduous attender, a constant speaker, and at length an omnipotent authority at the Jacobin Club, which, situated within a musket shot of the Legislative Chamber, had erected itself into an auxiliary legislature, where the same questions were discussed, and with more weight on public opinion than in the Assembly itself. On the 5th of February, 1792—the day that the Criminal Tribunal was installed, and that Robespierre entered on his office of *Public Accuser*—he pronounced before the Jacobins a speech containing his reasons for having accepted the office—the principles by which he meant to be guided—and his resolution to hold it no longer than he could reconcile it to the other and higher duties which he owed to the cause of liberty—meaning, obviously, as a writer and as a *Jacobin*.

This address from a *magistrate* to a *club* is itself a proof that the club had already usurped the powers of the government; and that a public officer, professing his devotion to the *Constitution*, should have adopted a course so utterly *unconstitutional*, shows the extent to which anarchy had already proceeded. But Robespierre soon discovered that popularity and place, and, above all, a place which obliged him to execute the laws, were totally incompatible, and he hastened within three months to resign a post in which he appears to have done nothing—as indeed might have been expected from a magistrate who thought tumults laudable.

But though now only a private citizen, his influence through the Jacobin Club was so great and so formidable to the Legislative Assembly, that on the 25th of April Brissot and Gaudet—the one the most influential, and the latter one of the most eloquent, of the Assembly—did not disdain to come to the Jacobin Club with a denunciation against Robespierre, who replied on the 27th in a set speech of considerable power, which was not merely crowned with the approbation of the society, but printed and distributed over the whole face of France. In this speech he states, more particularly than we have seen elsewhere, the services at the first electoral assemblies of Artois, which had procured his election to the States-General. He also, in answer to a sneering interrogatory of what he had done in the Constituent Assembly, replied, that this was, from such a quarter, a most ungrateful



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question, for that, at least, he had made Brissot and Gaudet legislators. 'But why,' he says, 'are these insulting questions asked me?—even in this society whose very existence is a monument of what I have done. I defended it in times of difficulty and danger, when those who now come hither to insult me had abandoned it; and the very tribune from which they attack me is the evidence of my public service.' He then complains that, after charging him with *doing nothing*, they shift to a contradictory accusation of having *done too much*, and have invented the word AGITATOR, which they contumeliously apply to him for having endeavoured to excite public opinion against the intrigue and treason that impeded the revolution!—(*Réponse de M. Robespierre à MM. Brissot et Gaudet le 27 Avril*, 1792). We have dwelt a little on this speech, because it gives a fairer account of the main points of Robespierre's political life up to that period than we have found elsewhere; it shows too the commencement of that fatal war which he waged against the Girondins, and proves that he could be no ordinary man who, in a private station, was an object of alarm to the supreme authority, and was powerful enough to meet and to defeat, single-handed, the most eloquent and influential of the rulers of the state. In one passage, indeed, the dreadful secret of Robespierre's present influence and future power is indicated. *Blood and Terror* were the talismanic words of his necromancy. He affects to invite the Brissotins to a reconciliation—he conjures them, if they are really the friends of the revolution, to bury in oblivion these internal disputes, and to unite against the common enemy. 'Hasten,' he says in quaint but terrible phraseology, 'to cause the *sword of the executioner to move horizontally*, so as to *strike off the heads of all the conspirators* against liberty.' The guillotine soon changed the *direction* of the exterminating axe from the *horizontal* to the *perpendicular*, but the spirit of the apostrophe was the same, and reveals, we believe, the main secret of Robespierre's policy.

But he did not think it safe to depend solely on the effect of his oratory in the Jacobins; he saw that many of the most leading men of the new Assembly—such as Brissot, Condorcet, Louvet, Gorsas, Carra—had attained that eminence by publishing incendiary journals, and he too resolved to be a journalist. In the annals of audacity and dupery we know not a more remarkable instance than that Robespierre, the avowed enemy of the constitution, should call a journal devoted to the overthrow of that constitution by the title of '*The Defender of the Constitution*.' Such flagrant impudence would appear miraculous if we had not recent examples in our own day and country that those who are endeavouring

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endeavouring to overthrow all our institutions, profess, like Robespierre, to be the real *friends of the Constitution.*

This journal, which was in the shape of a *pamphlet* of thirty or forty pages, was published weekly, and is so dull, so void of facts, so obscure even as to the writer's meaning and objects, that it could have had but little success, and seems, indeed, to corroborate the opinion of those who depreciate Robespierre's literary talents. It was interrupted at the 12th Number by the *Tenth of August;* Robespierre resumed it after his election to the Convention, in September, 1792, under the title of *Letters to his Constituents*, and continued it for nearly six months more, in which it was a little, and but a little, enlivened—in the first quarter by invectives against the king and clamours for his execution—and in the second, by similar denunciations against the Brissotins, the queen, and citizen Egalité. It terminated at the 10th Number of the third quarter, about the end of March, 1793, when Robespierre became too deeply engaged in his mortal strife with the Girondins in the Convention to have leisure to continue this flat and unprofitable paper hostility.

Robespierre's conduct in relation to the attacks on the Tuileries on the 20th of June and the 10th August, 1792, are passed over slightly or in silence by the historians, though his participation in, at least, the latter is certain from many indications, and from one important fact, that he was a member of the rebel Municipality of Paris, which usurped the sovereign authority in the night of the 9th August, for the purpose of insuring the success of the insurrection of the 10th. Robespierre, however, with his usual caution, soon withdrew from the Municipality, and we again lose sight of him till his election to the Convention a month after. But it is not to be supposed that he was idle in that interval, and we have not the slightest doubt that the massacres in September —the most atrocious crime that stains the annals of mankind—were perpetrated for the chief, if not the only purpose of securing the election of Robespierre and his partizans for the city of Paris. This observation deserves a little development.

In the early days of the Revolution (April 28, 1789), there happened an insurrection in Paris, which, not only as it was the *first*, but one of the most serious and *unaccountable* of these *émeutes*, occasioned extraordinary wonder and alarm;—yet up to this day we have not met in any history or other publication any rational attempt to explain its cause or its object. The facts were these. There was a person of the name of Reveillon, the proprietor of a great paper-manufactory in the Faubourg St. Antoine; this man was wealthy, and of very respectable private character—he employed a vast number of workmen, was liberal in his politics, and, on the



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whole, a very popular citizen; yet this man's house and manufactory were attacked, plundered, and burned, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life—he was only saved by the interposition of the military, who fired on the rioters, and many lives were lost. The only cause that ever was assigned for this extraordinary outrage was that Reveillon was reported (falsely, it appeared) to have said that workmen could support themselves on a much lower rate of wages than they usually received. This pretence was not only inadequate to the production of so extensive and *organized* an attack as was made upon him, but must have been known to be false in the whole neighbourhood, where Reveillon was respected as an honest tradesman, and beloved as a liberal master. No other, however, has been hitherto alleged; but a printed handbill, which has escaped the destruction that usually awaits such scraps, it still extant—and *this* opens a new view of the case. The event occurred just before the *election* of the members of the States-General. It appears that some persons—probably friends of the king—finding that the Duke of Orleans was making great efforts to have his *clique* elected for Paris, endeavoured to counteract him by proposing a list of moderate and impartial men, who were likely, from their stations and business, to be acceptable to the middle classes of electors; they therefore formed a list, at the *head* of which stood the name of *Reveillon*—the rest explains itself. Reveillon and the moderate party through him were to be intimidated. His house was burned, his person endangered; the Duke of Orleans,—contriving to pass as by accident at the height of the affair,—marked the cause and object of the tumult; and the result was, that Reveillon and the moderate list were no more heard of, and the friends of the '*honestest citizen of France*' composed the deputation of Paris. By this simple statement one of the most perplexing riddles of the Revolution is solved, and we obtain a clue to some others.*

When the *Tenth of August* occured, the Brissotins and Moderates were disposed in the first moments to abjure and reprobate it; when it had become, beyond all expectation, successful, and that the fate of the monarchy was sealed, they hastened to adopt it, and it became, and to this hour remains, a matter of dispute between the two parties—which had the honour of founding the Republic by the events of that day. This rivalry did not at

* Thiers, after saying that the Duke of Orleans was accused of taking active steps to secure the election of his friends, is led *chronologically* to state the case of Reveillon, which he does, however, without, as it seems, the least suspicion of the connexion of the two subjects. Mr. Alison—(an elegant and well-disposed writer, but who has not collected his materials with sufficient care)—does not, we believe, mention the circumstance at all: yet it was so remarable in its day as to furnish *two* engravings to the splendid work called '*Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution.*'

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all tally with the views of the Mountain, particularly as the elections for the Convention were about to be made, and it was apprehended that the soberer majority of the electors of Paris might be inclined to the candidates of a popular but still more moderate character than Robespierre and his partisans. It became then necessary to apply the engine which had been found so effective in the case of Reveillon; and accordingly the massacres of the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September filled Paris with consternation and horror; and the succeeding days saw elected *without opposition* that deputation of Paris, 'damned to everlasting fame,' which, as it derived its power from blood and terror, perpetuated it by deluges of blood and a succession of terrors, of which the world has had no other example. Our limits do not allow us to develope all the details which corroborate this explanation of the *first cause* of the massacres of September; but the time of the election and the names of the deputies elected will,* we think, influence the opinion of every calm investigator of political causes and effects. Let us not be supposed to say, even in the case of Reveillon, and much less in that of the September massacres, that the actual executioners were aware of the object for which they were employed; by no means: such a disclosure, or even a suspicion of it, would have defeated the scheme; but in both cases advantage was taken of extraneous accidents; and while the chief *directors* of the seditions had the result of the *elections* alone or chiefly in view, the populace was excited and maddened by every stimulating falsehood for which the circumstances of the times afforded any pretence. It is very probable, too—as to the massacres quite certain—that the events exceeded in extent and enormity the calculations of some of their planners; but it is also probable that, though they may have exceeded the intention of their instigators in *one direction*, they fell short of it in *another*. There is strong reason to believe that in September it was intended to sacrifice some of the Girondin leaders. Brissot was certainly in danger; Roland, the minister of the interior, was saved only by his absence from home from a detachment sent to arrest—probably to murder him; and his death would no doubt have been the signal for the massacre of the whole party. Happier would it have been for him and them, both in their persons and reputation, if they had then died, instead of basely living, as they did, to palliate and excuse these atrocities, and to fall within a few months, by a variety of lingering deaths, the dishonoured victims of the same assassins whom they had at first flattered and screened.

* Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, David, Fabre d'Eglantine, Lege re, Panis Sergent, Billaud-Varennes, Augustin Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, Dusault, Freron, Marat, and Philippe Egalité: a congregation of villains to which the annals of human depravity cannot afford a parallel!

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It is the fashion of late to extol the Girondine party, and particularly Roland, and that *maîtresse femme* his wife; but any one who will read impartially, and with a careful reference to *dates, their own* accounts of these transactions, must see that, during the *long preparation* for *the massacre*, and the height and fury of its execution, the minister and his colleagues exhibited the basest apathy, and that it was not till the *second* and *third* days, when they found *themselves* in danger, that they took those measures—not of repression, but—of complaint—on the evidence of which their eulogists now deny their participation in this tremendous guilt. We find this fact concisely stated and proved in the *Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution*, a *liberal* publication:—

'On the *third* of September, the police, by order of the Commune, proceeded to Brissot's residence, and seized and examined his papers. [Here follow copies of the original documents.] It was even said that eight orders of arrest had been issued against the Girondins; but no proof of this appears beyond the affair of Brissot. Be this, however, as it may, this bold attempt *awoke the ministers of his* (Brissot's) *party; and Roland* (who on the *evening of the 3rd* had written to the Convention) *wrote on the 4th a pressing letter to Santerre*,' &c.—*Hist. Parl.* vol. xvii. p. 430.

The massacres, then, had been going on for twenty-four hours before Roland so much as complained; and it was not till the 4th that he applied to the commander of the military force—which never came.

The Indian savage believes that he inherits the virtues of all the enemies he slays; Robespierre, on the same principle, is loaded with all the crimes of the monsters whom he survived; and accordingly, M. Thiers and that class of historians not only palliate, but applaud the conduct of Roland and Petion—while we confess that we look upon them as only meaner and more hypocritical villains—quite as guilty, quite as bloody, but only more contemptible—than the Marats, the Dantons, and the Robespierres.

Indeed, of all the actors in the whole tragedy of the revolution, there are none whom we regard with so much scorn as the selfish, cruel, cowardly, and imbecile faction of the Gironde, who, if they had had any thing like honour, consistency, and courage, might and would have saved their country and themselves from the massacres of September, the murder of the king, and their own proscription of the 31st of May. They never exhibited any energy but against the vanquished—nor any touch of humanity till they themselves were in danger. Against such a timid flock of praters and intriguers, weathercocks and trimmers, who were base enough to arrogate the merit of crimes which they had

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had not committed,* and who skulked and cowered under the storm they had raised, it is not surprising that the insane audacity of Marat, the ferocious energy of Danton, and the cold-blooded calculation and inflexible consistency of Robespierre, should have prevailed. These last have earned the abhorrence of mankind; as to the former, an almost equal abhorrence is only mitigated by contempt. If any reader thinks we deal too severely by this celebrated Gironde, we would ask them only to read, even in the most partial history, the account of their miserable manœuvres on the trial of the king, and their dastardly indecision in the crisis of their own fate on the 31st of May and the 2nd of June, 1793. We must add one trait, which is eulogised by all their admirers—which M. Thiers calls '*sublime*,'—but which, in our judgment, exhibits nothing but childish bravado and disgusting levity. Twenty-one of them, after an imprisonment of four or five months, were sent (on the 31st of October, 1793) to the scaffold, and they spent the night preceding their death—how?—in the festivities of a supper, enlivened with patriotic and bacchanal songs; and they solaced their passage next morning to the place of execution—by singing the *Marsellaise* in chorus. Imagine one-and-twenty *senators*—the conscript *fathers* of the republic—condemned by a most iniquitous sentence, (for such it was as regarded the offences with which they were charged,) and leaving their families, their friends, and their country in a bloody anarchy which they had helped to create—imagine, we say, such men going to execution—not penitent for their individual errors, nor for the public mischiefs to which they had contributed—not even grave at the dismal prospects of their country, nor impressed with any sense of that future world on the verge of which they stood, but—*singing*—singing in the condemned cell—singing in the executioner's cart! When we read, in flowery declamations, of 'the majestic wisdom and the exalted eloquence' of Vergniaud and his colleagues, we are involuntarily reminded of this their last hoarse and hollow *song*, broken by the rattle of the wretched tumbril which jolted them to execution. Oh bloody farce!—Oh impious buffoonery! Oh what a contrast to the last hours of the *Son of St. Louis*—of the heroic Queen—of the angelic

* We are satisfied that the Gironde had little active share in the *tenth of August*, and none at all in the massacres of September; but it cannot be denied that they were guilty of exciting the frenzy which rendered these crimes possible. How can Vergniaud—a statesman, a lawyer, a man of sense and shrewdness—be acquitted of having encouraged—nay, of having suggested—the massacres, when, on the Sunday morning, *a few hours before the massacres had commenced, and two days after it was universally known that they were intended*, he addressed a deputation of the blood-thirsty *Commune* in these words—'Parisians! it is TO-DAY that you must display A GREAT ENERGY!' Within *four* hours this very *Commune*, thus instigated to *energy*, began the massacres.

Elizabeth,

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Elizabeth, and of the host of Christian martyrs immolated on the same scaffold!

It is not to be doubted that Robespierre, though not the most prominent accuser of the Girondins—that task was deferred to Danton, Marat, and Chabot—was their most effective enemy. The feud between them and Robespierre had long been deadly, and was envenomed by their having once been *close allies*. Petion, who subsequently adhered to the Gironde, had been, as we have seen, Robespierre's bosom friend; and during the Constituent they acted with so much union as to have been called two fingers of the same hand. Laponneraye gives a letter from Madame Roland* to Robespierre, written in a style of extraordinary deference and admiration; and even one of his accusers (Barbaroux) expatiated on how much they had '*all loved him.*' The causes of the change have not yet been satisfactorily explained.† The cold and repulsive manners of Robespierre, his haughty reserve and isolated ambition, may have given umbrage to the gay, familiar, and gregarious, though not less ambitious Girondins; while their accession to fame and power, by their election to the Legislative Assembly, (from which Robespierre had excluded himself,) must have inflamed his characteristic envy and malignity. We have already expressed our suspicions that Robespierre may have aimed at the ministry; if so, he probably was thwarted by the new party, which distributed the offices amongst themselves; and it may be added, that Robespierre's ambition, while excluded from the Assembly and the Cabinet, could have had no other possible occupation but that of censuring and opposing the leading men in the Ministry and the Chamber—these were the Girondins.

But whatever may have been the *secret* course of this enmity, it must be admitted that in public, at least, the Girondins were the aggressors. Their attacks on Robespierre have—since the general odium with which his subsequent atrocities have covered his very name—been highly eulogized, but *at the time* they were made he was no more guilty than themselves—their enmity was

* He says he had the copy from Charlotte Robespierre; and it may be so; but we have, we think, seen it before.

† Robespierre's letter to Petion, in reply to Petion's attack on him at the time of Louvet's accusation, is a very important document as to the causes of the schism between Robespierre and the Girondins, and as to the share of the respective parties in the excesses of the 20th June, 10th August, and 2nd September. It is moreover written with so much spirit, that we suspect Camille Desmoulins may have had a hand in it. Thiers gives Petion's speech as 'a most admirable and important document,' but does not even allude to Robespierre's much more able and interesting reply. It is to be found in the Appendix to Mr. Adolphus's 'History of the Revolution,' the best English work—indeed we may say the best work—on the subject.

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provoked by no better motive than personal rivalry, and in pursuing *chronologically* the course of causes and effects, it seems probable that the hostilities of the Girondins drove Robespierre in his own defence into the extreme measures by which he outbid them in the auction of popularity and power. We have already seen that Brissot and Gaudet formally attacked him in the Jacobins. They accused him of monopolizing popularity, of aiming at the exclusive reputation of patriotism, and finally and ridiculously proposed that this dangerous citizen should by some kind of ostracism* be sent into exile. On the other hand, the *Commune* of Paris was filled by Robespierre's adherents, and it may be suspected that it was not without his connivance at least that they ventured to take measures against the liberty of Brissot and the life of Roland.

Under this exasperation of mutual injuries, the parties met in a new field of battle—the National Convention—and on its very first assembly, the 21st of September, 1792, arrayed themselves in avowed hostility—Brissot and the Girondins replacing the *Côté Droit*, while Robespierre with the deputation of Paris, and all the ultra-Jacobins, clustered on what was then first called the *Mountain*.

A mortal strife now began; and the fate of the king was the first great object of solicitude with both parties—not for *his* sake, but *their own*. The Girondins had *deposed* him—the Mountain, according to the inevitable laws of faction, (as certain as those of nature—indeed they are the same,) *outbid* them by proposing his *execution*. The Girondins foresaw that, if their adversaries obtained this victory, they themselves were lost; and their great anxiety now was how to play their selfish and unprincipled game in the mode least dangerous to their popularity and power. Acquit him they dare not; and, on the other hand, they were averse to his death, as the triumph of the Mountain—they halted between two opinions, and fell into a course of half measures which, as usual, ruined their projectors. They seem to have hoped to anticipate and elude this difficulty by an early attack on the Mountain. If they should be able to depopularise and defeat it, *on other grounds*, before the king's trial—they might, they hoped, be relieved from the embarrassments in which that proceeding could not fail to involve them. The Roman history had been employed by the Republican writers as the text-book of the Revolution. All kings were Tarquins and Neros—every patriot a Brutus, Cato, and Cicero—and the leader of each defeated faction became in turn Sylla, Clodius, and Catiline. The Girondins now endeavoured

* Discours de M. Gaudet aux Jacobins, 25 Avril, 1792; and Réponse de M. Robespierre le 27, p. 12.

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to avail themselves of these pedantic and inapplicable precedents. Nothing in Roman history was so odious as the *Triumvirate*,—nothing more dangerous to liberty than a *Dictator*,—and accordingly they accused Danton, Marat, and Robespierre of intending to establish a *Triumvirate*, and, with no great consistency, Robespierre, individually, of aiming at the *Dictatorship*; on no other grounds, as is admitted,* than some vague phrases, in which Marat and other supposed friends of Robespierre expressed the opinion—which more sober-minded men must have entertained—that out of the anarchy in which they were involved there could be no escape but by a concentration of power in fewer hands.

As early as the 25th of September, 1792, these charges were publicly made by Vergniaud and others in eloquent declamations, and by Barbaroux and Rebecqui with the allegation of particular facts. Robespierre—whether from caution or want of readiness—*never* seems to have been very forward or very explicit in his own defence; but Danton rushed to the tribune and exculpated himself and his friend with his usual talent and audacity. Robespierre then made a long and inconclusive protestation of his patriotism, which was not much to the purpose, and certainly appeared rather to evade than deny the imputation. Then, *for the first time*, Marat rose to address the assembly. The majority—for such the Girondins and moderates incontestably were in the first months of the Convocation—affected surprise and horror at seeing this libeller, this avowed advocate of blood and anarchy, in the new character of a legislative orator, and attempted to hoot him down. 'I perceive,' said he, 'that I have enemies here.'—'*All, all*, all are your enemies!' vociferated the almost unanimous assembly—that self-same assembly which, three months after, erected his image in their hall, and inscribed his name in their Pantheon, with nothing short of *divine honours*. They attempted, we say, to hoot down the future god of their idolatry—but he boldly persisted:—

'They talk of triumvirates and dictatorships, and attribute these designs to the metropolitan members. Well, I owe it to justice to declare that my colleagues, and especially Danton and Robespierre, have always opposed the opinions which I avow on this point; I, first and alone, of all public writers in France, have thought of a Dictatorship as the only means to crush (*écraser*) the anti-revolutionary traitors. If this be punishable, punish me, and me alone—but *first hear me*.'—*Moniteur*, 27 Sept. 1792.

* Thiers, a staunch advocate for the Gironde, admits of Robespierre's defence against Louvet's charge, that 'tout ce qui lui était personnel était *juste*. Il y avait de l'impudence de la part des Girondins à signaler un projet *d'usurpation* là où il n'y avait *encore* qu'une *ambition d'influence*—Robespierre n'était *encore* qu'un *jaloux*.' Thiers, tom. ii. p. 157-99.

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And they were obliged to hear him repeat in that place, not merely the doctrine of the *Dictatorship*, but those extravagant instigations to wholesale murder, for which his journal was so infamously notorious.

Vergniaud made an eloquent and indignant reply, in which he cited a phrase of Marat's journal of that very day, which (though not exactly within our present scope) we too shall quote as a striking proof of Marat's boldness, sagacity, and *foresight:* —

'Seeing the temper of the majority of this Convention, I own that I despair of the public safety,—if in our first eight sittings we shall not be able to lay the foundation of our constitution, there is nothing to be hoped from us. *Fifty years of anarchy await you*, and you will emerge from it only by the power of *some dictator* who will arise—a true statesman and patriot. *O prating people, if you did but know how to act!*'—*Ibid.*

After a long and furious debate, the Convention, on the motion of Robespierre's friends, passed to the 'order of the day,' which, under the circumstances, was equivalent to a victory. On the 29th October, however, another scene of the same kind, but more solemn and important, was acted: Roland made a report against the *agitators* in general,—Robespierre, always sufficiently ready to reply to general accusations, answered him with boldness, but happening to say, *Who dares accuse me?* Louvet (the licentious novelist) electrified the assembly by answering, *I do*—and proceeded to develope his accusation. The majority loudly encouraged Louvet—Danton urged Robespierre to reply *instanter*, and on his hesitating he again took the lead. The same topics were renewed by nearly the same speakers, and the affair was suspended by Robespierre's obtaining an adjournment of a week to prepare his answer. We cannot, from any information we possess, determine whether this habitual reluctance of Robespierre to answer on the moment —which was obvious on all these important occasions, as well as on his last final struggle—arose from incapacity or from prudence. On many other occasions he seems to have been superabundantly ready and fluent, and it is admitted that he had at last attained a considerable ease of *improvisation*. We suspect that both these causes operated—that he was personally *timid* as well as cautious, and that he was never able '*to screw his courage to the sticking place*' till he had maturely considered and prepared the course which it might be expedient to adopt.

The heads of Louvet's accusation are remarkable, as showing what were *at this time* the crimes imputable to Robespierre:—

'I accuse you, Robespierre,' says Louvet, 'of having long calumniated the purest patriots, and particularly in the days of September, when such calumnies were really proscriptions. I accuse you of having

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having produced yourself as an object of *popular idolatry*, and of having caused it to be rumoured that you are the only man capable of saving the country. I accuse you of having degraded, insulted, and persecuted the National Representation,—of having *tyrannized by intrigue and fear over the Electoral Assembly of Paris*, and of having aimed at supreme power by calumny, violence, and terror; and I demand that a Committee be appointed to examine your conduct.'—*Moniteur*, Oct. 31.

Here we see is no allegation of *facts* (unless the vague hint about the *elections* may be so called), and but a very loose imputation of bad *motives* and ulterior *designs*; and it must always be recollected that this accusation was directed against a private citizen who held no office, who had no part in the administration of affairs, who did not even belong to any of the executive councils or committees, and to whom his 'popularity' and the foolish 'idolatry of the public' are objected as crimes against the state. Such accusations would have been topics fit enough for an invective harangue; but as grounds for a formal criminal charge they were ridiculous; and accordingly, when Robespierre made his defence on the 5th of November, he obtained a triumph similar to, but much more important in its consequences, than that of the 25th of September.

It is but justice,—for even the devil should have his due,—to observe, that if the Girondins had been successful, Robespierre must have been sent to the scaffold; and if Robespierre afterwards contributed to send them thither, it is clear that he only served them as, if he had not done so, they would have served him:—it was a fight for life between a wolf and a tiger.

The Girondins all along affected to confound Marat with Robespierre,—at this copartnership Robespierre's pride and prudence were equally offended. In his defence he repudiated all responsibility or share in Marat's election,* or any concurrence in his opinions, and he even asserted that he had never seen him *but once*, (in private, of course, he must have meant,) when, 'in a visit which Marat paid him, he took occasion to remonstrate with him on the violence of his writings, which many good patriots regretted.' But this disclaimer did not satisfy his jealousy. The Jacobin Club complained of the affectation with which some persons identified *Marat* and *Robespierre*, and came to a formal resolution (23rd Dec. 1792), promulgated to all their affiliated

* This assertion, which was in some degree true, is not inconsistent with Robespierre's general influence in the choice of the metropolitan members. There seems to have been towards the end of the election some deficiency of villains notorious and bold enough for the mission; the ex-capuchin Chabot and the ultra-Jacobins proposed Marat, and he was elected—assuredly not without Robespierre's consent, but perhaps without his open assistance.

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societies, in which they warned all true patriots not to confound these two names; they acknowledged Marat's services in his own peculiar line, but they recorded a higher degree of confidence and respect for the more prudent patriotism, the more statesmanlike views, and the higher abilities of Robespierre.

The attempt of the *Girondins* to defeat the *Mountain* in this preliminary fight having thus failed, they were obliged to meet the crisis of the king's trial on its own ground. Their difficulties were, in themselves, great—their dishonesty and indecision rendered them fatal. They did not choose to risk their popularity by the plain and conscientious course of acquitting the king, either on the broad ground of his innocence, (of which not one of them had or could have any doubt,) or even on the more technical plea of his constitutional inviolability; but resolved on the base, and foolish, and —to them as to him—*fatal* expedient of voting him guilty, and of *compounding* with their honour and consciences by inflicting a punishment short of death.

But even this miserable device they carried into effect with a clumsy and cowardly inconsistency which defeated their object: they voted for *death* with a variety of limitations and conditions which complicated the transaction, perplexed and intimidated the moderate members, and enabled (as it was said and is believed) the scrutineers to falsify the ballot, so as to carry the vote for death by a majority of ONE.* It was in allusion to these absurd and puzzling conditions that Sieyes is reported to have given his vote in the emphatic form of '*La mort—sans phrases!*'

But it is not their pusillanimous conduct in these last terrible sittings that we reproach the unhappy Girondins with, so much as the preceding intrigues and cowardice which placed them in so dreadful an alternative that perhaps they could not, in that fatal struggle, have saved the king's life but at the expense of their own. Moralists, and even politicians, sitting in their quiet closets, may feel that one should die rather than be guilty of the death of the innocent, and some of these men, no doubt, would *individually* have done so, who yet suffered themselves to be carried away by the torrent of numbers and of terror. A *body* of men may be led to do what no single villain would dare,—*defendit numerus*,—each hoped that the courage of others might compensate his own weakness, and the Convention exhibited on this night such a frightful mixture of enthusiasm on one side and desperation on the other,—such a *moral earthquake*, that, considering the base infirmities of human nature, we are not so much surprised that many

* Some writers show a majority *for* the king,—the scrutineers declared a majority of *five against* him. We, on the whole, adopt the intermediate calculation, which we believe to be the truth, that there appeared a majority of ONE for *death*.

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men (otherwise respectable and just) lost their balance and fell in the general prostration and ruin.* We say this not to extenuate villany and cowardice, but to warn our own country against the enormities of which a mere popular Assembly may be guilty, and against the incalculable danger of committing supreme power to any ONE *body* of men, who, however individually respectable, are liable to become, *in combination, the most shameless and the most bloody of tyrants.*

In the whole of this awful struggle, the dark and malignant Robespierre was forward, zealous, and consistent—and it must be admitted, no more guilty, than the enlightened and good-natured Vergniaud—in conscience, much less—for Robespierre may have been sincere, and Vergniaud certainly was not, when they *concurred* in voting the *death* of the king. But, be that as it may, verily they had each their reward—measured and proportioned, as it almost seems, to the degrees of their guilt.

The speeches of Robespierre on this melancholy occasion were considered his best oratorical exhibitions; and it must be confessed that he alone seems to have taken anything like an intelligible view of the proceeding. While others were giving the process the hypocritical *forms* of a *trial*, and affecting to debate *legal* questions as before an ordinary tribunal, Robespierre had the sense to see that such pretexts were idle, and that the *innocent* king could never be condemned even by the perversion of *law*: he, therefore, took the broader and less dishonest ground of confessing that 'the death of the king was not a question of law, but of *state policy*, which, without quibbling about his guilt or innocence, *required his death*;—the life of one man—if ever so innocent—must be sacrificed to preserve those of millions.' This detestable doctrine was less detestable than the hypocrisy which pretended to legality—and was at least consistent in the mouths of those who had avowed the intention of executing the king long before he was

* '*Nous votons*,' said Lanjuinais, the bravest and best man that the revolution produced, '*sous le poignard et les canons des factieux*.' Lanjuinais was proscribed with the Girondins, but escaped, and survived to exhibit the independent moderation of his character through all the phases of the revolution, even down to the restoration. Thiers, whose evidence, when it makes against the Girondins, has almost the weight of a *confession*, says, that a great many of the deputies, who had come down with the intention of voting for the king, were '*effrayés* de la fureur que soulevait la conviction populaire, et quoique fort émus du sort de Louis XVI. ils étaient *épouvantés* des suites d'un acquitement. Cette crainte devenait plus grande à la vue de l'assemblée et de la scène qui s'y passait. Cette scène sombre et terrible *avait ébranlé toutes les ames et changé bien des résolutions*. Lecointre de Versailles, dont le courage n'était point douteux, et qui n'avait cessé de gesticuler contre les tribunes, (qui addressaient à l'assemblée des gestes menaçantes) arrive au bureau, *hésite*, et laisse tomber de sa bouche le mot inattendu et terrible,—*La mort*. Vergniaud, qui avait paru *profondément touché du sort de Louis XVI.*, et qui avait déclaré que *jamais il ne pourrait condamner ce malheureux prince*, Vergniaud, à l'aspect de cette scène désordonnée,—PRONONCE UN ARRET DE MORT.'—Thiers, tom. ii. p. 261.

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tried, and who had all along boldly employed the words *trial* and *condemnation* as synonimous and identical. It must be confessed that this sincerity, ferocious as it was—this logical, though blood-stained consistency, places Robespierre's intellect at least far above any of the other advocates for, or associates in, the murder of the king.

That crime was hardly consummated when the murderers began to attack each other. The Girondins made an attempt the very night of the king's condemnation to turn it to profit against the Jacobins. 'We have but half done our duty,' cried Gensonné, one of the most sober of his party, 'in punishing the tyrant, if we do not punish the authors of the massacres.' Gensonné may perhaps have made this proposition in the hopes of saving Louis; but such an expedient—a comparison between the king and the *massacreurs*—so false—so odious—so atrocious—revolts common sense and common honesty, even more than the regicide itself. This attempt, however intended, failed miserably; and when the king was removed, the Girondins found that there was no longer any screen between them and Robespierre—that is, between them and the scaffold. The death of the king had at once blooded the hell-hounds of democracy, and deprived them of their prey—they were easily harked-on upon the Gironde. A series of tumults succeeded, all directed against this party, which had still the majority—the intimidated and time-serving majority—of the Convention. On all these occasions Robespierre took care to appear not as an instigator, and still less as an actor, but in the prudent character of the senatorial advocate of his more active associates. On the 10th of March, 1793, the Mountain, backed by mobs, obtained a considerable advantage over their opponents, and carried the establishment of the accursed *Revolutionary Tribunal*. Early in April, the defection of General Dumouriez, who was, in the eye of the public, a Girondin, accelerated a fall which was already certain. On the 10th of April, Robespierre, in a speech of considerable ability, connected this event with the political movements of the Girondins. Vergniaud and Gaudet replied with so much force, and retorted the charge so powerfully on the Jacobins, that taking advantage of an indiscretion of Marat's in the debate, they carried a decree of accusation and arrest against him * —a great indiscretion and fatal success. The *Sections* of Paris, with the mayor at their head, petitioned the Convention to expel *twenty-two* of the leading Girondins from their body. On the presentation of this petition (15th April), another incident occurred,

* *Divisions* soon became so rare in the subservient Convention, that it is worth while to preserve the numbers on this occasion: of 367 members, 220 voted against Marat, 92 for him—7 voted for an adjournment, and 48 refused to vote.

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curred, eminently characteristic of popular assemblies. Boyer-Fonfrède, a young Girondin, who was not comprised in the *Twenty-two*, hastened to the tribune, and requested to be included in the accusation of his friends—the great majority of the assembly, excited by this magnanimity, rose up and exclaimed—as they had done in the case of Marat—'Include us *all—all—all!*' and grouped themselves about the *Twenty-two*, with every demonstration of attachment and devotion; and again, this was that very same assembly which, a few weeks after, adopted the prayer of this very petition, and sent the *Twenty-two* to prison—and eventually to death!

The disorders became now more complicated—the tribunals acquitted Marat—the *Sections* of Paris impeached the majority of the Convention. It was to one of these factious deputations that Isnard, the Girondin president of the Convention, made the celebrated but foolish and braggadocio reply:—

'If the safety of the National Convention be violated by any of those insurrections, which, since the 10th of March, have so often endangered your representatives and disgraced Paris, I announce to you that Paris will incur the vengeance of the republic, and *that future travellers will seek in vain on the banks of the Seine where the city once stood.*'

This rhodomontade—so characteristic of the bombastic Girondins—was, in the sense in which it was uttered, a mere *brutum fulmen*—but not so in its effect on those to whom it was addressed—it ignited the train—the insurrection of the 31st March followed, and the impotent Girondins were scattered far and wide by the explosion. On that day a great body of petitioners who required the expulsion of the Girondins, not only invaded, but possessed themselves of the Convention—Vergniaud attempted a secession and failed ridiculously. At this moment Robespierre presented himself in the tribune, and supported with great zeal the demand of the petitioners. Vergniaud (who had returned to his seat much mortified at the failure of his attempt at secession) interrupted the speaker, by exclaiming—'*Come to the point.*' 'I will,' replied Robespierre,—excited and emboldened by the presence of the petitioners, who filled the very benches of the Assembly:—

'I will—and it shall be against *you*—against *you*, who, after the revolution of the *Tenth of August*, endeavoured to bring to the scaffold the patriots who had accomplished it—against *you*, who have menaced Paris with being razed from the face of the earth—against *you*, who would have saved the tyrant had you dared—against *you*, the accomplice of Dumouriez! Yes, I come to the point, and I require a decree of accusation against all the accomplices of that traitor, as well as against all the others impeached by the petitioners.'—*Moniteur.*

This vigorous *sortie* was vehemently applauded, and after two days

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days of tumult—terrible almost to sublimity—it was (June 2nd) substantially embodied in a decree, and the Gironde was no more!

From this period may be said to commence Robespierre's personal responsibility in the revolutionary administration: hitherto he was but an individual incendiary, the leader of a party which, though all-powerful out of doors, were still in the minority of the Assembly, and he himself exposed to daily insult and danger. The case was now changed—the former majority were expelled, exiled, imprisoned, and silenced—the Mountain became predominant, and Robespierre, in effect, all-powerful.

But the *precise* date of Robespierre's accession to responsible authority is stated by different writers with a looseness and mutual contradiction, which proves how carelessly the history of these times has been hitherto written.*

It will, we believe, surprise most readers to be told that any chronological doubt should exist in the history of events so recent —so notorious—written and published from day to day and from year to year, by such an infinite number of pens; but the fact is, that nothing is more remarkable or embarrassing than the neglect of dates in all those works which are called *Histories of the French Revolution*, the writers of which really seem as if they thought that an *historian* might disdain the humbler merit of chronology. Even in such a loose and desultory sketch as we are writing, we find this difficulty meeting us at every turn. Let us cite as an instance the question we have just mentioned—a very important one—namely, the precise date from which Robespierre, by his entrance into the *Committee of Public Safety*, may be reckoned to have taken a responsible share in the government—a date which ought to be as well ascertained as the 10th of August or the 9th Thermidor; but upon which no two writers seem to agree.

Montjoye, who was an eye-witness of much that he relates, and who began his poor and prejudiced history of Robespierre while he was still alive, and published it soon after his fall, gives us to understand that Robespierre was a member of the Committee of Public Safety†, as early as its first formation, soon after the death of the king.

* The life of Robespierre in Mr. Adolphus's very able work—'*Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution*,' published in 1799, which we have already noticed—is the best we have seen, and indeed the only one which notices adequately the difficulty of the subject and the mystery which hangs over Robespierre's conduct and policy. Subsequent writers, instead of endeavouring to clear up the obscurities indicated by Mr. Adolphus, have taken the easier course of finding nothing to doubt about.

† We employ this usual title, though it is not an adequate translation of the French '*Salut Public*,' and confounds the attributes of the two great committees. The Committee *de Salut Public*—literally *public salvation*, was charged with the higher political functions—the extraordinaries, we may call them—of the Revolution, while the Committee *de Sureté Générale*—*general security* or *safety*, conducted the more ordinary details of administration and police.



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Papon in his history also states, that Robespierre was an *original* member of the *Committee of Public Safety*, and he too seems to place its creation shortly after the death of the king, and at latest before the 21st March, 1793.

Mignet says that he was elected to it on its first '*renouvellement*' after the 31st May, 1793.

Messrs. Beaulieu and Michaud, in their article in the 'Biographie Universelle,' state, that he was a member of the Committee of *General Defence* before the fall of the Girondins (31st May, 1793), and that *immediately* after that event he assiduously attended the *Committee of Public Safety*.

M. Thiers, on the contrary, states, that it was not till the resignation of Gasparin, in August, 1793, that the Convention, *which had hitherto declined to elect Robespierre on any committee*, was now reluctantly subdued into naming him into the Committee of Public Safety.

Durand de Maillane, a member of the Convention, and a party to all these proceedings, says, that the Committee of *General Defence* was organized on the 25th of March, 1793, with great powers, which however he adds were restricted by the *subsequent* appointment of a Committee of *Public Safety*, *into which Robespierre did not obtain early admission*, but where he was dreaded before he was admitted.

And, finally, the *Moniteur*, the *dernier resort* in all such cases, states the appointment of the Committee of *General Defence* on the 25th March, 1793, and gives a list of its members, including all the leading men of the Convocation—Vergniaud and *Robespierre*—Sieyes and Danton, &c., to the number of twenty-five. This Committee of *General Defence* is however, in the very next *Moniteur*, called the Committee of *General Safety*; but it appears that on the 6th of April the formation of a Committee of *Public Safety*, of nine members, was decreed on the motion of Isnard, a Girondin; and to *this* committee—the celebrated Committee of Public Safety—Robespierre did not belong till the 26th July, when he was elected in the room of Gasparin, resigned.

The statements of the *Moniteur*, though imperfect, must be, as far as they go, correct; and they contradict, in one point or another, every one of the former statements except that of Durand.

With the *Moniteur* open before them, we cannot imagine why all these writers should have stated, so vaguely and discordantly a fact which, when Robespierre is tried at the bar of posterity, becomes important, not perhaps as to his private character, but as to his public responsibility. It is *one* thing to preach sedition and anarchy as a leader of *Opposition*, and *another* to order and enforce,

*as*

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*as a member of a Government*, the most atrocious violations of law, justice, humanity, and social order—the heart was equally bad in both cases—but in the former he can only be charged as one of many *instigators* of crimes, of which, in the latter case, he *was* the chief and most guilty *perpetrator*.

There is another point of chronology still more important to Robespierre's history, which seems to us to have been mistaken.

There was found in Robespierre's papers an *undated* note, called by Courtois, in his report, '*note essentielle*,' which commences with a remarkable expression—'*Il faut une volonté* UNE.' This is quoted by Courtois, and by all subsequent writers, as written in the last palmy days of Robespierre's triumph, when he was preparing to usurp the *sole* sovereign authority; but this is certainly an error. On an examination of the note it will be found, from an incidental allusion to *Custine*, that it must have been written previous to that General's recall from the army, early in July, 1793, and therefore before Robespierre had influence enough to be elected into the committees of government. It is clear, also, that it was only the heads of a speech prepared during one of the popular insurrections—probably either that of 10th March, or 31st May, 1793, when assuredly Robespierre was as yet in no condition to dream of establishing a *volonté une* in his own person; and moreover it appears, from the context, that *volonté une* meant—not the *will of one*, but—*one will*; for it states that the *volonté une* was to be '*republican*, and to be carried into effect by republican ministers—republican journals—republican deputies—and a republican government.' So that, in fact, this celebrated paper proves *nothing* as to the design which Robespierre is supposed to have formed above a year after it was really written.

A more minute attention to dates would explain many points of Robespierre's policy. For instance, from the moment (2d June, 1793) that his party became the majority, Robespierre's course of proceedings was essentially changed. He now began to defend, even against his own over-zealous partizans, the Convention, the Government, and even the Committee of Public Safety, though the members of this Committee were moderates, and had not been displaced by the late revolution. This change, unnoticed by most historians, is, by those who mention it, attributed to a new light broken in upon his mind, an incipient conversion to a principle of moderation. It was no such thing—it was the mere result of his change of position,—from being one of the *minority* to being one of the *majority*. Robespierre, no doubt, began now to see that he should be soon called to the direction of affairs, and—like all other



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Oppositionists who become Ministerialists—was disposed to repress the disorganization which he had hitherto provoked. But he was still but a private man; and when he found, on successive renewals of the Committee of Public Safety, that his name was—as it seemed, studiously—omitted, we see him throwing off his recent moderation and again countenancing popular interferences. At last, towards the end of July, a great fermentation in the public mind intimidated the Convention—a member of the Committee resigned—Robespierre at last became an effective member of the government, which from that time, as we shall see presently, began to assume a deeper character of energetic cruelty. But he cannot even yet be considered as a dictator—that pinnacle he attained only on the death of Hebert, near a year later; and from the 31st May, 1793, to April, 1794, Robespierre and his Jacobins must be considered rather as the colleagues of Danton and the *Cordeliers** (as this section of the party was called), than the supreme authority. From the 31st May, when Robespierre began to take a part in the direction of affairs, we find him gradually investing himself in deeper and deeper mystery; and as his public authority and its excesses grew more and more notorious, his private conduct and objects become more and more obscure.

At last, about the beginning of August, 1793, Robespierre took his seat at the Committee of Public Safety, and the *Reign of Terror* began. It is true that the whole revolution was a system of Terror to which Robespierre had, as we have seen, contributed no small share, but we are considering only that portion of it which has been attributed to his influence, and more especially distinguished by that just and atrocious title. It we say began, but it was only by gradual steps that such a tyranny could be carried to the tremendous height it finally attained. On the 23rd August, 1793, was passed the decree of the *Levée en masse*, which would not only secure the frontiers from external enemies, but would remove from the interior all those who were likely to impede the course of domestic despotism. Next came a *Forced Loan*, which plundered and intimidated all the

* All these clubs took their names from the convents whose halls, left unappropriated by the expulsion of the monks, were seized upon by the clubs. The Jacobins took possession of a club of the *Dominicans*, who were popularly called *Jacobins*, because their first location in Paris was La Rue St. Jacques. The Cordeliers were *Franciscans*, so called from the *cord* which they wore as a girdle. Their convent near the Luxembourg gave its name to the *Duntonist* Club. The Feuillants were of the order of St. Bernard, and so called from their principal convent at Feuillant in Languedoc. Their convent was nearly opposite that of the Jacobins in the Rue St. Honoré, and still nearer the Hall of the Assembly (the *Manège*). It was here that a moderate club of Constitutionalists, seceders from the Jacobins, endeavoured to establish themselves, and so utterly failed, that the very title 'Feuillant' became a sentence of death.

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affluent classes. On the 17th September followed the celebrated *Loi des Suspects*, which enacted a series of definitions of those who might—even on the denunciation of an individual—be arrested as *suspected persons*,—definitions which included, in one or other of their categories, all man and woman kind. These three laws rendered the government uncontrolled masters of the property and persons of the whole population of France; and lest there should be found in them any latent restriction,—any possibility of evasion,—a fourth decree, of the 10th October, declared the government *revolutionary*, or, in other words, invested it with an absolute despotism for any object whatsoever which the government should choose to think or call *revolutionary*.

Such was the *legislation* of Terror. Before we proceed to show how it was executed, we must pause a moment to consider the personal influence which Robespierre had in that system.

Some authorities, and amongst others, Buonaparte, (who had some early connexion with the Robespierres,) affect to believe that Maximilian was not the founder of the system of Terror, and that he was for a time inclined to moderate it, and at last fell in an endeavour to arrest and overthrow it. The *motives* of any man, and particularly of so insulated and reserved a person as Robespierre, are inscrutable—they are what Thiers emphatically calls the *secret of men's souls*—and convinced as we are that Robespierre possessed an acute, logical, and calculating mind, it would seem, *à priori*, highly probable—and that moral probability is strengthened by many practical indications—that Robespierre entertained some such laudable intentions; but on the other hand, the great *facts* of the case *chronologically* considered, form, as it seems to us, a body of almost irresistible evidence, that the reigns of Robespierre and of Terror cannot be distinguished in fact, or separated in reason. The four great measures of organized despotism which we have just mentioned, were proposed and adopted *after* Robespierre had been added to the Committee of Public Safety, and *he* had been the only important addition. We shall see presently, in considering the execution of those measures, that the *Terror* grew in frightful intensity in a gradual and exact proportion to the increase of Robespierre's personal authority. We are aware of the fallacy in ordinary affairs of the argument *propter quia post*—but in this case the steps of Robespierre were followed so exactly and so invariably by the stream of blood, that we cannot relieve our minds from the conclusion that they must have been cause and consequence.

We now return to the *executive* measures of this deplorable tyranny. Popular massacres were out of fashion. Indeed, they were no longer applicable to the projects of the anarchists—which required

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required a *permanent* instrument capable of control—and, instead of such unmanageable *conflagrations*, they erected, like Nebuchadnezzar, a *furnace*, whose intensity they might guide, and the number and quality of whose victims they could select.

Immediately after the *Tenth of August*, 1792, a special tribunal was established for the trial of political offences. In the height of the struggle between the Jacobins and Girondins, on the 16th March, 1793, the Convention was terrified into giving it, on the proposition of Danton, a new constitution and more extensive powers. It was even proposed by the Jacobins to change its name to the *Revolutionary Tribunal*—the Convention, still under some degree of Girondin influence, saw in the word *revolutionary* a contradiction to all legality, and named it only Tribunal *Extraordinaire*. We shall see presently how it regained its original designation, and how well it deserved it. This tribunal was the *furnace* required—it was permanent—manageable—servile—and, under the forms of what had replaced law and justice in France, was capable and willing to exercise any degree of oppression, and to commit any extent of murder.

For some months, this tribunal sent to the scaffold but a few and these inconsiderable victims. It was now to be brought into greater activity, but its progress was regulated with art. The first considerable victim (17th August, 1793) was General Custines*—his execution intimidated *the generals*. There was a certain incendiary journalist, named Gorsas, whose brutal violence had procured his election to the Convention, where he had joined the Girondins. On their proscription he had escaped and was outlawed—he was taken, and being identified, was sent by the Revolution to the scaffold on the 7th October. This was the first instance of the immolation of a *deputy*—it was well chosen—Gorsas, besides being a personal enemy of Robespierre, was odious and contemptible, and having been outlawed, a trial was not necessary—but it sufficiently announced what was intended for the rest of the Girondins, who languished in prison till the public mind should be sufficiently *blooded* to enable the Jacobins to proceed to their condemnation.

With this object, we firmly believe, rather than any other, the Queen was next immolated (16th October). The detestable calumny which Herbert ventured against this injured—and not merely *innocent* but—*admirable* woman is notorious; but it is not so well known that Robespierre, who was certainly the immediate mover of her execution, expressed great indignation at the charge—not at its falsehood and atrocity, but at its *impolicy*—'That

* Of the thousands who died on the scaffold in France, this General and Madame du Barri appear to have been the *only* two who showed any pusillanimous weakness.

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fool, Herbert,' he exclaimed, 'will make her an object of pity!' Between the 16th and 30th of October, *sixteen* other victims, two, three, and four at a time, prepared the Parisians for the execution, on the 31st, of the *Twenty-one* Girondins. These men were so clearly *innocent* of the crimes of which they were charged, and were so clearly *guilty* of what was then called 'patriotism,' and defended themselves so well by that eloquence which had been so long the *tocsin* of the Revolution, that the tribunal hesitated to condemn them. The danger to the Jacobin cause was great; but Robespierre was greater. On the third day of the trial he appeared in the tribune of the Convention—he deplored the delay of justice, and moved and carried a decree, that '*Whenever any trial should have lasted three days, the tribunal might declare itself satisfied of the guilt of prisoners—might stop the defence—close the discussions—and send the accused to death!*' And, lest any possible chance of a prisoner's acquittal should remain, he proposed, and the Convention decreed, that the title of Tribunal *Extraordinaire should* be changed into that of Tribunal *Revolutionaire*—by this change of a single word, giving the judges a *revolutionary discretion*—in other words—arbitrary power! These decrees—*passed* at the Tuileries whilst the trial was *pending* at the Palais,—were sent *on the moment* to the Tribunal, which adopted at once the bloody intimation, declared itself satisfied, and at midnight on the 30th of October condemned the *Twenty-one* to death, who were next morning executed*—under the circumstances already stated—in the Place de la Revolution—under the windows of the Hall of the Convention, the scene of their crimes—their triumphs—and their fall.

Here Robespierre was avowedly the chief director; but he acted with the advice and concurrence of Danton; and for his vengeance there may be, as we before observed, this palliative, that if he had not sent them to the scaffold, they would undoubtedly have sent him.

Up to this point, therefore, the advocates of Robespierre might have some colour for doubting that he was instigated by an *innate* cruelty and *gratuitous* love of blood. Heretofore, the intoxication of faction, the frenzy of revenge, and the necessity of self-defence, might be alleged in excuse for his proceedings; but henceforth these palliations, miserable as they are, cannot be adduced. We must look for other motives.

This blow, struck at the heart of the national representation itself, in the persons of its most distinguished members, paralysed

* Twenty only were executed: one Vulané had stabbed himself, but the tribunal ordered that his corpse should be carried in the same cart with his living friends to the place of execution—an unheard-of barbarity.

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every soul. The Convention became from this hour a silent and servile accomplice in the atrocities of its Committees and their obedient Tribunal; and except Robespierre's own, there was not a head which did not tremble at the fall of Vergniaud's.

But was even he himself at ease? Far from it. His anxieties and tortures were greater than those of the most tortured of his victims—

> '*Nec hos*
> Evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
> Mens trahit attonitos, et surdo verbere cædit,
> Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum!'

He had committed an enormous *fault*, as well as an atrocious *crime*, in violating the persons of the national representatives: he found, too late, that he had made his position so slippery with blood, that every movement menaced him with an inevitable fall; and '*assassination*,' and the 'approaching sacrifice of his life, became the first objects of his thoughts and the prominent topics in all his harangues, even when he seemed at an inaccessible pinnacle of elevation.

Danton, hitherto his associate and champion, the audacious Danton, seems at last to have taken fright—declined to be of the Committee of Public Safety—obtained leave of absence from the sittings of the Convention, and endeavoured to escape notice and drown his apprehensions in the enjoyment of social and domestic life. But the rest of Robespierre's pack of blood-hounds grew only more and more ravenous for a continuation of their daily prey, and he saw himself in danger of being devoured by his own dogs. He endeavoured to appease them by accumulated carcasses, and not a day passed without two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten executions of all that was interesting for youth and beauty,—venerable for age and virtues,—respectable for loyalty to the old constitution,—notorious for services to the republic,—or distinguished for literature or talents—nor was poverty, obscurity, or even turpitude a protection: the indigent died with the rich—the artizan with the magistrate—the peasant with the prince—and shameless prostitutes, '*furies of* the *guillotine*,' with the amiable and heroic models of every female virtue. But all would not do—the blood-hounds were insatiable, and there were many and not obscure indications that Robespierre himself was in imminent danger. The leader of this new faction—which Camille Desmoulins designated as *ultra-revolutionists*—was Hebert, the editor of a blasphemous, indecent, bloody, and every way infamous journal, called *Le Père Duchesne*; Vincent, a clerk in the War Office; Momoro, a printer; Grammont, a player; Ronsin, who had been a play-writer, and was now a general; Clootz,

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Cloots, a crazy Prussian; and Chaumette, the procureur-général of the *Commune* of Paris. The first hostility of these men against their late idol took a singular turn. Robespierre professed some respect for moral ideas, and was supposed to be not unfavourrable—on political grounds at least—to religious worship. A certain priest of the name of Gobel, who had embraced the Revolution with a blind and impotent zeal, had been elected Archbishop of Paris. The Hebertists persuaded this poor wretch to go in procession, in all his archiepiscopal state, and with his clerical attendants, to the bar of the Convention, where he delivered up the insignia, and abjured the obligation, of his sacred character—while his followers explicitly avowed atheism, and demanded the extermination of all superstition. Several bishops and priests, members of the Convention, followed this impious example, and Christianity was publicly abolished in France, and the worship of Reason substituted in its stead. But that was not all. Chaumette, who was the chief legal magistrate of Paris, procured a decree of the municipality for the celebration in the *cidevant* churches of the worship of the new divinity; the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame was designated as the *Temple of Reason*, and on the 10th of November was celebrated the feast of the Goddess—represented by Momoro's wife—who, in an indecent attire, was seated on the high altar, and received and returned the devotion of her votaries by a *kiss*.

In this shocking farce Robespierre saw not only a dissolution of all morals and of the bonds of human society, but an insult to his known sentiments, and, *perhaps*, an anticipated attack on his own *intentions* of returning to some system of moral and religious government. He boldly assailed Hebert in the Jacobin Club—ridiculed and denounced his new religion, and inculcated the advantage and necessity of a moral and religious constitution of society in a sensible and vigorous speech, in which he repeated the celebrated phrase—'*If the Divinity did not exist, a wise legislator would have invented it.*'

This annihilated the *worship of Reason*, but only further exasperated the Hebertists. Danton by this time had discovered that retirement would afford him no security; and suspecting that he was equally obnoxious to Hebert and Robespierre, returned to his duties in the Convention. His re-appearance was the signal for his impeachment by Hebert; but Robespierre, exasperated and alarmed by the audacity of that villain, defended Danton with singular boldness and ability—we should have added, with generosity, did not the sequel prove that he could have no such feeling. The Hebertists thus doubly defeated had recourse to Robespierre's own system of raising the *Sections* and their mobs against

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against the Convention, under the pretence of stimulating public justice against the counter-revolutionists. They belonged to Danton's old club of the Cordeliers, and affected to maintain the principles from which they accused him of being an apostate. It was now that, in opposition to these *new* Cordeliers, Camille Desmoulins began a journal called *The Old Cordelier*. Desmoulins had been one of the first firebrands of the Revolution, and had assumed the atrocious title of *Attorney-General of the Lamp-post*, in those days when the lamp-post was the instrument of popular murder; but, like Danton, he had lately married a young and rich wife, and like him, he began to feel some emotions of humanity when *he found his own property and person in danger*. The '*Old Cordelier*' was the first publication which, since the Revolution, had dared to talk of *clemency* and of closing the bleeding wounds of the country; and, coming from so unexpected a quarter, it was received with prodigious applause, and is to this day quoted as a model of wit, pleasantry, argument, and eloquence all combined in the cause of humanity. To us it appears that its literary merits are much over-rated. Nor did its publication require much courage—of which, indeed, Desmoulins' share was but small; for he was supported and prompted by the powerful Danton, and even by the still more powerful Robespierre.

But he over-shot his mark: Robespierre saw with pleasure the attack on the Hebertists, but it did not require *his* jealousy to see in the *Old Cordelier* (the very title of which was offensive to the leader of the antagonist club of the Jacobins) many bitter and ominous sarcasms against his own system—and he could not but remember that reproduction of his old aristocratic signature of '*De* Robespierre,' which we before noticed. The public success, however, of this journal, and the co-operation of Danton, assured Robespierre that he might venture to proceed to extremities with Hebert and his followers. They were arrested on the night of the 18th of March, 1794. Their trial began on the 20th, and having lasted three days, the jury, under the decree made against the Girondins, declared themselves satisfied; and, on the 24th, Hebert, and his followers, were condemned and executed the same evening to the number of *nineteen* persons, perishing within one hour on one scaffold.

Universal joy and hope pervaded France at this act of retributive justice. It was received as the pledge of a new era. Robespierre, Danton, and Desmoulins were supposed to be united in a system of mercy and moderation; and at this moment it seems as if Robespierre had had it in his power to close the horrors of the Revolution. Why he did not do so appears to us very difficult, on any of the principles of human action, to understand—but

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but entirely inexplicable on the supposition adopted—with more or less confidence—by most historians and biographers,—by Buonaparte,—by the Abbé Guillon in his *History of the Martyrs*, and by a large portion of the literary world,—that Robespierre entertained, towards the end of his life, what were called moderate principles. Here was a most remarkable crisis; he had avenged at once morality, religion, and social order by the punishment of Hebert; he had lately added to his fame and his popularity by his generous defence of Danton; Camille Desmoulins had, still more recently, advocated clemency with, as was supposed, his concurrence; his re-union with these old friends appeared now complete, and cemented by the strongest interests and on the best of all grounds; yet, in an interval of *ten days*, the whole scene was changed in the most unexpected and terrible manner. He had overthrown and sent to the scaffold —with Danton's, at least, tacit consent—their common enemies on the 24th of March, and on the 4th of April, Danton and Desmoulins, his old friends and allies, were—will posterity believe it?—*arrested*, and sent on the 5th to *the scaffold*, still wet with the blood of their antagonists and victims! What could have occurred in that short interval? The sarcasms of Desmoulins may have offended Robespierre; but they were sarcasms principally directed against the common enemy, and which had contributed to the common success. Besides, after all, in such grave and vital matters, gay and even bitter pleasantries cannot account for such desperate extremities. But what had Danton done? why was he so generously defended in November—so suddenly sacrificed in April? He was certainly not eager in the prosecution of Hebert, as is shown by—amongst graver proofs—a slight circumstance which is nevertheless worth preserving. On the 16th of March a deputation appeared at the bar to congratulate the Convention on the fall of Hebert, and one of the deputation *sang a song* made for the occasion. Danton was offended at this; and the great Danton's *last act* was the obtaining a decree of the National Assembly that henceforward no one should be allowed to sing songs at its bar. (*Moniteur, 17th March*, 1794.) But though no doubt alarmed at Hebert's fate, he had concurred in it, and had certainly shown—in a meeting which a common friend had negotiated between him and Robespierre—no disposition to play an independent part. The lion appeared to have been completely tamed, and appeared to desire no better than to live in domestic tranquillity. Nor has any reason been ever assigned why Robespierre did not accept the overtures then made to him for an entire and cordial reconciliation.

Robespierre himself, in one of his speeches, gives us his own bill of indictment against Danton: 'Danton,

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'Danton, the most dangerous of the enemies of the country if he had not been the most cowardly—Danton, temporizing with every crime, connected with every plot, promising to the criminals protection, and to the patriots fidelity—artful in giving his treasons the pretext of public good—in justifying his vices by his pretended faults—he contrived through his friends to have the conspirators who were on the point of effecting the ruin of the republic, accused in an insignificant or favourable manner, in order that he might himself have an opportunity of defending them—he intrigued with Brissot, corresponded with Ronsin, encouraged Hebert, and prepared for every event, so as to be sure that *he* should gain whether *they* failed or succeeded, and be the better able to rally all the enemies of liberty against the republican government.'—*Rapport du* 18 *Flor.*, p. 9.

These vague and, in some points, unintelligible charges, throw little light on the question, and upon the whole, we can bring our minds to rest upon two only explanations: either Danton and his friends saw in Robespierre an implacable enemy to mercy, and had therefore formed some intrigue to bring him to the scaffold; or, as has been surmised, St. Just, Couthon, Collot, and the violent Jacobins, menaced Robespierre himself, if he did not consent to the sacrifice of Danton. Either of these explanations is full of difficulty, and we must leave the question as obscure as we have found it, with this difference only, that other writers have evaded it, and that our doubts may perhaps have the effect of suggesting some deeper researches into this enigmatical point of the history of the Revolution. One trait of Danton we cannot even in this sketch omit: when he was condemned by the Tribunal, he exclaimed, 'Tis but a year since I myself proposed the institution of this Tribunal—and I *ask pardon for that act of God and man!*'

Robespierre now stood alone, *more dreaded* and *less powerful* than ever. The death of Danton, so long his friend and so often his defender, alienated, and we may say, revolted—by its inexplicable motives and its obvious ingratitude and impolicy—his staunchest adherents. When Danton fell there was no man who could think his own life worth half an hour's purchase, and in every heart there was excited a double feeling of *subservience* and *suspicion*; they became cautious not to provoke, and yet anxious to relieve themselves from such an unintelligible tyranny.

And now again, if Robespierre had any moderate designs, he was the uncontrolled and indisputable master of his own policy, and might, and must have shown some tendency to moderation; but, instead of any such symptom, the march of legal massacre became more rapid and bloody. The executions, which heretofore seldom exceeded *eight* or *ten* per diem, and in one case—that of Hebert—ONLY reached *nineteen*, now became frequently *thirty*,

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*thirty, forty, fifty,* and *sixty!* We have examined, as originally published from the *procès verbaux* of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the '*Liste Générale des Condamnés,*' and we have extracted the following table of the results, which we think will astonish our readers, and prove that the executions grew gradually with the personal influence of Robespierre, and became enormous in proportion as he successively extinguished his rivals.

*Numbers condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris in each Month, from its first institution* (17*th August*, 1792) *to the fall of Robespierre* (27*th July*, 1794).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1792. | August | 3 | victims. |
| | September | 4 | |
| | October | 1* | |
| | [*Tribunal re-modelled in March* 1793.] | | |
| 1793. | April | 9 | |
| | May | 9 | |
| | June | 14 | |
| | July | 13 | |
| | [*Robespierre elected into the Committee of Public Safety.*] | | |
| | August | 5 | |
| | September | 15 | |
| | October | 60 | including *Brissot*, &c. |
| | November | 53 | |
| | December | 73 | |
| 1794. | January | 83 | |
| | February | 75 | |
| | March | 123 | including *Hebert*, &c. |
| | April | 263 | including *Danton*, &c. |
| | May | 324 | |
| | June | 672 | |
| | July | 835 | *exclusive* of Robespierre and his accomplices. |

Here then we see that before Robespierre came into the government the numbers were *comparatively* small—the numbers of 13 and 14, in June and July, 1793, were swelled by some prisoners from La Vendée and Orleans, for which the government in Paris was not so immediately responsible—but soon after Robespierre was elected into the Committee the numbers suddenly rose from 15 to 50, 60, 70, 80. In the month in which he had dispatched the ferocious Hebert, they rose to 123. In April, when he had gotten rid of Danton, to 263, and in the subsequent three months of his uncontrolled and autocratical administration, to 324, 672, and 825.

What can be opposed to these figures, extracted from the official

* There were sixteen criminals executed in this month, but there was but one whose offence was of a political nature.

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official returns of the Tribunal? It is true that Robespierre had ceased about the end of June to *attend the Committee*, but his instruments, St. Just and Couthon, were there; and, moreover, it is known that Fouquier Tinville, his public accuser, received his personal directions on the lists of victims. To the foregoing astonishing account of the *monthly* executions, we think it worth while to add the *daily* detail of the two last months:—

*June.*

| Day. | Victims. | Day. | Victims. | Day. | Victims. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 13 | 11 | 22 | 21 | 25 |
| 2 | 13 | 12 | 17 | 22 | 15 |
| 3 | 32 | 13 | 23 | 23 | 19 |
| 4 | 16 | 14 | 38 | 24 | 25 |
| 5 | 6 | 15 | 19 | 25 | 44 |
| 6 | 20 | 16 | 42 | 26 | 47 |
| 7 | 21 | 17 | 61 | 27 | 30 |
| 8 | *Decadi**. | 18 | *Decadi.* | 28 | *Decadi.* |
| 9 | 22 | 19 | 15 | 29 | 20 |
| 10 | 13 | 20 | 37 | 30 | 14 |

*July.*

| Day. | Victims. | Day. | Victims. | Day. | Victims. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 23 | 10 | 44 | 19 | 28 |
| 2 | 30 | 11 | 6 | 20 | 14 |
| 3 | 19 | 12 | 28 | 21 | 28 |
| 4 | 27 | 13 | 37 | 22 | 46 |
| 5 | 28† | 14 | — | 23 | 55 |
| 6 | 29 | 15 | 29 | 24 | 36 |
| 7 | 67 | 16 | 30 | 25 | 38 |
| 8 | *Decadi.* | 17 | 40 | 26 | 54 |
| 9 | 60 | 18 | *Decadi.* | 27 | 42 |

These things happened in our own time—thousands are still living who saw them, yet it seems almost incredible that *batches* (*fournées*—such was the familiar phrase)—of *sixty* victims should be condemned in one morning by the same tribunal, and executed the same afternoon on the same scaffold. These *batches* comprised all ranks, ages, sexes: the most different and even contradictory crimes were combined in the same accusation; persons were executed for *conspiring together*, who never saw one another till they met on the scaffold; the majority of charges were vague and visionary, some unintelligible, and many even ridiculous. It cannot be thought irrelevant, if we give a few instances of the proceedings of the Tribunal. Such details seem to have been con-

* The *Decadi*, which had been substituted for Sunday, was a public holiday.

† On this day (5th July), we find, by a note in the *Moniteur*, that there were 7502 prisoners in the prisons of Paris. This enormous number, as well as that of the executions, were probably swelled by prisoners from those country districts which had not a tribunal and guillotine of their own.

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sidered too minute for history, but to us it seems that it is in these details that the true history of the Revolution is to be read.

In one batch were 22 women of the poorer class—most of them widows—

'For having in various ways forwarded the designs of the fanatics, aristocrats, priests, and the other agents of England. They were condemned and executed the 23rd June, 1794.'—*Liste Générale des Condamnés*, No. vi. p. 22.

In the same batch were 9 private soldiers and workmen—

'condemned to death for having employed extraordinary means to evade the requisition, such as *pricking their own eyes with pins*, and becoming by this cowardly artifice unable to bear arms.'—*Ib.*

'Jean Julian, waggoner, having been sentenced to twelve years hard labour, took it into his head (*s'avisa*) to cry *Vive le Roi!* was brought back before the tribunal and condemned to death, September, 1792.—*Ib.* i. p. 1.

'Jean Baptiste Henry, aged *eighteen*, journeyman tailor, convicted of having sawn a tree of liberty; executed the 6th September, 1793.'—*Ib.* p. 10.

'Bernard Augustin d'Absac, aged 51, ex-noble, late captain in the 11th regiment, and formerly in the sea-service, convicted of having betrayed *several towns* and *several ships* into the hands of the enemy, was condemned to death on the 10th January, 1794, and executed the same day.'—*Ib.* ii. 1.

'Stephen Thomas Ogie Baulny, aged forty-six, ex-noble, convicted of having intrusted his son, aged *fourteen*, to a *garde du corps*, in order that he might emigrate. Condemned to death 31st January, 1794, and executed the same day.'—*Ib.* p. 8.

'Henrietta Frances de Marbœuf, aged fifty-five, widow of the *cidevant* Marquis of Marbœuf, *residing at* No. 47, *Rue St. Honoré, in Paris*, convicted of having *hoped for* (*désiré*) the arrival of the Austrians and Prussians, and *of keeping provisions for them.* Condemned to death the 5th Feb. 1794, and executed the same day.'—*Ib.* p. 10.

'Jacques de Beaume, a *Dutch merchant*, convicted of being the author and accomplice of a plot which existed in the month of June, 1790, tending to encourage our external and internal enemies, by negociating, by way of loan, certain bonds of 100*l.* each, bearing interest at 5 per cent., of George Prince of Wales, Frederick Duke of York, and William Henry Duke of Clarence. Executed the 14th Feb. 1794.

'James Duchesne, aged 60, formerly a servant, since a broker; John Sauvage, aged 34, gunsmith; Frances Loizelier, aged 47, milliner; Melanie Cunosse, aged 21, milliner; Mary Magdalen Virolle, aged 25, female hair-dresser;—convicted of having, in the city of Paris, where they resided, composed writings, stuck bills, and *poussé des cris* [the sanguinary code of England has no corresponding name for this capital offence,] were all condemned to death the 5th May, 1794, and executed the same day.'—*Ib.* iv. p. 22.

'Geneviève

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'Geneviève Gouvon, aged *seventy-seven*, sempstress, convicted of having been the author or accomplice of various conspiracies formed since the beginning of the revolution by the enemies of the people and of liberty, tending to create civil war, to paralyze the public, and to annihilate the existing government. Condemned to death 11th May, 1793, and executed the same day.

'Francis Bertrand, aged 37, *tinman* and publican at Leure, in the department of the Côte d'Or, convicted of having furnished to the defenders of the country *sour wine injurious to the health of citizens*, was condemned to death at Paris 15th May, 1793, and executed the same day.'—*Ib.* v. p. 7.

'Mary Angelica *Plaisant*, sempstress at Douai, convicted of having exclaimed that she was an *aristocrat*, and "*A fig for the nation.*" Condemned to death at Paris the 19th July, 1794, and executed the same day.'

With this tragical *plaisanterie* of the poor *aristocratic sempstress* of Douai, hurried away from her friends and her witnesses to lose her head on the Place de la Révolution, in Paris, for having cried 'A fig for the nation!' we conclude these astonishing extracts.

If the energies of the revolutionary tribunal had been solely directed against the rich and great, whose hostility the government might have dreaded, we could have understood some motive for this incessant slaughter, but the examination of the *Procès verbaux* proves that the great majority of the victims were of the middle and inferior classes, and consisted of persons who would probably have had no desire, and certainly had no power, to oppose the government. There was, no doubt, much private revenge and much pecuniary rapacity gratified in the course of those executions: but that could not have gone to any great extent, and would only have profited the underlings; for Robespierre had few personal enemies because he had few personal acquaintance, and he certainly was not sullied by any pecuniary corruption. The only rational explanation we can discover for the continuation of this frightful system is, that in the dark intrigues with which he was surrounded he was unable to pause, and still less to retreat, and the best we can believe of him is that he continued the slaughter in the prospect of finding opportunities of including in it (as he had already done Hebert and Danton) the rest of the tigers,—the Talliens, Collots, Bourdons, Barrères, Fouchés,—by whom he was surrounded. This conjecture is corroborated by the well-known fact, that his fall was caused by the certainty which these men obtained that he entertained designs for their immediate extermination.

It is evident that the better order, at least, of the people of Paris had begun to be weary of, if not disgusted with, these scenes. The guillotine had been originally placed in the Carousel: it was removed, for the execution of the king, to the Place Louis XV.; there,

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there, at the foot of a plaster statue of Liberty,—as hideous as the principle of which it was the type,—it continued till a few weeks before Robespierre's fall. At first the Parisians seem to have thought it an embellishment to this fine square—which connects their two most agreeable and magnificent public walks, the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées. Around the scaffold were placed rows of chairs, which the passengers hired, as at other places of public *amusement*, to witness the operations of the '*holy guillotine*'—but even of blood the Parisians will tire, and the promenaders in the gardens, and the inhabitants,—particularly the shop-keepers—of the adjoining streets, through which the daily *batches* were trundled to execution—began to find that there might be too much of a good thing. Of this Robespierre, who lived in the principal of these streets, (Rue St. Honoré,) could not be ignorant, and advantage was taken (*that—à la Titus—a day might not be lost*) of the holiday of the Decadi, 8th of June, 1794, to transport the guillotine from the Place Louis XV., (where it had executed, as the *Liste Générale* carefully informs us, 1256 persons,) to the other extremity of Paris, where it was very appropriately erected near the ruins of the Bastile. But by this time the people of the Faubourg St. Antoine had also become satiated with massacre, and they too complained of the vicinity of the great revolutionary engine; and after it had occupied its new position only *four* days, and dealt with *only seventy-four* victims, it was again removed still farther to an open space in a less thickly inhabited neighbourhood near the Barrier *du Trône*: there it stood a little more than six *busy* weeks, in which it dispatched 1403 persons. In the night of the 9th Thermidor it was again conveyed—for Robespierre's own use—to its former position in the Place Louis XV., or de la Révolution, in order that he and his friends might die on the scene of their most remarkable triumphs. These movements of the guillotine are indicative of the state of the public mind.

Robespierre, on his arrival in Paris as a member of the Constituent Assembly, had taken, in common with a young friend, a cheap lodging in the Rue Saintonge—*au fond du Marais*, as Madame Roland, with somewhat of the aristocratical *morgue* of a *minister's lady*, describes Robespierre's remote and humble residence. Laponneraye tells us—probably from Mlle. Robespierre's information—that on the evening in which the 'massacre' of the petitioning patriots took place in the Champ de Mars (17th July, 1791), Robespierre in great agitation was returning from the Champ de Mars through the Rue St. Honoré, accompanied by a considerable crowd, crying *Vive Robespierre!* His situation at the moment was dangerous, for the red flag was still flying. A carpenter of the name of Duplay, a zealous admirer of Robespierre,



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who lived at No. 366, exactly opposite the Rue St. Florentine, invited him to take refuge in his house. Robespierre accepted the offer, and as perhaps his person was not considered safe, he was persuaded not to return home that night. Duplay had a wife and three daughters, who were all flattered by the presence of the great popular leader, and were prodigal of attentions towards him, and at length Duplay proposed that Robespierre should give up his distant lodgings in the Marais, and become his inmate and his guest. Domiciled in this family, Robespierre sought no other society, and dividing his public time between the Convention and the Jacobins, (which were both in Duplay's immediate neighbourhood,) he gave all his private hours to this humble circle. Duplay himself received his reward in being appointed, by Robespierre's influence, one of the Jurors of the Revolutionary Tribunal, a place of power and emolument—as was also, we believe, his son. Madame Duplay became conspicuous as one of the leaders of those ferocious women who sat daily at their needle-work round the scaffold, and were called by the indulgent *Tricoteuses de la Guillotine*, but more properly by the rest of the world *Furies de la Guillotine!* The eldest daughter, Eléonore —who now assumed the classic name of *Cornelia*—aspired, it seems, to be in fact, as well as *name*, the '*mother of the Gracchi*,' by captivating Robespierre; she endeavoured to become his wife, and ended by passing, in the opinion of the neighbours, as his mistress. Laponneraye, on the authority of Mlle. Robespierre, denies, though faintly, this last imputation—be that as it may, Robespierre was cautious to excite no scandal, and seems to have aimed at a reputation for moral decency as well as political integrity;*—but the general character of the Duplay family does not give us any great confidence in the virtue of *Cornelia*—who seems to have had much of her mother's ferocity, for she, with her sisters and other companions, used to sit at their windows to see the *amusing sight* of the *batches* of victims who passed every day to the scaffold. The second sister married Lebas, a member of the Convention, and one of Robespierre's most infamous satellites,

* Montjoye denies the disinterestedness of Robespierre, and asks how, out of his allowance as deputy—and he had nothing else—he could, besides purchasing a printing-office and paying a corps of body guards, have dressed expensively, and given expensive dinners at Conflans and St. Cloud? But when this is all that hostility can allege, we may conclude that the common opinion is just. It is generally said, that at his death but fifty francs were found in his lodgings; but Colonel Meda, who arrested Robespierre, states, that he found on him a pocket-book containing bank notes and bills to the amount of 10,000 francs, which was laid on the bar of the Convention, but was never after heard of—but even this was but a small sum, 400*l.*—*Mem. de Meda.* The *Moniteur* attests the delivery of the pocket-book to the Convention. In Courtois' report there is a letter from a correspondent, alluding to sums placed in the English funds—but we believe this to have been a forgery.

who,

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who, as Guffroy states, persecuted him for having informed him of the ante-nuptial irregularities of his wife's conduct. The third married another member of the Convention, whose name has not reached us. His private society was composed of persons of the same class—Nicholas, a printer—Arthur, a paper-maker—and such men whom their patron employed as Jurors of the Tribunal, or in similar small offices, and most of whom perished on the same scaffold with him. We may here observe that Buonaparte, who was anxious to erase every trace of the revolution, thought it worth while to pull down the residence of his old friend and predecessor, and the street called Duphot, exactly opposite the Rue St. Florentine, passes over the site.

But the modesty of Robespierre's personal habits neither diminished his public fame nor his personal dangers. On the 22nd May, 1794, a man of the name of Lamiral formed, it is said, the resolution to assassinate him, but not being able to reach Robespierre, he contented himself with discharging a pistol at Collot d'Herbois, who now occupied a place in the public eye next to Robespierre. The day following, the 23rd, a young girl, named Cécile Renaud, with a bundle under her arm, came to Duplay's to inquire for Robespierre; Robespierre had a volunteer body guard of *Sans culottes* who accompanied him, armed with pikes, whenever he went abroad, and who, at other times, were to be seen lounging about the porch of Duplay's house; the attempt of Lamiral made these people suspicious,—they examined the girl and her bundle, in which they found some clothes and *a knife*: some accounts do not mention *the knife*, and some say *two knives*: —when asked what she wanted with Robespierre, and why she carried these things, she replied, 'She wanted to see Robespierre, because she was curious to see a *tyrant*,—that she had no intention to use the knife,—and that she had brought a change of linen because she expected to be sent to prison, and from prison to the scaffold.' She added, that 'she was a royalist, because she preferred *one* king *to fifty thousand tyrants*'—and concluded by boldly demanding to be led at once to the guillotine. A day or two after, a young man of the name of Saintonax, (Thiers and Laponneraye, following the *Moniteur*, call him by the then odious title of an *ex*-monk,—the *Liste Générale* designates him a surgical student,) on hearing at Choisy sur Seine the attempt of Lamiral, regretted that it had failed. And one Cardinal, a schoolmaster in Paris, had said, when elevated with wine, to a friend who betrayed him, that the French were base cowards to submit to such tyranny. Some writers doubt whether there was any real design against Robespierre, and imagine that, jealous of Collot's being selected as a worthier object of assassination, he falsely represented himself as



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having been the first object of Lamiral, and got up the scene of Cécile Renaud to counterbalance the popularity which the former event was likely to confer on Collot. There is something to countenance this opinion. The *possibility* of an intention to *assassinate* turns altogether on the fact of the *knife* or *knives*. Now, in all the earlier and immediately contemporaneous accounts, there is no mention of *any knife*. It is remarkable, too, that while the attack on Collot was blazoned by the Government in the Convention, no mention was made of Cécile's attempt till a question was asked about it, and then Barrère, on the 26th, made a report, in which the facts are stated as above, with, however, the *all-important omission of the knife*. That seems to have been an apter thought; and *two knives* were probably mentioned, because, as it was the habit in France for every one to carry a knife to cut their victuals, the possession of *one* knife would not be extraordinary. The earlier writers—Miss Williams, Pagès, Adolphus, as well as Lacretelle and others, state distinctly that she had no weapon whatsoever. We have not, at present, the means of examining this matter more deeply, but we think it probable that Cécile Renaud had some vague intention of imitating Charlotte Corday; she, however, seems to have been a weak-minded, ignorant girl, who had not thought very distinctly of her object, and not at all of its means. This opinion is corroborated by the fact that the trials were not hurried on with the usual velocity—time, it seems, was taken for a full investigation. The attempts were made on the 21st and 22nd May, and it appears by the *Liste Générale* that the execution did not take place till three weeks after. Saintonax and Cardinal were certainly not parties to either attempt, but all were sent to the scaffold together, as might be expected, even from a soberer tribunal than that which had condemned a sempstress for saying 'a fig for the nation,' and a tinman for selling sour wine. But there appears no pretence for involving in the same fate the father, the brother, and the aunt of Cécile, and a multitude of other persons, who could certainly have had no concern in it;—the venerable Sombreuil, whose life had been saved, in the massacres of September, by the heroism of his daughter, who had the astonishing firmness to *drink a cup of human blood* as the price of her father's pardon—Madame de Sainte Amaranthe * and her daughter and son, aged

* There is a story told of the cause of the sacrifice of these ladies, so shocking, that it seems equally incredible that it should have happened, or that—not having happened—any one could have invented it. 'Robespierre had dined,' it is said, 'with this family, and had been, as usual, the object of great attention; but he had, it seems, been tempted to depart from his usual sobriety, and under the influence of wine had allowed some indications of his secret policy to transpire. When apprized next day of this indiscretion, he became alarmed at its consequences, and to stifle the affair the whole family of St. Amaranthe, and all who had dined there, with other victims to the number of *sixty-one*, were sent to the scaffold.' (*Biographie Universelle*, art. *Robespierre*.)

nineteen

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nineteen and seventeen—Michonis, a member of the Municipality, who had shown a humane interest in behalf of the queen when under his superintendence in the Conciergerie—Madame Buret, an actress of the Opera, with a girl of eighteen, her servant—and about *fifty other* persons of the most different classes—who all accompanied Cécile Renaud and Lamiral to the scaffold, clothed like them, as a greater mark of ignominy, *in red shirts, the costume of the murderers.* And, as a climax to all this atrocity, Barrère, in his report on the affair, calls Cécile 'an agent of England;' and on the strength of that imputation, induced the Convention to pass the celebrated decree, that no quarter should be given to British or Hanoverians.

Anterior, however, to these events—on the 7th May, Robespierre exhibited what he thought the master-stroke of his policy, and what, if ever he meditated a dictatorial power, he meant to be its basis. He addressed to the Convention a long report on 'the relation of religious and moral ideas with republican principles,' and concluded by proposing that the Republic should formally acknowledge the Supreme Being, and should on the 8th June celebrate in His honour a national festival. In ordinary circumstances such a proposition would have been equally impious and absurd; but we must recollect that the existence of a *Supreme Being* had been formally denied in France—that the altars had been polluted by the adoration of prostitutes—that the cemeteries bore the inscription prescribed by law, *Death is an eternal sleep!*—in short, that atheism was part and parcel of the existing constitution, and what was worse, of the general habits of the people. So amalgamated had this notion become with all revolutionary feelings, that no individuals, nor even the committees of government, either dared to attempt, or had they dared could have hoped, to overthrow this miserable doctrine. Nothing short of the sovereign authority of the Convention could at that moment have risked so anti-revolutionary a proceeding, and the absurdity of the decree, is therefore fairly attributable, not so much to its movers, as to the public opinion which required so strange a corrective. The report, or rather speech, in which Robespierre proposed this decree, is far from evidencing any return to a sound system of either morals or politics. As to *religion* he says not a word, but loses himself in the vaguest and flimsiest *deism;* while, as to 'superstition and priests,' he is as severe and sanguinary as Hebert could have desired. The report was of course adopted; the festival was decreed, but so inveterate was the contrary prejudice, that it utterly *failed*; and although we will not say that this *alone* caused the ruin of its author, it certainly enabled those who hated and feared him on other grounds to accelerate that ruin. The public and part of the secret

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secret history* of that festival is well known. We shall not repeat it. Robespierre was chosen President of the Convention *ad hoc*, and the day—8th June, 1794—a remarkably fine one—opened with a general exhilaration which seems to have thawed even his reserve; he played his part with spirit, eloquence, and considerable effect, and may have been for a few hours satisfied that he had now attained the summit of unrivalled power. But before the day was over, he had received from the expressions and manners of the colleagues who surrounded him, and particularly of some members of the committee, strong intimations that personal animosities existed, and that the perils and difficulties of his position were—not terminated, but—increased. From this moment must be dated his declension—he found himself involved in petty squabbles with those committees who, from having been so long his slaves, now presumed to become (without yet daring open opposition) the suspicious critics, and even censors of his propositions.

He soon saw that a new struggle was inevitable, and prepared himself to deal with his old friends and new enemies, as he had so successfully done in nearly similar circumstances with Hebert and Danton—of whose party, indeed, his present antagonists might be called the *tail*. But the present case was even more serious—first, because the fate of Hebert and Danton was itself a warning to their successors; and secondly, because he had now to overcome, not individual deputies, but his colleagues, aye, and the *majority* of his colleagues, invested with an equal share with himself in the power of government. He seems to have resolved, therefore, to begin by strengthening the hands of his faithful and devoted adherents the Revolutionary Tribunal, to whom he intended to deliver over his antagonists; and accordingly Couthon, on the 9th June, 1794, proposed a law (drawn up by Robespierre himself) to give the Tribunal additional powers—the most extensive and expeditious. It was to divide itself into four sections for quadruple dispatch—the crimes which it was to try were multiplied in the vague and expansive definition of *enmity to the People*—the power of sending persons to trial was given to the Convention, to the two committees, to the individual representatives detached on missions, and to the Public Accuser, Fouquier Tinville. If the Tribunal should possess either *material* or *moral* proofs of guilt, it was relieved from the necessity of hearing *witnesses*—and finally, this monstrous law enacted that no *advocates* should be employed, because, forsooth, calumniated patriots would

* See the 'Mémoires' of Vilate, one of Robespierre's subordinate partisans, which, though liable to suspicion and even to contradiction in some of its details, give many interesting facts of this the *first* and *last* scene in which Robespierre, contrary to the cautious reserve of his whole life, exhibited himself as the solitary depositary of the public authority.

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find sufficient defenders in the patriot jurors, and conspirators did not deserve to be indulged with advocates.

Assuredly, of all the iniquitous prostitutions of the name of *law* which the world has ever seen, this was the greatest. His colleagues of the committees were at once exasperated and alarmed—but they did not venture to resist: the law was passed on the 10th June; and soon after, when their dread of Robespierre was removed, they found it a very convenient accession to their own authority, and resisted an attempt to repeal it. But what Robespierre's *distinct* object was in proposing it we are nowhere told, nor do we see. He had, on the 25th of December, 1793, announced the necessity of giving additional powers to the Tribunal, and had carried a decree that the Committee of Public Safety should, within the shortest possible delay, propose a plan for its more active organization; but at that time Hebert and Danton were alive and formidable—while at the present juncture it seems to us that any facility which his projects might derive from the acceleration of the proceedings and the extended power of the Public Accuser, (both already great enough, one would have thought,) was dearly purchased by the new power given to the committees, which had shown such symptoms of opposition, and, above all, by the danger of raising so momentous a question at such a crisis. Surely it would have been more prudent to have attacked Collot and Tallien by the same machinery that had overthrown Desmoulins and Danton, than to have risked a preliminary battle on such odious grounds. Either Robespierre must have been the blindest and rashest of men, or this law must have had some special object and intended operation which has not been explained—any more than another important, and, as it seems to us, very imprudent step which followed.

It was about this time that he began to absent himself from the committees. The historians attribute this secession to the opposition he met in these bodies; but this, surely, after proposing a law which had given them collectively new powers of life and death, seems a very irrational motive. His absence left in the hands of his adversaries the weapon he had forged to exterminate them. Yet we confess we have no other reason to suggest. The Committee of *Public Safety*—the real sovereign power—continued sullenly subservient, though he was represented in it only by Couthon, (St. Just was on a mission)—but the Committee of *General Security* attempted to involve him in a strange and almost ludicrous danger. This committee—which had the department of internal police—happened to discover that there lived in an obscure quarter of Paris an old woman of the name of Catherine Theot, who had the same mania as our Johanna

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Johanna Southcott, of believing that, at the age of seventy, she was to become the mother of the Saviour, who was now to be born again, and to commence his final reign; she called herself the '*Mother of God*,' and, like Johanna, she found many votaries. Her name of *Theot* was changed into *Theos*, the Greek for GOD; and she and her followers (amongst whom was an old priest named *Gerle*, who had been a member of the Constituent Assembly) appear to have been the most absurd and impious, but at the same time innocuous and contemptible fanatics that ever insulted religion and common sense.

With maniacs of this description it was natural that the great name of Robespierre, who had now made himself the apostle of deism, should mingle itself with their visions. The Committee of General Security heard of these bedlamites—which probably Robespierre himself had never done—and they seized the favourable opportunity of throwing on him all the ridicule and discredit of a fanaticism to which they reckoned that his recent exhibition in the festival of the Supreme Being would render him obnoxious. A report was accordingly prepared on this subject, nominally by one Vadier, but really by the lively and sarcastic pen of the celebrated fabricator of reports, Barrère, in which Robespierre was sneeringly alluded to, though not *named*. The whole of this affair was prepared, and the report read in the Convention, without his knowledge. There was no proof whatsoever that he knew anything of his fanatic admirers: the *injury* therefore to his reputation was not great—but the *insult* was. His power was at once too fearful and too fragile to tolerate levity. Its essence was *terror and silence;* and he wished to be spoken of neither *en bien ni en mal*. He had lately made a vigorous complaint of the fulsome adulation with which the Moniteur and some other journals affected to treat him, which he said was offensive to his taste and his patriotism, and injurious to his character: he would of course be as little tolerant of sarcasm and calumny.

At this crisis, as at all the former, his prudence seems to have made him desirous of withdrawing from his recent prominence, and of escaping back into the safer individuality under the shade of which he had already accomplished such wonderful successes.

And now Fouquier Tinville began to give effect to the law of the 10th of June; and a conspiracy was invented, the most ridiculous in its pretexts, the bloodiest in its consequences, and the most incomprehensible in its objects, of all that had been hitherto hatched. The miserable prisoners accumulated in the several jails, and particularly in the Luxembourg, were accused of conspiring to organize a body of men to make war on the Convention.

Fouquier,

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Fouquier, on this occasion, caused the *dock* of the tribunal to be enlarged so as to contain sixty culprits at once. He even caused the guillotine to be erected in the great hall of the Palais—in the side chambers of which the tribunal held its sittings, as our courts do in Westminster Hall. This, by the reiterated order of the government, he reluctantly removed; but the work of blood was not interrupted. In three days—the 7th, 9th, and 10th of July, 1794—*one hundred and seventy-one* prisoners were immolated for the *impossible* crime of making war on the republic from the depths of their dungeons.

Looking at the state of parties at this moment, and knowing that both sides were, in mutual jealousy and alarm, preparing to devour each other, we know not how to account for this redoubled activity of the tribunal. Fouquier Tinville alleged, and we think proved, at his trial, that though he might have acted too zealously, he never did so *spontaneously*. The Committees, trembling for their own heads, could hardly have ventured on such gratuitous slaughter. We can discover no direct interest that Robespierre could have had in the death of this obscure crowd of innocuous victims. We really have been sometimes tempted to satisfy ourselves with M. Thiers' flippant explanation, that 'they went on murdering, not with any motive or object, but *par l'habitude funeste qu'on en avait contractée.*' But is it not possible that Robespierre, having seceded from the committees, might have hoped to depopularize the remaining members by secretly instigating Fouquier Tinville to mark *their* administration with a violence more odious than *his own?*—and did he mean one day to reproach Collot d'Herbois, Barrère, and Billaud-Varennes, his rival triumvirate, with the ELEVEN HUNDRED* victims who perished subsequently to his secession?—nearly *half* the number of *all* (2635) that had fallen since the first institution of the tribunal. We know not that it has been before remarked how great a proportion of the whole slaughter was perpetrated *after* Robespierre had abdicated his *ostensible* responsibility; yet it is an important fact. This leads us to a few general observations on the *degree* of Robespierre's guilt, as compared with that of his colleagues and of the nation at large.

It is very natural that the French nation—when it in some degree recovered its senses—should have been anxious to exculpate itself

* The exact number guillotined between the 20th of June, about which time Robespierre seceded, to the 27th of July, the day of his final fall, was *eleven hundred and eight!* Our readers must observe, that all these numbers relate to the single Revolutionary Tribunal of *Paris*. Similar and even more dreadful and extensive massacres were going on simultaneously all over France. The crimes committed in Arras alone rival those of Paris; of these Guffroy has given a summary, which occupies an octavo volume: those of Lyons and Nantes would fill several.

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from all these enormous and unparalleled crimes. The shame and remorse of his colleagues—the party rancour of his adversaries—and the national vanity of all, readily combined to load Robespierre's memory with the accumulated and undivided guilt, and concurred in representing him as the head of a *small faction* which by some deplorable accidents had been enabled to dictate their code of blood to a reluctant and indignant people; in short, as we noticed in the outset, he is made the *scape-goat* of the Revolution. Every Frenchman has an interest in adopting this exculpatory hypothesis; and even the more recent English writers have been too apt, instead of going back to the original and contemporaneous sources of information, to content themselves with compiling from the compilations of the French—*all* of them prejudiced on this subject, and some of them—the smart coxcomb Thiers, for instance—of no individual authority whatsoever. But is it not evident that, as to the French *people*, such excuses would be as inadequate in reason as they are false in fact? Would the national character be much mended, if we were to admit that they were such dastards as to allow, from sheer cowardice, a *handful* of villains to commit such crimes, and to send to one execution, in one day, a greater number of persons than—if we believe these apologetical historians—Robespierre's whole faction contained? Robespierre was neither a Cromwell nor a Buonaparte. His power was not founded on an irresistible military force. *His force was the* PEOPLE *itself.* He was really their child and champion, the incarnate type of *Public opinion**—which, in revolutionary times, means the *opinion* of the most violent of the *Public.* That the predisposition of Robespierre's personal character may have coincided with the bloody extravagances of the times we do not deny; but we are satisfied that the bloody extravagances of the times outran his predisposition. No doubt there were millions of poor persecuted *Royalists and Christians,* who deplored and detested—even independently of their own personal sufferings—this frightful system: perhaps even it might be truly said that a *numerical* majority of the nation, including women and children, was innocent; but, that the great and predominant mass—which the republican constitution designated as *active citizens,* and which, politically and practically constituted the *nation*—concurred zealously—furiously—in all the worst revolutionary extremities, cannot be denied—and France can no more divest herself of a part in the guilt of Robespierre than in the glories of Napoleon: in truth she had a more immediate and *direct* share in the guilt than in the glory.

* La Révolution incarnée c'est Robespierre; avec son horrible bonne foi, sa naïveté de sang, et sa conscience pure et *cruelle.*—*Nodier.*

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On the whole, therefore, we are convinced that the safest, and indeed only satisfactory clue to the mystery of Robespierre's supernatural atrocities, would be found in a close examination and development of the varying symptoms and progressive paroxysms of the popular frenzy, which, under the palliative title of *public opinion*, he found it necessary—at first, for his aggrandisement, and at length for his safety—to gratify; but which, latterly at least, he was more disposed to restrain than stimulate.

But the stupendous tragedy is arrived at its last act—the THREE GREAT DAYS of 1794, commonly called the *Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Thermidor*, but in our calender the *26th, 27th, and 28th of July!*—a curious coincidence—and what a bloody anniversary has been that same 28th of July! There is no portion of Robespierre's life so well known as his last two days. Our object having been chiefly to suggest inquiry, and to invite explanation on doubtful points of his history, and having already far exceeded the limits we originally proposed to ourselves, we shall abstain from retracing the events of those extraordinary days. We shall content ourselves by noticing two or three minor but not unimportant points, which bear some relation to, and afford some corroboration of our preceding views. We have already noticed our inability to account for the sacrifice of Danton. That murder seems to have been Robespierre's suicide. On the *ninth Thermidor*, in the height of the terrible conflict, and at a moment when Robespierre seemed deprived by rage and agitation of the power of articulation, a voice cried—'*It is Danton's blood that is choaking you!*' Robespierre, indignant, recovered his voice and his courage to exclaim—'Danton!—Is it then *Danton* you regret? *Cowards!—Laches!—why did you not defend him?*' There was spirit, truth, and even dignity in this bitter retort—the last words that Robespierre ever spoke in public.

But it must not be supposed that it was as *a man of blood* that his enemies pursued him; they had been his associates, and continued to be his imitators. They quoted the fate of Danton, because their own case was similar to his, and they had *now* become very much alive to the horror of sacrificing one's *colleagues*. But of Robespierre's more atrocious crimes—the wholesale massacres—the perennial murders of the innocent and the virtuous—not a censure was breathed. Nay, one of the most virulent of his assailants, Vadier, in the height of the storm, accused him 'of having endeavoured to *save* from the scaffold the *enemies of the people*, and of having officiously interfered with Fouquier Tinville to *suspend the execution of conspirators!*'

The only other point we shall notice is the manner of Robespierre's capture and death. It is generally supposed that he attempted

attempted to shoot himself by discharging a pistol into his mouth, which however only fractured the lower left jaw, and left it hanging down by the flesh and ligaments; but a field-officer in the French army, of the name of *Meda*, subsequently claimed the honour of having fired this shot; and he supported his assertion by some plausible facts. Meda—who afterwards rose to be a colonel, and was killed in that rank at the battle of Moskwa—was at this period of the age of 18 or 19, and a private gendarme: as such he accompanied Leonard Bourdon in his attack on the Robespierrians in the Maison de Ville, and showed so much firmness and courage, that when Bourdon returned to the Convention, to give an account of his success, he brought Meda with him, placed him by his side in the Tribune, stated that he had with his own hand *frappé* (literally *struck*, but it probably means *wounded* or *killed*) two of the conspirators, and obtained for him the honours of the sitting, honourable mention in the *Procès verbal*, and a promise of military promotion. The next day there appears an order of the Convention to deliver to Meda *a* pistol which had been placed on the bar the day before. All this the *Procès verbal* of the sittings and the report in the Moniteur record. But, on the other hand, it is not stated that *one* of the two struck by Meda was *Robespierre*. On the contrary, Bourdon says, that Meda *disarmed* him of a knife, but does not say that he either *struck* or *shot* HIM—a circumstance so transcendently important, that Bourdon could have hardly omitted to state it had it been so. Nor is it said that the pistol delivered to Meda was his own, nor that it was the pistol by which Robespierre was wounded; nor is any reason given why he should have shot Robespierre, whom, if his own account be correct, he might have taken alive. Meda, there can be no doubt, accompanied Bourdon, (Bourdon says that he *never quitted him*,) and distinguished himself generally; but neither in the *Procès verbal*, nor in the Moniteur, is there any evidence of his having shot Robespierre; and his own statement is somewhat at variance with Bourdon's, and not very intelligible as to the position in which the alleged shot was fired. This would of itself excite some doubts, but these doubts are much strengthened by the following facts. 1. Barrère, in the official report (made, not like Bourdon's, verbally in the hurry and agitation of the moment, but on the third day, and after the collection and examination of all the facts) states distinctly that Robespierre clumsily wounded himself; 2. The surgeon who dressed the wound made a technical and official report, that it must have been inflicted by the patient himself; and, 3. It is stated, that, as the poor wretch lay mangled on a table at the Hotel de Ville, he supported his broken jaw and endeavoured to absorb the

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the blood with a *woollen pistol-bag*, which he had in his left hand. This trifling circumstance, which could hardly have been invented, strongly corroborates the reports of Barrère and the surgeon, and the general opinion. We suppose the truth to have been, that Robespierre drew his pistol from the woollen bag, which he held in his left hand, and on the approach of the gens-d'armes shot himself with the right, and fell—that Meda picked up the pistol and carried it to the Convention, which next day restored it to him as a trophy to which he had the best right. This conjecture seems to reconcile all the facts and all the statements, except only the *tardy* assertion of Meda himself.

Our readers are all aware of the rest—of the lingering torture of the wretch's exposure at the Hotel de Ville, and afterwards on that table of the Committee of General Security upon which he had so often signed his more than royal mandates—of his twenty-four hours of agony, fever, insult, and unquenched *thirst*—of his conveyance in the same cart, along the same tedious transit from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Révolution, which his thousand victims had made—of the halt of the procession before Duplay's house—(the scene of whatever quiet moments he had enjoyed since his first appearance in the political world)—where a band of women, his own *Furies of the Guillotine*, executed a fiendish dance of joy—of the brutal executioner tearing the bandages from his shattered head, and twisting the fractured jaw, that it might not interfere with the action of the 'sacred machine'—and, finally, of his emerging slowly to the surface of the scaffold, more dead than alive, and exhibiting, stained and torn, the same fantastical coat of sky-blue silk in which only six weeks before he had figured, almost on the same spot, in a power surpassing that of monarchs, and for a purpose to which it was impious in a mortal to aspire.

We are not of those who look presumptuously for special providences in human misfortunes, but it is impossible to divest the mind of the awful impression which *this last scene* must excite in such close approximation of time, place, and even garb, with that gaudy day in which the infatuated and audacious vanity of this unhappy man dared—in the face of the awful evidences of nature—to announce that the *National Convention recognized a* SUPREME BEING.

Happy for US—to whose present condition much of what we have related bears a fearful analogy—happy for US if we could be taught prudence by such lessons—to see that when a people departs suddenly and violently from its ancient ways, there is no limit to error, extravagance, crime, and misery—that under the frenzy of a revolution, the original dispositions and intentions of *no man* can be depended on—that by vanity, ambition, and above all, cowardice

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cowardice (the main-springs of revolution), those, who under happier circumstances might have been innocent, respectable, amiable, and useful, become perverted, depraved, demonized—abhorred of God and man—the scourges of their kind, and the tormentors and executioners of themselves!

To such deplorable apostacy does the infirmity of our nature expose us, that none of our most respectable moral reformers—none of our humane mitigators of the criminal code—none of our purest advocates of civil and religious liberty, can be more zealous, more disinterested, nor probably more sagacious and sincere, than were MARAT and ROBESPIERRE, when they commenced their innovating career with these benevolent speculations. Their earlier writings inculcate nothing but morality, humanity, and rational liberty; but the intoxicating whirl of revolutionary success, and the giddy heights of revolutionary peril, turned their heads, and transformed them—from *philosophers* and *philanthropists*—into *madmen* and *monsters!*

And let us not—as a nation—be so presumptuous as to say, that if the flood-gates are once opened the torrent will be less violent or less bloody. England has never yet been tried in a radical revolution: we *hope*—but can we be assured?—that she would bear such an intoxication better than the once gay and good-natured people of France. If the miseries of that people were a divine chastisement, what claim have *we* to plead for a lighter punishment?—if they were the mere work of human frailty and crime, what reason have *we* to expect that we shall be less guilty? Let us, then, endeavour to curb the curiosity of innovation—to restrain the frenzy of presumption—to humble the arrogance of self-confidence—to control by constitutional checks the extravagances of political ambition and popular fury—and to endeavour to maintain—through our ancient and approved institutions—the respect and reverence of our people for their laws, their king, their church, and their God.

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## ERRATA IN LAST NUMBER.

Page 557, *note*, for "one Vulamé," read "one,—Valazé."

Page 569, for "Street called *Duphot*," read "Street called *Richepanse*." These two streets unite at the Boulevard, but it is, we suppose, the extremity of the Rue de *Richepanse* which passes over the site of Robespierre's residence—which, it may be added, on the authority of Alex. Dumas, was on the third floor.

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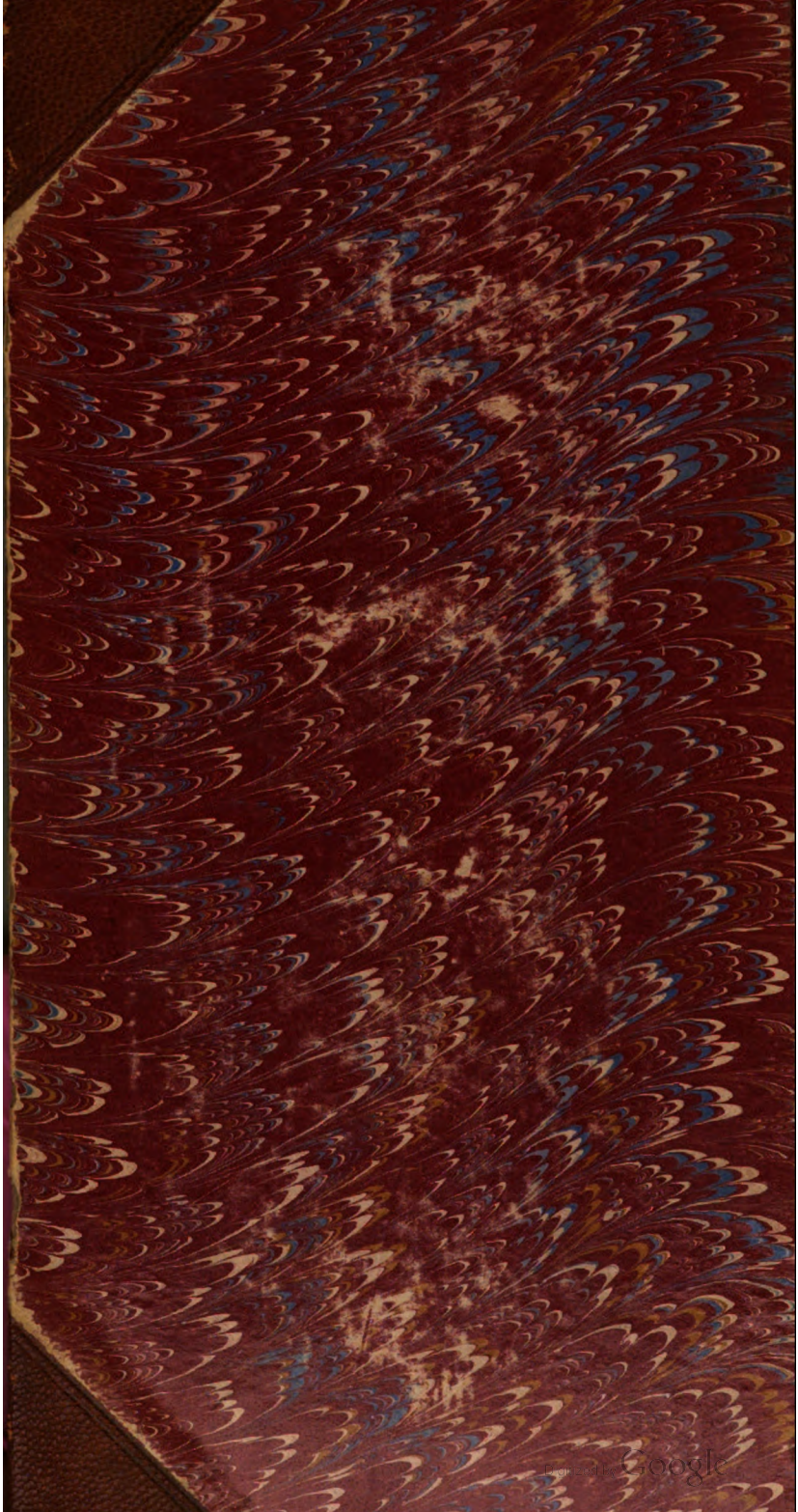
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